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The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 8. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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WAR WHOOPS NO MORE.

Indians Have Forsaken the Warpath.

Chieftains Satisfied with Their Treatment in Washington.

What the Warriors Did—Inside History From One Who Was There.

"My people will go on the war path in the spring. We have been shamefully treated by Secretary Noble," said Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses.

Medicine Bull, White Ghost and Mad Bear, all Brules, were none too friendly. They were morose, and said plainly that they were in favor of going on the war path.

"The best thing to do is to fight," said White Ghost. "We are not treated right, and don't expect to be."

SPOTTED ELK.

WHAT was the burden of a story telegraphed from Chicago last week.

It represented the Indian delegation returning from Washington to their reservations in a most bloodthirsty frame of mind, breathing threats of laughters to come in the gentle spring time.

It was a very sensational story. It was important if true, but the element of truth now seems to have been lacking.

THE GLOBE is enabled, on the best of authority, to state that there is but the slightest probability of a renewal of hostilities in the spring. The Indian chieftains were well satisfied with their treatment in Washington and went home to carry a favorable report to their peoples.

The gentleman who is authority for this statement was with the red men nearly all the time they were in the East. He was the only white man, not a government official, who was present at the councils held with the Indians at the Capitol, and they expressed to him quite freely their opinions as to the result of their visit and told him that the tenor of the report they should make when they got back home would be friendly and in favor of peace.

"Those interviews must have been taken by a 'clairvoyant' reporter or by telephone," says this gentleman. "I don't believe American Horse, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His Horses or any of them ever said that they were in favor of going on the warpath again in the spring. They got all they asked for in Washington and were perfectly satisfied.

"They would hesitate long before going to war again. They can't afford it. They have suffered much in the latest outbreak and this is fresh in their minds. They went hungry, lost their ponies, and the lives of many warriors.

"The life of every brave is precious to them. They know that they can never replace their dead. There are only about 247,000 Indians left, men, women and children.

"They realize that the whites can call a thousand men to arms for every one that is killed, and our supply of rations, horses and weapons in inexhaustible. How different the state of affairs is with them they feel deeply. They cannot afford to dig up the hatchet, and they never will unless they are driven to it.

"'Soldier fight, Indian fight; soldier no fight, Indian no fight,' is their watchword."

Mr. Amos F. Towne said these words to a GLOBE reporter yesterday.

Mr. Towne served for three years in Custer's famous regiment, the 7th United States Cavalry, in the Indian country. He has always taken an active interest in the welfare of the red man, and for years since the close of his army service he has been a lecturer upon the Indian question, for which his training has peculiarly fitted him.

Mr. Towne has just returned from Washington where he made the acquaintance of the 40 Indian chiefs and head men, who had journeyed to the White House to lay their grievances before the Great Father. He gained their confidence completely as some of the leaders had heard of his efforts in their behalf.

He was with them when President Harrison and Baby McKee gave them audience, and also at the interviews they had with Secretary Noble and Indian Commissioner Morgan. He accompanied them to Philadelphia, and when he departed with his dusky friends they loaded him with tokens of their esteem. His collection of Indian curiosities has received most valuable additions through his visit to Washington.

Mr. Towne is Boston born and bred. His army service gave him very decided opinions upon the Indian question. He enlisted in the cavalry, July 27, 1866, when 19 years of age. He was sent to the training school at Carlisle, Penn., (since turned into a school for Indian children), and in a stay of several months there was put through all the paces of a thoroughly-drilled cavalryman. Leaving there he joined the 7th Cavalry and was quartered at various posts in Kansas, till he finally brought up at Fort Hays.

"Peace then reigned in all the territories," to use his own words. "We went buffalo hunting and met the Indians frequently. They were perfectly friendly toward us and often invited us to their camps. These were Sioux and Cheyene Indians.

"They were honest in all their dealings with us. My horse ran away one day when I was out hunting. A party of Indians caught him and brought him to the ford looking for his owner.

"We were at Fort Hays all winter. In the spring of '67 we went to Fort Laramie. Here we were soon joined by Gen. Hancock and Gen. Custer, with large bodies of troops. I don't know what the troops came for. There were no hostilities afoot, but these troops were marched up to a large camp of Indians near the fort.

"One day a body of Indians confronted us in our path, as much as to say, 'Thus far and no farther.' We were on their reservation, and had no right there.

"The chiefs implored us to go back. Their women and children were panic-stricken with fright. They feared a repetition of the terrible Chionigton massacre of a few years before at Sand Creek, Col., where 1000 men, women and children were butchered in cold blood by the troops. At that time deeds were done that would have disgraced any savage tribe in Africa. These Indian women thought the appearance of the troops marching upon their village meant that the same dreadful fate was in store for them.

"Instead of complying with the request of the chiefs we were ordered to encamp near their village, which was nicely located on Pawnee fork. Here they had plenty of wood and water. Buffalo were plenty. All their wants were supplied, and they were living peacefully and in content. The appearance of the troops, sent there to needlessly harass and alarm them changed all this.

"About midnight I was aroused from a deep sleep by some one shaking me rudely. I was told to arouse myself, saddle my horse and rout out the others and have them saddle as soon as possible. In a short time the regiment was mounted and moved toward the Indian camp. We formed a complete circle about it, and with carbines advanced ready to shoot we advanced. We entered the village quietly, and then, to our great surprise, found it deserted. But one brave and a squaw, too old and weak to escape, were left in the wigwams.

"The Indians in their terror had left everything behind them, their beautiful robes, their big camp kettles and all their cooking utensils. The soup was still smoking over the fires in their wigwams.

"The torch was at once applied. The dogs the Indians had left behind them refused to make friends with us but rushed into the burning wigwams with dismal howls and perished in the flames.

"The news was soon flashed over the country and a signal victory over the blood-thirsty savages was loudly proclaimed.

"The spring of '68 found us in the saddle and marching into the Indian Territory. We had several fights with the Indians, but in all this campaign only one soldier was killed. The Indians were poorly armed with bows and arrows or muzzle-loading rifles, and the repeating rifles of the soldiers made terrible inroads upon the ranks of their swarthy opponents.

"The troops were always the aggressors in these fights. There had been no outbreak by the Indians when the troops came without warning on the scene. They seemed to be there for the express purpose of keeping the Indians stirred up and inciting them to deeds which could furnish an excuse for a murderous onslaught upon them.

"In the fall a winter campaign was inaugurated by Custer against the redskins, whose only offence had been their resistance to his attacks, and remonstrance against his encroaching upon their reservation.

"In November of 1868 we marched toward the Wachita river, and found on its banks an Indian village extending along for several miles.

"One night orders were given us to march on this village. The snow was knee-deep and the mercury was at zero. Silently we went along till one of our scouts heard the tinkle of a bell on the neck of a herd pony, and we knew we had struck the village.

"We spread out and surrounded the first camp. Then we were halted and had to stand there in the snow in silence. We were allowed to talk only in whispers, and even forbidden to stamp our feet to keep them warm.

"At daybreak the order to charge rang out, and we dashed upon the suprised and panic-stricken Indians. They were poorly armed and helpless.

"In a few minutes the work of death was done. Black Kettle and his band of Cheyennes were killed, 50 women and children were captured and 900 Indian ponies were slaughtered.

"During the fight I saw a buffalo robe upon the ground. Lifting it up I found under it a half-breed and a little child. He could speak some English, and in broken tones ejaculated, 'Spare my life!'

"I took him prisoner and was on my way to Custer when I was met by my captain. As soon as he saw the Indian he pulled out his revolver and shot him dead, though I hurriedly exclaimed that he was my prisoner.

"That battlefield convinced me that our treatment of the Indian was outrageous and unjust.

"What I saw then was not war, but murder.

"I enlisted to be a soldier, and not a government assassin.

"That captain was later court-martialled for drunkenness.

"The killing of Black Kettle was cowardly and murderous. Of him Gen. Harnley said: "'Although I have worn the uniform of my government 45 years, I had not a better friend than Black Kettle.'

"Col. Boone said, with tears in his eyes:
"'Black Kettle was my friend.
"'He was a good man.
"'He was murdered.'

"At sundown we marched out of the camp, leaving 19 men under Maj. Elliott behind us dead. Our object had been accomplished and we made our escape as soon as possible.

"The government's treatment of the Indian has always been marked by treachery.

"When the troops conquer and put to death a large number of Indians it is heralded as a great victory.

"When the Indians are victorious it is called a cruel massacre.

"The Indian is worthy of civilization, and that is the solution of this vexed question. The government could settle it tomorrow if it would.

"Make good the broken promises.

"Give them their rights.

"Educate their children not as soldiers, but as workers.

"Keep off the lands we have granted them to live on.

"Furnish them their supplies honestly.

"Then they will not want to fight, and the land will have heard the last of Indian wars.

"No worse instance of an unwarranted intrusion upon the Indians can be cited than the invasion of the Black Hills by troops in '74. As long as the land was worthless the red man was left in peaceful possession, but when gold was discovered all treaty obligations were thrust aside. Finally a large campaign was inaugurated to find the camp of Sitting Bull. Gen. Terry, at that time department commander, sent two large commands, one under Gibbons and the other under Custer. They were given five days in which to reach the camp.

"Custer was ambitious and by forced marches he reached the camp in three days. He was anxious to win all the honors of a glorious victory single-handed.

"Here Custer made his fatal mistake. In the years before the Indians had never made a determined stand against him.

They had been poorly armed and unable to cope with the rifles of the soldiers.

"But here they were armed as well as he. Their camp was six miles long and contained thousands of warriors. There was no chance for escape. They were ready to make their last great fight against 'The Yellow Hair,' as they called Custer. For years they had hated him and yearned for vengeance.

"At last their chance had come.

"When Custer's men got off their horses they were too tired to fight. They could hardly hold their rifles the long, hard march had so told on them,

YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-HORSES.

HIS MARK.

"It was a fair, stand-up fight, and they faced 'The Yellow Hair' for a death struggle.

"He had made the second vital mistake of dividing his forces. There were no muzzle loaders here. Custer was outnumbered, and the world knows the result.

"It was hailed on all sides as a cowardly massacre, but it was only the fruits of what the government had sown.

"They 'sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind.'

"From an Indian standpoint, it was simply justice long delayed.

"In 1868 we promised the Sioux, after taking their land from them, that for every 30 children a schoolhouse should be built. For 10 years nothing was done toward fulfilling this promise. Then a little was done, but not a third part of what had been promised.

"The great causes of all past Indian troubles were the broken promises of '68, '78 and '89.

The recent troubles were chiefly caused by Agent Royer, who was systematically defrauding the Indians. He has since been removed for cheating them. Diseased cattle were issued as supplies. Young calves or old steers were given out by him instead of the full-grown, healthy and young animals promised by the government. These things were told me by the chiefs I met in Washington. They could hardly express their contempt for him strongly enough. They say Gen. Crook's death was a great blow to them. He kept his promises and saw that those of the government were kept.

"One chief took it philosophically, and said: 'If the Great Spirit takes one good thing away he sends another in its place.' So he is looking for some one else to rise up and take Gen. Crook's place as the friend of the Indian.

"After matters had been smoothed over by Gen. Miles, a delegation of 40 of the chiefs and head men was chosen to be taken to Washington to present their grievances to the Great Father, as they call the president."

"Among the best known braves were Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, American Horse, Spotted Horse, White Horse, White Ghost, Mad Bear, White Bird, Two Strikes, Fire Lightning, Little Wound, Spotted Elk, He Dog, Wizi, John Grass, Hollow Horned Bear, Big Road and High Hawk.

"They arrayed themselves in all their Indian finery, and each bearing his pipe of peace, they came on for a big 'smoke talk' or council with the President. Their costumes were highly picturesque and their squaws had displayed great skill, patience and ingenuity in ornamenting their various articles of apparel.

"Fire Lightning was about the most elaborately decorated of them all. He, like all the rest, had on a flannel shirt and deerskin leggings, and wrapped about him the piece de resistance of an Indian's wardrobe, a huge, gaudy blanket. His leggings had a heavy fringe of leather and beads down the sides. His knife sheath held two knives, one of which was made from a file hammered down to an edge. His pipe bore long streamers of vari-colored ribbons and the flat wooden stem, which looked like a schoolmaster's ferule, was bound with colored grasses. A deerskin scarf resembling a fine ladies' boa encircled his neck, and the customary eagle feathers were in his hair.

"The pride of his heart, though, was a sort of chest-protector he wore on his breast. This was made of about 80 long, hollow bars of ivory strung together. He had been years in accumulating them, and it was quite valuable, three of the pieces being worth $1.

"Chief Two Strikes wore a big silver medal on his breast. It was given him by President Grant in 1871, when the chieftain was on a pilgrimage to Washington. On one side was Grant's picture and on the other a representation of two clasped hands and the words, 'Friendship and Peace.'

"Spotted Elk wore a medal which was given his grandfather by President Jackson in 1828. Jackson's picture adorned one side, and on the other was a globe representing the world and an open Bible. In a circle around the rim were the words: 'On earth peace and good will to men.'

"Little Wound also wore proudly a medal given him by Grant.

"When they arrived at the capital they were taken in hand by the Indian department and their savage finery was replaced by civilized costumes. They felt little at home in their store clothes, and showed an awkwardness never seen in them in their own picturesque attire.

"They were first given a hearing by the congressional committee on Indian affairs. Rev. Mr. Cook, a Sioux Indian, now an Episcopal clergyman, acted as interpreter. They stated their grievances plainly. The cattle they received were poor, the seeds were worthless and produced no crops. They wanted the stock they had lost in the recent troubles replaced.

"'How do you know the seeds are old and bad when you get them?' asked a member of the committee.

"One of the chiefs then told how his squaw had laid away some seeds in their wigwam five years ago and forgotten them. Lately they had found them again. 'They looked just like some new seeds we have just received. That is how we know they are old,' said he.

"The committee treated them well, heard them with attention and told them that their wants should be supplied properly. They went away satisfied.

"Then they had conferences at the patent office with Indian Commissioner Morgan, and with Secretary Noble. I was present at all these meetings. The Indians could not proceed just as they expected. When they brought their big pipes with them they expected to sit down, smoke and have long, solemn councils with the Great Father. When they saw this was not the white man's custom they were perplexed. They felt ill at ease to sit in chairs in a circle and see no wreaths of smoke curling about their heads.

"Still they were satisfied with their treatment. I can assure you that the report that Secretary Noble was abrupt and discourteous with them, is entirely false. American Horse is the only one who had the slightest pretext for complaint, and he only because he was cut short in a long speech by one of his own warriors rising and saying that he was talking too long. 'Short talks are what we came for,' said this wise-headed chieftain.

"Secretary Noble was fair and honorable toward them, and the Indians all told me they were pleased to find him so friendly and cordial.

"He told them that the widows and children of the Indian police who had been killed in the massacre by the troops should have pensions.

"They were pleased with Commissioner Morgan, too. American Horse, Two Strikes and Man Afraid each said: 'There'll be no more trouble.'

"American Horse said he was going to send his daughter to the Carlisle school.

"It is utter nonsense to think the Indians will go on the warpath again in the spring.

"At the close of their conference with Mr. Morgan, the chiefs said they had on the white man's clothes, and they would like to hear something jingle in their pockets. Mr. Morgan then gave each Indian an order on a store for $10. I went with them to the store to see what they would buy. To their credit I noticed that they got nothing for themselves, but bought only for their wives and children, bright-colored dress goods, shawls, handkerchiefs and toys.

"Turning Hawk gave me the history of the latest outbreak from an Indian point of view. It puts a decidedty different phase upon the matter from that which has been made public so far.

"'This Messiah craze came like a fire among us,' said he. 'I don't know how it started. Some of the far-sighted Indians stood up and fought against it. The silly young men indulged in it. They threw away everything about them made of iron that was made by man. They wore only skins, as they were made by God. Then they held up their hands, closed their eyes and danced up and down till they fell exhausted. Some danced this way two days without anything to eat or drink.

"'Man had gone back on them, they were hungry, and they looked to the Great Spirit for relief.'

"This dance, the Indians went on to say, frightened the agent at Pine Ridge and he sent for troops. Then the Indians were alarmed. They thought the soldiers had come to take their arms away and kill them and they fled to the bad lands.

"Little Wound went out to bring in the hostiles. On their way in they ran into Big Foot's band being killed by the 7th Cavalry. This caused a stampede. The Indians thought Little Wound was leading them into a trap, so they took him prisoner and went back.

"In disarming the savages Col. Forsythe separated the women and men. There was no trouble till the soldiers were searching the wigwams. Then the Indians thought they were going to be killed and one of them fired his gun. That was the signal for an indiscriminate slaughter by the 7th. Col. Forsythe had his troops in a circle, so that when the firing began some of his own men were killed.

"Big Foot was sick in his tent. When the firing began he looked out and was shot through the head.

"The unarmed Indians ran up the ravine, and then the Hotchkiss guns opened on them, killing men, women and children.

"After this slaughter Gen. Miles came up and got Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses to go into the hostile camps and bring the Indians out. That closed the war. As usual it was provoked and carried on pitilessly by the government.

"The Indians feel aggrieved because their children when they get back from the Carlisle school are not given places in the agencies. No Indian is ever given work there though this has often been promised them.

"I went to Philadelphia with these visiting chiefs. They attended a big meeting where 200 Indian children sang and marched. They saw their boys in soldier uniform, and they didn't like it. They have seen enough of soldiers. They say it is a mistake to bring their boys East to study arms. They should be taught better things.

"Lieut. Casey was killed by a brave who had been to the Carlisle school. He could read and write, but there was no place for him when he got back West. He was an Indian. Every door was closed to him. He had been trained as a warrior, and maddened by the sight of the dead and wounded Indians being brought into camp he fired and killed Casey.

"The lieutenant was warned by an Indian woman, and she tried to turn his horse back. Turning Hawk said to me:

"'When you go back home tell your people that our women and children are like lambs. They wouldn't hurt anybody.'

"That Philadelphia meeting was presided over by Julius Brown, a Chippewa Indian. American Horse is a most progressive Indian. High Hawk is a ladies' man. He went to see Francis Wilson and Marie Jansen in the 'Merry Monarchs.' He wore on his breast a big bunch of roses pinned there by a Philadelphia lady.

"When he saw one of the chatelaine bags worn by ladies he thought it was very fine, and he wanted one to carry home to his squaw. He got one, too, given him by a lady.

"I was talking with him about Indians' courting, and he said: 'Some of our girls say yes right off. Others you have to ask one, two, three times.'

"American Horse is a convert to Christianity and wants to join the church. He has two wives, however, and can't do it till one of them dies. He is waiting patiently.

"The Indians think the Indian schools should be in the West. The climate in the East is bad for their children. Some of them die here, and even when on their way home, and after they arrive there. They also say if the schools were in the West the children could be near home and could teach their parents, and this would be a great help to them."

SOME STATE POLITICS.

Illinois Still Trying to Find a Senator—South Dakota's Loss to the Republicans—Gov. Bulkeley's Position in the Nutmeg State.

The contest for United States senator from Illinois is a remarkable one. The Democrats have just 101 votes in joint ballot for Gen. Palmer. The Republicans for six weeks were fully as persistent with their 100 votes for Gen. Oglesby. A week or 10 days ago, however, they broke from him. Two votes more would elect Palmer; it would have required three to choose Oglesby. The Farmers' Alliance have just the latter number: if they all voted for one of their own men in conjunction with the Republicans he could be chosen. The Republicans agreed to take any Farmers' Alliance man at one time, but the Farmers' Alliance three were at first unable to agree on a candidate who was certain to be chosen, and, since they have later fixed upon a man, one or two of the Republicans hold out and decline to vote for him.

One vote was taken for for United States senator Saturday, resulting: Palmer, 5; Streeter, 1; Linley, 1; Payson, 2; Oglesby, 1. The joint assembly then adjourned until Monday.

Tennessee Legislators Cautious.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 20.—When Senator Penland's resolutions eulogizing Gen. Sherman came up yesterday, Senator Morris moved that they be referred to the committee on charitable institutions. Senator Polk seconded the motion. Since Sherman is dead, Mr. Polk said, it would be indelicate to speak against him. His (Polk's) constituents were not sorrowing over Sherman's death. They would perhaps have been glad if he had died several years ago.

Senator Rivers spoke strongly against the resolutions. He said the people of the South had never refused to honor the patriotic men of the North, but they could not honor a man who caused devastation of property wherever he went and never spoke a word of kindness for the South. Mr. Rivers introduced a substitute resolution which simply recited the fact of the death of another military hero, and expressed sympathy with Gen. Sherman's family.

The substitute was accepted by a vote of 20 to 10, and as amended the resolutions were adopted by a rising vote.

Gov. Bulkeley's Queer Position.

Gov. Bulkeley of Connecticut was left in an awkward position by his action with regard to the newly installed comptroller. Nicholas Staub, the man, took the oath of office after the hold-over incumbent had signalized his willingness to relinquish the place, and was quietly put in charge by his predecessor, Mr. Wright. This was done despite a letter sent by Gov. Bulkeley advising them that notwithstanding Mr. Wright's instructions to give up the office, they should not to do so until satisfied that Mr. Staub was "duly qualified, as provided by the constitution and laws of the State." But they obeyed the order of their superior officer, Mr. Wright, and accepted a certificate of a justice of the peace, Senator Pierce, that Mr. Staub had taken the oath required by the constitution, which was administered by the senator. The chief clerk then notified Mr. Staub that he officially surrendered the office in behalf of Mr. Wright.

A Rhode Island Democrat Wins.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 21.—The election for congressman in the Second district today was a very flat and tame affair, owing to the declination of Congressman Arnold and the general abstinence of the Republicans from voting. With one town only lacking Page, Dem., is elected by about 5600 majority, and the missing town will not change the result more than a couple of hundred votes.

South Dakota's New Senator.

The loss of the South Dakota senatorship is the roughest one yet experienced by the Republican party. It is said of Rev. Mr. Kyle, the United States senator just chosen from the State, that he has not voted the Republican ticket for the last four years.

Other States.

The bill to authorize women to vote at general elections and hold office has been defeated in the Kansas House. An effort will be made to have the vote reconsidered.

The Nebraska House has passed bills to make two cents per mile the maximum passenger rate to be charged by railways; to require railway companies to give stations the same name as the counties through which they pass; to require all corporations and stock companies to give notice of their condition and indebtedness annually; to make railway companies and corporations liable for personal injuries to employes.

Edwin S. Stuart (Rep.) was elected mayor of Philadelphia, defeating Albert H. Ladner (Dem.) by an estimated majority of 40,000.

Impediment to Marriage.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Amy—It seems strange to me that you and Mr. Linger have never married, or at least become engaged. He seems devoted to you.

Mabel—If it wasn't for that unfortunate impediment in his speech we might have been engaged by this time.

Amy—I know he stutters dreadfully; but I wouldn't reject him on that account if I were you. He's a good-hearted young man, and would make a good husband.

Mabel—Oh, it isn't my fault.

Amy—Then what is the trouble.

Mabel—It's this way. He has begun to propose five or six times, but he is so slow about it on account of his stuttering, that some one always comes in before he gets through and interrupts him; and I think he is discouraged now.

PUT THE MOTION HIMSELF.

John Quincy Adams' Courage in March, 1839.

Another Dramatic Scene in Congress as Sketched by Cabot Lodge.

How the "Old Man Eloquent" Transformed the Deformed.

"I intend to put the motion myself."

No public man in our history was less of a charlatan or less theatrical than John Quincy Adams, yet there has never been a member of the House of Representatives who was the hero of so many dramatic scenes as the old ex-president during his 16 years of service in that body.

His career in the House would of itself furnish enough dramatic episodes to supply a long series of articles devoted to describing the most memorable and exciting scenes in the lower branch of Congress. This came from the fact that he made the first constitutional fight in the long struggle which ended at Appomattox, and that in the fight he was ever in the forefront of battle.

It was John Quincy Adams who first in Congress raised the standard of revolt against the domination of the slave power. He made his fight on the well chosen ground of the right of petition, which the slaveholders in the plenitude of their power sought to smother when it seemed to touch their beloved system. In the course of this arduous struggle Mr. Adams was threatened more than once with expulsion and censure. He was abused, denounced and assailed beyond any other man, almost, in our history.

Respectable Boston fell away from him as it had fallen away from him in the earlier days when he left the Federal party, and nothing sustained him at home but the sturdy, liberty-loving people in the country towns of his district.

If we are obliged to select a single incident in Mr. Adams' career in the House of Representatives, which in itself was more picturesque even if less important than many others, we must choose the famous occasion of the organization of the House in 1839. In that year the House assembled in what is now known as the old Hall of Representatives on the 2d of December.

The clerk called those present to order, and announced that he would read

A List of Members

which he had prepared by States. When in the progress of the call he reached New Jersey he read the name of one member and then announced that there were five other members whose seats were contested, and that he would not undertake to pass upon the contest, but would pass over these names until the House should be completed and an organization effected.

This apparently modest disclaimer of authority was in reality the seizure of a most important power, for the clerk had nothing whatever to do with the matter of contested seats. His sole business, as is well settled today, was simply to call the names of those persons who had a prima facie title, that is of those who held certificates from the governor or other officer of the State appointed by law to certify the election of congressmen.

Five of the New Jersey members held such certificates, while five contestants held others of inferior authority. The refusal of the clerk to call any names from New Jersey amounted, therefore, to shutting out five votes, on which, as it happened, the election of a speaker turned. In other words, the refusal to call the names of the five New Jersey members who held the governor's certificates was to give the organization of the House to the Democrats, and as the clerk himself was a Democrat to practically secure his own re-election.

His audacious proposition to pass over the names at once gave rise to a bitter debate, which lasted until 4 o'clock, when a motion was made to adjourn. The clerk then said that he could not put a motion to adjourn because the House was not organized. Thereupon there was a general cry to adjourn and the members left the House.

By these two ingenious decisions brought everything to a standstill. He had decided that he could put no motion until a quorum was formed and he had refused to call enough names of members to make a quorum unless he was allowed to pass over the New Jersey members.

The next day there was another fierce debate as to whether the clerk should be allowed

To Make a Statement,

but no advance was made toward organization. Mr. Adams says in his diary:

"Vanderpoel, Rhett, Cave Johnson and Bynum made party speeches frothy with the rights of the people, technicalities, and frauds till after 4 o'clock."

At that time a motion to adjourn was again made, and then the clerk said he would judge by inspection whether a majority of the members were in favor of adjournment. Upon this inspection, he declared the House adjourned, whereupon a number of members called out: "A count! a count!" and Wise of Virginia, shouted as the members were rushing from the hall: "Now we are a mob."

Wise's definition of the House at that moment was only too accurate, and the miserable struggle went on through another day with much heated debate, and endless resolutions offered only to increase confusion, because there seemed no way of getting them to a vote. Meantime various members had come to Mr. Adams and asked him to take part in the contest and give the House a lead.

He told them very frankly that he did not care to address the House, but if he did he should advise them to organize themselves. The performances of the clerk, and of the members as well, were extremely disgusting to a man of Mr. Adams' decision of character and clearness of mind, but he had great reluctance to interfere in such a conflict.

Reflection, however, convinced him that it was his duty to act, and on the following day, Dec. 5, after there had been more or less debate, Mr. Adams arose and secured recognition from the clerk. He then dropped that interesting individual, who may be said to have disappeared from history at the same moment, and turning to the House began:

"Fellow-citizens, members-elect of the 26th Congress of the United States."

Having thus secured attention, Mr. Adams pointed out the effect of the two decisions of the clerk, whom he took occasion to describe in appropriate terms, and then called upon the members, in the name of the people, of their country, and of mankind to organize themselves.

To that end he offered a resolution ordering the clerk to call the members from New Jersey who held credentials from the Governor of the State. Immediately there arose the puzzled cry, which had been heard so often, "Who will put the motion?"

Mr. Adams was quite equal to the emergency. He not only knew what he wanted,

But How to Get It.

He stepped forward without an instant's hesitation and said: "I intend to put the motion myself."

There was a shout of applause all over the hall, and Rhett of South Carolina offered and put a motion that Mr. Adams act as chairman of the meeting.

The motion was carried with another shout, and Mr. Adams was conducted to the chair. Stormy days followed, filled with bitter debate and much balloting, until finally the Whigs and the other opponents of the administration managed to elect a speaker in the person of Mr. R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia.

For courage and presence of mind Mr. Adams' action has rarely been equalled in the House of Representatives, and very few scenes in his history have been more dramatic than when the old man marched to the front and made his famous declaration. Mr. Wise of Virginia declared that the epitaph which would best express Mr. Adams' character and abilities would be the single sentence upon his tombstone: "I intend to put the motion myself."

Mr. Adams' action saved the House from really becoming a mob, and put a stop to the disgraceful proceedings which were going on. It also settled practically that the clerk could not assume so dangerous a power as Garland had attempted to exercise.

The results of Mr. Adams' bold action, however, were neither important nor far reaching, for there was nothing in the occasion beyond a temporary interest. It was none the less one of the most picturesque and dramatic scenes that have ever occurred in the House, and Mr. Adams and his famous motion will always keep their place in history and in the memory of Americans on this account. There was a peculiar fitness in the fact that the hero of this and of many others of the most stormy scenes that the House has ever witnessed fell in the House stricken with paralysis on the 21st of February, 1848.

He was taken at once into the speaker's room, which is now that of the clerk, and there after a period of unconsciousness died on the 23d. The last intelligible words that he uttered were:

"This is the last of earth. I am content."

So the stern old fighter passed away on the very field where he had won his hardest battles and achieved his greatest renown. He had been twice a foreign minister, he had been a senator and secretary of state, he had signed the treaty of Ghent as one of the American commissioners, and he had been President of the United States. All these great offices he had filled with honor and distinction to himself and his country.

Yet are they all of little weight as compared with his subsequent career which began when, embittered by his defeat for reelection to the presidency, and convinced that his life was over, he consented to stand as the representative of the Plymouth district. In the House of Representatives he won the high fame which all his great offices had not brought to him. Then as the champion of the right of petition, as the assailant of slavery and the friend of the slave he secured the place in history and in the hearts of his countrymen which had before been denied him despite all his success as a public man.

Then in all fitness he died, and no American statesman has a nobler monument than the little bronze tablet which marks upon the marble floor the spot where he fell, worn in many combats, but still victorious in the cause of right and freedom.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Impressive Scenes at the Funeral of Gen. Sherman, Both in New York and at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 21.—The last taps have sounded, the buglers have trumpeted forth the final farewell, and William Tecumseh Sherman sleeps with his kindred. Only fresh turned earth on a mound in Calvary cemetery tells the story that the last of the great triumvirate of American generals has been laid away to rest. Gen. Sherman's desire that his obsequies should be of a military character was obeyed to the most extreme particular.

Business was generally suspended in St. Louis and tremendous crowds watched the procession while bells were rung and cannon pealed forth at regular intervals. Then came the solemn service at the grave and all was over.

In New York.

The observances in New York on Thursday last were of the most imposing kind. All the Federal and State courts closed at noon. The city departments and post office also shut down at the same time. The down-town exchanges, banking offices and places of business, and the custom house and barge office followed suit. Wall st. and lower Broadway were almost deserted after the noon hour, the cessation of business being very generally observed and all who could do so ceased their daily occupation to do honor to the patriotic services of the dead soldier. Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, who had arrived from Europe on the Majestic, viewed the body of the general. The West Point Cadets sent a large floral shield. President Harrison did not look upon the remains of the general. The family sent an invitation to him Thursday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but the President replied that he preferred to keep with him the remembrances of the general while alive. At 12 o'clock a short Catholic service, consisting of prayers for the dead, was performed about the casket by Father T. W. Sherman and three other priests. At 2 o'clock the procession started. The streets were generally roped and vast crowds had congregated. Six lieutenants of the regular army bore the coffin on their shoulders to the caisson in waiting and the military escort fell in around it. The general's horse was led in front. Gen. Johnston, Sherman's antagonist in Georgia, was one of the pallbearers, and in the procession were dignataries of the nation, the State, and army officers of all grades, with full representation of the Grand Army. The body was taken to the Grand Central depot, and thence forwarded to St. Louis on a special train.

As the Sherman funeral train sped on its journey, large crowds gathered at the stations, and thus expressed their love for the deceased soldier. Even long past midnight silent and uncovered bands of Grand Army men stood in line at the depots as the train moved past them. At many points bands played appropriate airs, and occasionally the booming of cannon indicated the firing of a salute.

THE COACHMAN'S LIVERY.

In This Great Country it Follows the Colorings of the Equipage.

The coachman's livery partook in the olden days of the armorial bearings of the master of the house, says the World. In this country—there being no armorial bearings, as yet, although, what with crowns and the like, we may soon have them—the livery of the coachman follows the colorings of the equipage. Herein the livery is dominant, for that is not changed to the whim of the coachman's patron, but all the traps, vehicles and equipages are ordered to be in one certain scheme of decoration throughout the complete retinue. This latter phase is of derivation from the English gentry and has been very generally adopted here of late years.

NOT ENGAGEMENT BRACELETS.

If You Get One do Not Make Any Mistake About This.

If a young man has any true regard for a woman he gives her a gold ribbon bracelet, perfectly plain, save for an inscription, and clasps it upon her arm, says the World. It should lock and the key be carried by him who purchased it. These are not of necessity engagement bracelets; they mean, merely, true regard and a desire that this state of feeling shall continue.

If regard has deepened into love, and a blessed feeling of possession, a little verse is inscribed upon the bracelet, telling to all who care to read that two more lives have been made happy in loving each other.

A pretty verse upon a New York engagement bracelet ran thus:

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm
And I love—thee.

GROOM AND FOOTMAN.

Even Here There is a Hiatus That is Significant.

The groom is a stable servant, who is only used as footman when the original is presumed to be otherwise occupied, or for some other reason it is not feasible to have him attend.

The footman holds the position today that his predecessor occupied in times past, standing on the standard of the old English vehicles of state, wearing cocked hat, kneebreeches and silk stockings.

The footman and groom are not liveried alike. The former wears a more formal garb, consisting of a "coatee"—being a compromise between a cutaway and swallowtail coat—while the latter wears a straight-down single-breasted frock coat, shorter than that of the coachman and having no flap pockets. The groom wears top boots always; the footman never. The footman does not work about the stable; the groom does, and, therefore, on account of the stable aroma, may not be admitted to the house.

The coachman's coat is of extra length and has flap pockets—his single-breasted and high-buttoned showing a style of duck scarf that is made especially for his use. The old-time swell neckwear was an unstarched scarfing twisted about the neck three or four times and tied in De Joinville form. Some of the old standbys are to be seen occasionally with the neckgear adjusted scientifically in this way and worked out at the front, into which he can drop his chin.

The New Frock Not for Fat Men.

The frock coat is to be the fashionable street garment for the ornamental gentry of the town this approaching spring, it having taken firm possession in London, to which capital the eye of the Knickerbocker youth is incessantly turned in quest of the correct thing in attire, says Town Topics. The new coat is extremely long, the skirts reaching half way down the calf of the leg, and the body is fitted close to the shape, while the lapels are very wide, giving an unusually broad look to the shoulders. Given a pair of good legs and a muscular, but not fat body, a young fellow looks very smart and graceful in one of the new coats, but when stretched about a frontal protuberance of the porcine class, and accompanied by legs resembling those of a piano, the frock not only misses being a thing of beauty, but looks at once as though it had been purloined from the wardrobe of a farce-comedy actor.

OHIO VALLEY FLOODED.

Three Thousand People at Least Made Homeless.

Beautiful Suburbs of Parkersburg, W. Va., Swept Entirely Away.

Pittsburg Under Water—Cincinnati and Indianapolis Flooded.

A flood of almost unprecedented volume has filled the Ohio during the past week. At Pittsburg the damage has been immense, some say $1,500,000.

At least 2000 families in the lower portion of Pittsburg and Alleghany City were on Wednesday confined to the upper stories of their houses.

Between 25,000 and 30,000 men lose three days' wages by the stoppage of the iron and steel mills.

Traffic ceased when the stream became so high that it extinguished the fires in one of the locomotives.

The Pittsburg district, bounded by Pennsylvania av., Duquesne, Way, 1st and 10th, 10 solid blocks, is under water, the flood reaching a foot higher than the first floor.

The people are supplied with bread and canned goods by men in skiffs. Cooking is out of the question.

The policemen in some portions of Alleghany are doing duty in skiffs, and one of them was hailed from a second-story with the announcement that a child was dead. The family is poor, and is being helped by charitable neighbors. The undertaker must bring the coffin in a boat.

Some idea of the immense damage to railroads may be had in a telegram from Steubenville, which says it will be like building a new line to put the Wheeling & Lake Erie in shape for running up in the mountain region east of Connellsville.

In Westmoreland county two dams burst, one at Mammoth mine, the scene of the recent great disaster, flooding the country for miles.

Mayor Wyman of Alleghany today employed many special officers to carry food in skiffs to needy families.

The mayor supervised the distribution of 1000 loaves of bread.

At Cincinnati.

The Ohio river passed the 50-foot mark at 7 o'clock Saturday morning, and merchants and residents in the bottoms are preparing for the rise. Reports from above are that considerable rain has fallen within the past 24 hours, and the Big Sandy and Monongahela are rising.

The water covered portions of Second and Pearl sts., and was filling the cellars of some of the business houses along these thoroughfares. The occupants were busy all day Friday moving their goods to higher places and will suffer no damage.

At Wheeling, W. Va.

WHEELING, W. Va., Feb. 20.—The flood in the Ohio at this point has reached the 46-foot mark, and the suffering and privation are becoming intense. Those confined in the upper stories of their houses are almost out of food, and many are suffering from cold, the natural gas mains being broken and filled with water. Residents along the lowlands whose houses were flooded took aggressive measures to make steamboating unpopular. The waves from steamers' wheels often overturned submerged houses or swept them from their foundations. The people kept up a musketry fire on boats that attempted to pass.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 21.—The floods here and all through the Ohio valley are growing worse, and it is now thought that at least 3000 persons are homeless, and that the worst is yet to come, as very alarming reports are coming from the upper Ohio valley. The loss of property will be enormous, as there is scarcely a business house or factory that is not more or less submerged, and many families have already lost their all.

Immense suffering is experienced, and many families have been driven to the hilltops in the drenching rain.

Mayor Gibbons and other citizens have organized a relief committee, and all that is possible is being done, but there are a great many families that cannot be reached, and will suffer.

Riverside, a beautiful suburb of Parkersburg, containing about 1000 inhabitants, is almost totally submerged. The people have all abandoned their homes and taken refuge in the court house, churches and other public buildings in safer quarters of the town.

Indianapolis in Danger.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 21.—Indianapolis is in danger of being seriously damaged by high water. The rainfall the last three days has been the heaviest since 1884, and the small streams passing through the city are out of their banks. The water has spread over a large section of the northeastern portion of the city, and hundreds of cellars are flooded. A number of bridges have been washed out, and many families in the low northeastern part of the city were compelled to move out. The railroads are all suffering, and but few trains are arriving on time.

A Second Edition Threatened.

PITTSBURG, Penn., Feb. 21.—Another flood is apprehended in the Ohio valley. It has been raining all day, and there are no indications of the weather clearing. At all points up the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers the water is again rising, and as these streams are still outside their banks a repetition of the high water of Tuesday and Wednesday is feared.

WORLD'S GREATEST CATARACT.

The Perpendicular Descent of the Water Must Be About 2000 Feet.

[Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.]

The interior of Labrador undoubtedly is the largest unexplored area on this continent. Up the Grand river, which empties into the Atlantic ocean at Hamilton inlet, are the Grand falls, which, if everything is true about them that is reported, are the most stupendous falls in the world. They are only about 160 miles up the river, but only two white men have ever seen them. Mr. R. F. Holme, three years ago, went from England to visit the Grand falls.

He organized a little party to accompany him inland, and arrived within about 50 miles of the falls, when he was compelled to return on account of the failure of his provisions. The Labrador Indians say these falls are haunted, and they carefully avoid them, believing that they will die if they look upon them. The two white men who have seen them are Mr. Maclean, who, as he was ascending the river in 1839 was stopped by the falls, and Mr. Kennedy, who over 30 years ago had charge of Hudson Bay post in Labrador. Mr. Holme says the height of the falls is not certainly known, but in some respects there is little doubt that they are the greatest in the world. Though inner Labrador is so inadequately known, we are aware that it is a vast tableland whose limits are quite clearly defined. In the southeast the descent from the tableland is quite sudden, and almost immediately after leaving the plateau a level is reached that is very little above that of the sea.

The Grand falls is the place where the Grand river tumbles over the edge of this tableland, and almost the whole of the great drop is effected in this one descent. Prof. Hind gives the height of this plateau as 2240 feet. It has been estimated that the region at the foot of the falls is only 200 feet above sea level, and that therefore the waters of Grand river have a perpendicular descent of about 2000 feet.

Diamond Cutting in Amsterdam.

[London Times.]

Last year was a very serious one for the Dutch diamond industry, which was nearly paralyzed by the action of the De Beers Company of Kimberly in reducing the production of the raw diamonds from 4,000,000 to 2,000,000 carats per annum, in order to keep up prices. The price of raw diamonds rose more than 100 per cent. at the mines, and it proved impossible to obtain a proportionate advance for the cut article.

This state of things, says the British consul at Amsterdam, in his last report, coming on top of too great an inflation in the cutting industry in Amsterdam, created the greatest distress among the diamond workers, who, as a class, have the reputation of being very thriftless. For several months at the close of the year orders for cut diamonds were altogether wanting, and not only were a great number of families reduced to absolute destitution, but most of the new cutting mills, which have been erected of late, were closed, and will probably have to be devoted to other purposes.

Since the close of the year the position of the diamond works rather improved. The price of cut diamonds has risen so far as to give some margin for the cost of cutting, etc., but the demand is by no means sufficient to keep the mills and diamond workers of the city employed. A good deal of cutting is now done there for London account direct.

RIDING A BUFFALO.

A Hunter's Thrilling Adventure Near Fort Wallace.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Lester V. Gridley, a North Platte, Neb., stockman, tells a story of a ride he once took on the back of a buffalo near Fort Wallace, Neb. Returning from a hunt alone, with the hindquarters of a couple of young bulls he had killed over his shoulder, he accidentally ran into the herd again and was surrounded before he realized his situation.

"My dodging in and out almost caused a stampede," he continued. "I knew if a panic took place among the beasts I would be trampled to death. I suddenly determined on a bold strike, and edging up close to a shaggy young bull, grabbed hold of the long hair on his foreshoulders and swung myself on his back.

"The bellow that came from the fellow made me wish that I had not decided on such a risky push for liberty. The bellowing was taken up by the rest of the herd, and soon we were flying along at a terrific rate, over gulches and up hill and down. I was blinded by the sand thrown by the hoofs of the beasts, but with my eyes closed hung on like grim death. For half an hour the herd kept up a terrific pace, and during that time my legs were almost crushed out of my boots by the crowding animals.

"I began to think my time had come. I was so weak I could scarcely keep my seat, and was about to let myself fall from the back of my buffalo when I succeeded in scraping some of the sand out of my eyes. I discovered then that we were running parallel with the railroad track, and as the bank was high and steep the animals had not ventured to climb the incline.

"The beast I was riding was the closest to the track, and I knew if I reached the top of the embankment I would be safe. I dragged myself together the best I could and prepared for a spring. I got my feet on his back and jumped for the embankment. I leaped at the right time, for the movement of the young bull's body sent me flying half way up the bank, and there I was safe in the sand. For five weeks afterward I was confined to my bed."

THROUGH AFRICA'S JUNGLES.

Sixteen Explorers Have Crossed the Dark Continent.

[New York Sun.]

Africa has been crossed by explorers 16 times. The first journey, from Angola to Yete, was made in 1802-1811 by Horatio da Costa, a Portuguese: Francesco F. Coimbra went from Mozambique to Benguela in 1838-'48, and Silva Porta from Benguela to the mouth of the Rovumay in 1853-'56. Livingstone left San Paulo de Loanda in 1854 and reached Quilimane in 1856. The fifth crossing was accomplished by Gerhard Rolf, who, in 1865 and 1866, travelled from Tripoli to the gulf of Guinea, near the mouth of the Niger.

Lieut. Cameron, 20 years after Livingstone, did the sixth trip between Bagamoyo and Benguela. Then came Stanley (1874-77) from Bagamoyo to the mouth of the Congo; Serpa Pinto (1877-79), from Benguela to Port Natal; the Italians Matteuci and Massari (1880-82), from Suakim to the mouth of the Niger. From 1882 to 1884 Wissmann went from San Paulo de Loanda to Sadaani, on the Zanzibar coast, and Arnat, a Scotch missionary, went from Port Natal to Benguela.

The 12th crossing was made in 1884-85 by Capello and Ivans, Portuguese; the 13th in 1885-86 by the Swedish lieutenant, Gleerup, who passed but six months in reaching Bagamoyo from Stanley's Falls, on the Lower Congo. The Austrian, Oscar Lenz, went from the mouth of the Congo to Quilimane in 1885-87. The 15th crossing was Stanley's last one. The 16th was by the French captain, Trivier, who took two years to go from Angola to Mozambique.

Besides these 16 successful crossings, there are on record many trips of exploration that were cut short on the Dark Continent by the tremendous natural difficulties. It is remarkable that in the last 10 years more crossings have been made than in the preceding 80, and that while long ago 10 years were required for the undertaking, one year, or even six months may now be sufficient.

THE SEA'S SALTNESS.

Some Singular and Interesting Beliefs About the Salt Sea.

[St. Louis Republic.]

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden, on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned, he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorn and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequences of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis xix., 26). The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

The Pythagoreans believed that the sea was made salty by the tears of Kronus, father of Zeus. The Hebrew explanation is somewhat similar, though more poetic. They believed that the saltness was caused by the tears of fallen angels.

SHE WORE PLUMPERS.

Here's a New Wrinkle in Feminine Devices for Thin Girls to Consider.

[New York Herald.]

"Never hear of plumpers?" asked a lady friend of mine the other day.

"No," said I. "What new feminine device is this, for goodness sake?"

"Well," she replied—we were calling at the time at the house of a mutual friend—"just you notice Miss —— when she comes down stairs and tell me if you notice anything strange or remarkable in her appearance."

The Miss —— referred to, be it said, is a tall and somewhat angular young woman of uncertain age, but who is possessed of a considerable degree of personal vanity and a more than ordinary desire to appear at her very best upon any and all occasions.

In a few moments she appeared, and after greeting us cordially we entered into a general conversation. Nothing very remarkable about her, thought I.

"Well," said I to my lady friend after our departure, "I have scanned Miss —— pretty closely but failed to notice anything worth commenting upon in her appearance. She talked as if she had something in her mouth."

I was interrupted at this point by a peal of laughter.

"Why, what on earth are you laughing at?" said I. "And, by the way," I asked, "did it not strike you that Miss —— is growing somewhat stouter? Her face seems to be somewhat plumper—"

"There," interrupted my friend, "now you have it. Miss —— had 'plumpers' in her mouth." To my look of inquiry and astonishment she responded:

"Plumpers, you see, are small round shaped affairs like a doll's saucer. They are made of rubber, and when held in place in the mouth they cause a woman's cheeks to become plump and round. When ladies have lost some of their teeth, plumpers come into play; prevents their jaws from appearing lantern shaped or their features from being angular."

"Heavens and earth!" said I. "What will the feminine mind conceive of next?"

"Oh," she responded, "there are lots of things about feminine attire that you have not yet heard of."

THE BOTTLE IMP.

An Aladdin-Like Story of Romance and Adventure.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER III.

Never a wink could he sleep; the food stuck in his throat; but he sent a letter to Kiano, and about the time when the steamer would be coming rode down beside the cliff of the tombs. It rained; his horse went heavily; he looked up at the black mouths of caves, and he envied the dead that slept there and were done with trouble, and called to mind how he had galloped by the day before, and was astonished.

So he came down to Hookena, and there was all the country gathered for the steamer as usual. In the shed before the store they sat and jested and passed the news; but there was no matter of speech in Keawe's bosom, and he sat in their midst and looked

"I AM COME TO BUY THE BOTTLE," SAID KEAWE.

without on the rain falling on the houses and the surf beating among the rocks, and the sighs arose in his throat.

"Keawe of the Bright House is out of spirits," said one to another. Indeed, and so he was, and little wonder.

Then the *Hall* came, and the whaleboat carried him on board. The afterpart of the ship was full of Haoles—whites—who had been to visit the volcano, as their custom is, and the midst was crowded with Kanakas, and the forepart with wild bulls from Hilo and horses from Kau; but Keawe sat apart from all in his sorrow, and watched for the house of Kiano. There it sat low upon the shore in the black rocks, and shaded by the cocoa palms, and there by the door was a red holoku, no greater than a fly, and going to and fro with a fly's business.

"Ah, queen of my heart," he cried, "I will venture my dear soul to win you!"

Soon after darkness fell, and the cabins were lit up, and the Haoles sat and played at the cards and drank whiskey, as their custom is; but Keawe walked the deck all night, and all the next day, as they steamed under the lee of Maui or of Molokai—he was still pacing to and fro like a wild animal in a menagerie.

Toward evening they passed Diamond Head and came to the pier of Honolulu. Keawe stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. It seemed he had become the owner of a schooner, none better in the islands, and was gone upon an adventure as far as Pola-Pola or Kahiki; so there was no help to be looked for from Lopaka.

Keawe called to mind a friend of his, a lawyer in the town (I must not tell his name), and inquired of him: they said he had grown suddenly rich, and had a fine new house upon Waikiki shore; and this put a thought in Keawe's head, and he called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house.

The house was all brand new, and the trees in the garden no greater than walking sticks, and the lawyer (when he came) had the air of a man well pleased.

"What can I do to serve you?" said the lawyer.

"You are a friend of Lopaka's," replied Keawe, "and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace."

The lawyer's face became very dark.

"I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe," said he, "though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You may be sure I know nothing: but yet I have a guess; and if you would apply in a certain quarter I think you might have news."

And he named the name of a man, which again I had better not repeat. So it was for days, and Keawe went from one to another, finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses, and men everywhere in great contentment, although, to be sure, when he hinted at his business their faces would cloud over.

"No doubt I am upon the track," thought Keawe. "These new clothes and carriages are all the gifts of the little imp, and these glad faces are the faces of men who have taken their profit and got rid of the accursed thing in safety. When I see pale cheeks and hear sighing I shall know that I am near the bottle."

So it befell at last that he was recommended to a Haole in Beritania st. When he came to the door, about the hour of the evening meal, there were the usual marks of the new house, and the young garden, and the electric light shining in the windows; but when the owner came, a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe. For here was a young man, white as a corpse, and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head, and such a look in his countenance as a man may have when he is waiting for the gallows.

"Here it is, to be sure," thought Keawe; and so with this man he noways veiled his errand.

"I am come to buy the bottle," said he.

At the word the young Haole of Beritania st. reeled against the wall.

"The bottle!" he gasped. "To buy the bottle." Then he seemed to choke, and, seizing Keawe by the arm, carried him into a room and poured out wine in two glasses.

"Here is my respects," said Keawe, who had been much about with Haoles in his time. "Yes," he added, "I am come to buy the bottle. What is the price by now?"

At that word the young man let his glass slip through his fingers, and looked upon Keawe like a ghost. "The price," says he. "The price! You do not know the price?"

"It is for that I am asking you," returned Keawe. "But why are you so much concerned? Is there anything wrong about the price?"

"It has dropped a great deal in value since your time, Mr. Keawe," said the young man, stammering.

"Very well." I shall have the less to pay for it," says Keawe. "How much did it cost you?"

The young man was as white as a sheet. "Two cents," said he.

"What!" cried Keawe; "two cents?" Why, then, you can only sell it for one. And he who buys it—" The words died upon Keawe's tongue. He who bought it could never sell it again; the bottle and the bottle imp must abide with him until he died, and when he died must carry him to the red end of hell.

The young man of Beritania st. fell upon his knees.

"For God's sake, buy it!" he cried. "You can have all my fortune in the bargain. I was mad when I bought it at that price. I had embezzled money at my store; I was lost else; I must have gone to jail."

"Poor creature," said Keawe. "You would risk your soul upon so desperate an adventure, and to avoid the proper punishment of your own disgrace; and you think I could hesitate with love in front of me. Give me the bottle and the change which I make sure you have all ready. Here is a five-cent piece."

It was as Keawe supposed; the young man had the change ready in a drawer; the bottle changed hands, and Keawe's fingers were no sooner clasped upon the stalk than he had breathed his wish to be a clean man. And sure enough, when he got home to his room and stripped himself before a glass his flesh was whole like an infant's.

And here was the strange thing; he had no sooner seen this miracle than his mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for the Chinese Evil, and little enough for Kokua; and had but one thought, that here he was bound to the bottle imp for time and for eternity, and had no better hope but to be a cinder forever in the flames of hell. Away ahead of him he saw them blaze in his mind's eye, and his soul shrank, and darkness fell upon the light.

When Keawe came to himself a little he was aware it was the night when the band played at the hotel. Thither he went, because he feared to be alone; and there, among happy faces, walked to and fro, and heard the tunes go up and down, and saw Berger beat the measure, and all the while he heard the flames crackle and saw the red fire burning in the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played "Hiko-ao-ao;" that was a song that he had sung with Kokua, and at the strain courage returned to him.

"It is done now," he thought, "and once more let me take the good along with the evil."

So it befell that he returned to Hawaii by the first steamer, and as soon as it could be managed he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountain side to the bright house.

Now it was so with these two that when they were together Keawe's heart was stilled, but so soon as he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and heard the flames crackle and saw the red fire burn in the bottomless pit. The girl, indeed, had come to him wholly; her heart leaps in her side at sight of him, her hand clung to his, and she was so fashioned from the hair upon her head to the nails upon her toes, that none could see her without joy.

She was pleasant in her nature. She had the good word always. Full of song she was, and went to and fro in the bright house, the brightest thing in its three stories, caroling like birds. And Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price that he had paid for her; and then he must dry his eyes, and wash his face, and go and sit with her on the broad balconies, joining in her songs, and (with a sick spirit) answering her smiles.

There came a day when her feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare; and now it was not Keawe only that would weep apart, but each would sunder from the other, and sit in opposite balconies, with the whole width of the bright house betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair, he scarce observed the change; and was only glad he had more hours to sit alone and brood upon his destiny, and was not so frequently condemned to put a smiling face on a sick heart. But one day, coming softly through the house, he heard the sound of a child sobbing, and there was Kokua rolling her face upon the balcony floor and weeping like the lost.

"You do well to weep in this house, Kokua," he said, "and yet I would give the head off my body that you (at least) might have been happy."

"Happy!" she cried. "Keawe, when you lived alone in your bright house you were the word of the island for a happy man; laughter and song were in your mouth, and your face was as bright as the sunrise. Then you wedded poor Kokua, and the good God knows what is amiss in her, but from that day you have not smiled. O!" she cried, "what ails me. I thought I was pretty, and I knew I loved him; what ails me that I throw this cloud upon my husband?"

"Poor Kokua," said Keawe. He sat down by her side and sought to take her hand, but that she plucked away. "Poor Kokua," he said again. "My poor child, my pretty! And I had thought all this while to spare you! Well, you shall know all. Then at least you will pity poor Keawe; then you will understand how much he has loved you in the past, that he dared hell for your possession, and how much he loves you still (the poor, condemned one), that he can yet call up a smile when he beholds you."

With that he told her all, even from the beginning.

"You have done this for me?" she cried. "Ah, well, then what do I care?" and she clasped and wept upon him.

"Ah, child!" said Keawe, "and yet when I consider the fire of hell, I care a good deal!"

"Never tell me," said she, "no man can be lost because he loved Kokua, and no other fault. I tell you, Keawe, I shall save you with these hands, or perish in your company. What! you loved me, and you gave your soul, and you think I will not die to save you in return?"

"Ah, my dear, you might die a hundred times, and what difference would that make?" he cried, "except to leave me lonely till the time comes of my damnation."

"You know nothing," said she. "I was educated in a school in Honolulu; I am no common girl, and I tell you I shall save my lover. What is this you say about a cent? But all the world is not American. In England they have a piece called a farthing, which is about half a cent. Ah, sorrow!" she cried, "that makes it scarcely better, for the buyer must be lost, and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But then there is France; they have a small coin there which they call a centime, and these go five to the cent or thereabout. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go to the French islands; let us go to Tahiti as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two

"WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU?" SAID THE LAWYER.

centimes, one centime; four possible sales to come and go on, and two of us to push the bargain. Come, my Keawe, kiss me, and banish care. Kokua will defend you."

"Gift of God," he cried. "I cannot think that God will punish me for desiring aught so good! Be it as you will, then; take me where you please; I put my life and my salvation in your hands."

Early the next day Kokua was about her preparations. She took Keawe's chest that he went with, sailoring; and first she put the bottle in the corner, and then packed it with the richest of their clothes and the bravest of the knick-knacks in the house. "For," said she, "we must seem to be sick folk, or who will believe in the bottle?" All the time of her preparation she was as gay as a bird; only when she looked upon Keawe the tears would spring in her eye, and she must run and kiss him.

As for Keawe a weight was off his soul; now that he had his secret shared, and some hope in front of him, he seemed like a new man, his feet went lightly on the earth, and his breath was good to him again. Yet was terror still at his elbow, and ever and again, as the wind blows out a taper, hope died in him, and he saw the flames toss and the red fire burn in hell.

It was given out in the country they were gone pleasuring to the States; which was thought a strange thing, and yet not so strange as the truth, if any could have guessed it. So they went to Honolulu in the Hall, and thence in the Umatilla to San Francisco with a crowd of haoles, and at San Francisco took their passage by th mail brigantine, the Tropic Bird, for Papeete, the chief place of the French in the south islands. Thither they came after a pleasant voyage, on a fair day of the trade wind, and saw the reef with the surf breaking and Motuti with its palms, and the schooners riding withinside and the white houses of the town low down along the shore among green trees, and overhead the mountains and the clouds of Tahiti, the Wise island.

It was judged most wise to hire a house, which they did accordingly, opposite the British consul's, to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This was very easy to do so long as they had the bottle in their possession, for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and whenever she had a mind called on the imp for $20 or $100. At this rate they soon grew to be remarked in the town, and the strangers from Hawaii, their riding and their driving, the fine holokus and the rich lace of Kokua, became the matter of much talk.

They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is like to the Hawaiian, with a change of certain letters, and as soon as they had any freedom of speech began to push the bottle.

You are to consider it was no easy subject to introduce; it was not easy to persuade people you were in earnest when you offered to sell them for four centimes the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary, besides, to explain the dangers of the bottle; and either people disbelieved the whole thing and laughed, or they thought the more of the darker part, became overcast with gravity, and drew away from

FIRST SHE PUT THE BOTTLE IN THE CORNER.

Keawe and Kokua as from persons who had dealings with the devil. So far from gaining ground, these two began to find they were avoided in the town; the children ran away from them screaming, a thing intolerable to Kokua; Catholics crossed themselves as they went by, and all persons began with one accord to disengage themselves from their advances.

Depression fell upon their spirits. They would sit at night in their new house, after a day's weariness, and not exchange one word; or the silence would be broken by Kokua bursting suddenly into sobs. Sometimes they would pray together; sometimes they would have the bottle out upon the floor, and sit all evening watching how the shadow hovered in the midst. At such times they would be afraid to go to rest; it was long ere slumber came to them, and if either dozed off it would be to wake and find the other silently weeping in the dark; or perhaps to wake alone, the other having fled from the house and the neighborhood of that bottle to pace under the bananas in the little garden, or to wander on the beach by moonlight.

One night it was so when Kokua awoke. Keawe was gone; she felt in the bed, and his place was cold. Then fear fell upon her and she sat up in bed. A little moonshine filtered through the shutters; the room was bright, and she could spy the bottle on the floor. Outside it blew high, the great trees of the avenue cried out aloud, and the fallen leaves rattled in the verandah. In the midst of this Kokua was aware of another sound; whether of a beast or of a man she could scarce tell, but it was as sad as death, and cut her to the soul. Softly she arose, set the door ajar, and looked forth into the moonlit yard. There, under the bananas, lay Keawe, his mouth in the dust, and as he lay he moaned.

It was Kokua's first thought to run forward and console him. Her second potently withheld her. Keawe had borne himself before his wife like a brave man; it became her little in the hour of weakness to intrude upon his shame. With the thought she drew back into the house.

"Heaven," she thought, "how careless have I been, how weak! It is he, not I, that stands in this eternal peril; it was he, not I, that took the curse upon his soul. It is for my sake, and for the love of a creature of so little worth and such poor help, that he now beholds so close to him the flames of hell, aye, and smells the smoke of it, lying without there in the wind and moonlight. Am I so dull of spirit that never till now I have surmised my duty, or have I seen it before and turned aside? But now, at least, I take up my soul in both the hands of my affection; now I say farewell to the white steps of heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. A love for a love, and let mine be equalled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and let it be mine to perish!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

How the Irish Sergeant Charmed a Stallion with a Song.

BY LIEUT. J. C. WALSHE, U. S. ARMY.

A GROUP, consisting of Capt. "Jim" Wilson of the gallant —th Cavalry, his two lieutenants, Harry Ridley and George Taylor, and Count Vaya Gallas, a Hungarian, who owned a fine "horse ranch" in Montana, sat around the campfire. They were out on a hunt, and had the usual accompaniment of "trailers," scouts, and a couple of troopers of Wilson's command.

Their route lay over the alkali plains, crossing a few water courses, and wound around the broken escarpments of the low foothills.

The party camped on the trail of the wild horses on the second day, near a small ravine, through which a little stream dashed its way over the reddish brown rocks.

The hoof marks were fresh, and the guides declared that the "bunch" could not be far off. Their opinion was that they would strike the herd the next day.

Long before the sun had risen Sergeant McCoy and the scouts were astir.

After breakfast "boot and saddle" was the order, and the trailers were on the track like sleuth hounds. If the herd were discovered in the vicinity they were to return to the camp.

The riding was not safe, as the prairie dogs and badgers swarmed in the locality. Immense herds of cattle were seen to the left, far out on the prairie in the open pastures, when the sun dissipated the foggy mist.

Soon the strong Mexican saddles with the high, peaked pommels and gaudy, stamped leathers, were girthed on with double "cinches." The trailers told in the picturesque sign language, which Garrity, the scout, translated, that wolves' "sign" was also plentiful. Not the marauding, cowardly coyote, but the fierce gray wolf of the hills.

Both Ridley and Taylor listened attentively to the old scout, and for the moment the desire to meet and slay the ferocious brutes overpowered their interest in the horse hunt.

Preparations were begun, and a move was started for the region of the "Pine Nut Hills."

The "spoor" of the wild horses was struck late in the afternoon, and as the slot was fresh hopes were entertained that they would soon be overtaken.

Some distance on a change in the atmospheric condition set it and the premonitory symptoms of a storm became visible to the trained senses of the old scout, Garrity.

Great vultures came flying toward the hills, and their hoarse notes of warning caused the Indians to point upward.

'Heap big storm," grunted Gray Eagle, the oldest trailer.

The party narrowly scrutinized the foothills and at last discovered something like a house in one of the low valleys which debouched from the spurs of the mountain range out on the great flat; and the whole party spurred in hot haste. They found it to be a deserted hut, built probably for sheep herders, who tended the vast flocks which sometimes graze on these prairies.

The dark cloud was now of such huge proportions that it touched the zenith, and there was something grewsome in the deadly, oppressive stillness.

"Ride faster," was the cry, "the storm will be terrific when it breaks."

Every man spurred, the teamsters plied the stout blacksnake whips, and the party dashed up to the deserted sheeling as the first roll of the thunder reverberated in the hills with a dull, booming echo.

The horses were unsaddled, led under a shed and secured by rope halters. The wagon teams were unhitched and tarpaulins spread over the tents and stores. Then the shelter of the log house was sought hurriedly.

No one, unless he has seen it, can realize the awful grandeur of the thunder storm of the plains.

Suddenly, from the centre of the seething, black volume of vapor, a vivid flash of blue flame burst forth, and a crash as if the earth was split asunder—a crash that might have waked the dead—followed.

A couple of gaunt, tawny timber wolves dashed by the hut, and as their keen noses detected the presence of man they turned tail with a dismal howl, and bolted behind the shed.

"Sh! What is that?" asked Garrity, as he leaned forward in a listening attitude. Clear above the faint moaning sound of the coming war of the elements there was audible a heavy boom of measured cadence.

"Cavalry, by Jove," whispered Taylor excitedly.

Capt. Wilson and the scout were standing as motionless as statues, with all their trained senses of hearing on alert. Their practised ears caught the rythmical cadence and both shouted at the same instant: "The wild horses!"

The herd had turned off the plains and were coming up the valley. It was a grand spectacle, and the door of the sheeling was crowded with admiring faces.

The brutes came along in as regular file as if they were a troop of cavalry. A glorious chestnut stallion led the band with head held high, his long mane flowing in the wind and nostrils flaming with excitement. He was a fine, powerful brute, as fast as a greyhound and as tireless as a camel.

"By George, I've a mind to brave the storm and have a try at them with the lariat," shouted Ridley, as his eyes glowed with excitement.

"It would be no use, lieutenant," calmy grunted the old scout, "they would be off like a flash the minit you broke cover; but we'll get at 'em by and by."

Soon the thunder rolled away among the hills and the storm was over. The sun came out, and little bits of blue sky broke through the rifts of the scurrying clouds.

Harry Ridley's impatience could no longer be restrained. The old scout smiled and puffed away calmly at his pipe. He was as impassive as the Indian trailers who crouched stolidly in a dark corner of the hut.

The instant the soldier opened the door, the chestnut gave a loud whinney of warning, and the whole herd, with snorts of alarm, went off like a whirlwind toward the entrance of the valley.

"We will never see them again, I am afraid," said the count, with a sigh. "I would have given 20,000 francs for the stallion."

They grouped themselves around the fires, as the nights were chilly in the hills, and a general cloud of smoke arose like the incense of the desert. The water ran off rapidly from the slope in front of the sheeling, and gave a dry place for the sleeping tents.

"I doubt if the storm is over," said Jim Wilson. "I hear now and then a far off dull sound, as if another blow is coming up in the wake of the one just passed over."

And true enough, it soon became audible to all the others, and arrested their attention.

The noise sounded like the tramp of an advancing army. The sky became covered with a mist, and objects out on the plains were only dimly visible. The sound be-

AFTER THE WILD HORSES.

came more distinct every minute, and Harry jumped to his feet.

"Saddle my horse," he exclaimed hoarsely, "something is going to happen."

A general laugh greeted this, but the men all sprang to their feet, rushed to their horses and looked—so strong is the force of habit—to their firearms. The roar sounded like the tramp of artillery, and Taylor exclaimed aloud, "By Jove, it maybe Indians."

The ground trembled slightly, and the thunderous noise could be felt. Capt. Wilson guessed it might be an earthquake. All were peering up the opening of the valley, and their horses whinneyed, snorting in terror.

"It's the wild horses, be the mass," shouted Sergt. McCoy, "an' the wolves is afther thim."

The heavy clouds which had obscured the moon slowly drifted off, and a flood of pale light swept over the plain. To the right, where the vale widened at the base of the foothills, the band of wild horses raced out from the young pines and came on in solid phalanx, thundering up the side of the little stream.

The noble chestnut was again in advance of all the others, and as he came abreast of the sheeling and saw the men and horses, he turned with a scream of fury, and in grand style cleared the brook which flowed through the valley, and headed for the open plain.

Then there was a shout, and Ridley jumped on his thoroughbred, and was quickly followed by the others.

"The wolves, the wolves; take keer 'o yeerselves, me boys," shouted old Jimmy, as the howls of the prairie demons followed close on the heels of the flying steeds.

All mounted except the servants and the trailers, and in a few minutes were riding hard in the chase.

Far out on the plain the thunder of the wild mustangs' gallop could be heard, but nearer, to the right, and at the entrance of the valley, the noise of a combat was audible.

Fierce screams of equine rage proceeded from a group of stallions, mingled with terrific growls from a pack of huge gray wolves.

The stallions were the rear guard, and kept the dog-like brutes at bay, while the mares and young horses escaped out on the wide plain. They were kicking and biting viciously, and several dark forms lay stretched out on the grass, apparently dead.

The gallant chestnut was everywhere. He rushed, wheeled, kicked, and bit like a demon. It was a fine thing to see the tactics of the noble brute. The other stallions stood in a half circle, facing their enemies, the convexity outward.

The stallions slowly edged sideways, close together, until they stood almost shoulder to shoulder. They wheeled then simultaneously as the wolves collected for a rush and looked back over their quarters with flaming eyes.

Several of "the gray robbers" were bitten badly, and when the mustangs lashed out a howl of pain from the assailants showed the splendid tactics of the stallions.

Now and again one of the gaunt "robbers" was whirled in the air and came to the ground a crushed and mangled victim.

The keen, crisp air of the mountains blew in the faces of the hunters, and their hands nervously gripped at the coiled lariats on the saddle bows.

The stallions were not fighting for their lives now, but for the lives of the younger and weaker members of the band and the mares.

Harry Ridley could not curb his impatience, and dropping his lariat, he raised his Winchester to his shoulder and fired at a small pack of the wolves which had singled out the chestnut for a vicious combined attack. They leaped from all sides at the noble fellow, but as soon as Harry fired the whole party poured in a fusillade.

Crack, crack, went the repeaters, and with every flash a fierce brute bit the dust.

The hunters shot carefully, too, as they did not wish to injure the mustangs, but the persistence of the timber wolf is wonderful. Coyotes and the brown wolf are cowardly—the veriest cowards of the plains—but the gray wolf or the tawny timber wolf will fight with a pertinacity worthy of the best bred bulldog.

Then the stallions, led by the chestnut, wheeled like a troop of lancers and dashed out on the plain. The remnant of the pack of wolves followed grim and silently, and the hunters spurred after all, firing occasionally as some wounded brute dropped to the rear.

"Come on, Taylor, Sergt. McCoy, follow me," shouted Ridley, as he dashed his rowels into the sides of his charger.

"It is too dark. Take care you fellows," came down to them on the wind in the warning tones of Capt. Wilson's voice; but whatever else he said was drowned in the tramp of the flying steeds.

Very soon they closed on the galloping mustangs, and the wolves, giving up the chase, turned and sought the pine hills.

The moon came out from behind her drapery of clouds as Harry Ridley and Taylor spurred after the stallions. The trail showed spots of blood, and the keen eyes of old McCoy, who followed the officers, were as sure as a bloodhound's scent.

"There they are!" he cried, just as a splash of moonlight showed the mustangs quietly grazing at some distance to the left, in a depression of the prairie.

The three riders turned their horses' heads to the left. The darkness favored them, and the coarse grass of the prairie deadened the sound of their progress.

"I don't care much for the rest, but I should like to get a good throw at the chestnut," whispered Harry, as they brought the horses to a walk by the advice of the sergeant.

"Faix, you'll have the chance, thin, if you're said by me," interrupted Jimmy, "but we'll try ter talk in whispers, av ye plase."

"Let us hear your plan, McCoy."

"There's a bit of a ravine down yander beyant the rocks. We'll skirt around it, an' come out on the flat where they're atin' now. Thin we'll make a dash. Which o' yez is the handiest with the lariat?"

"You are, Ridley," said Taylor, promptly. "I'm no use at that sort of thing, so you must take the first chance."

That being settled, McCoy's plan was discussed in whispers. Harry was to ride around and station himself at the side of the ravine, while Taylor and the sergeant made a detour to separate and ride at the "bunch" simultaneously. This would drive them toward the ravine.

"Yez can let thim go by, fur the big stallion'll be in the rear thin, an' yez'll have a clane chance at him," said Jimmy.

"We'll ride from the nor'east and the sou'west; d'ye mind, lieutenant. Yez'll gi' me the wurrd be a whoop, an' we'll ride right at thim."

Taylor assented, and the hunters separated.

Ridley rode around the ridge and examined his lasso carefully. It was a strong, tough, rawhide rope, and was as flexible as silk. He had hardly stationed himself in the shadow of a projecting rock when he heard a wild yell, and in a moment after the thunderous tramp of the mustangs.

A clear space in the heavens overhead gave the moon a free course, and the light threw the whole ravine into plain view.

On came the herd, and Ridley grasped his rope tighter. His horse showed restiveness as the wild equines approached, and his ears were laid flat back. He quivered with excitement, and Harry had to soothe him by touch and voice.

He saw from the shadow where he sat that Sergt. McCoy was right in his conjecture as to the position of the lead stallion. The ruck of the mares, young horses, colts and fillies rushed past him, led a few paces in advance by a powerful buckskin stallion, but the rear was brought up by the chestnut.

As he threw up his fine head with a snort, Ridley launched the noose in the air, and it settled over the horse's neck. He had timed the stallion's speed to a nicety, and threw slightly in front. It was an excellent cast, and he dug the spurs into his horse's sides as he dashed to the right to bring the lariat taut.

The noble "chestnut" rolled over and the fatal noose tightened around his neck.

Taylor and Sergt. McCoy rode headlong down the ravine, but pulled up short as they saw the cast.

"Keep back!" shouted Harry. "I want to conquer him myself."

The chestnut bounded to his feet, but was choked by the noose which pressed tightly against his throat. With ears laid back upon his beautifully arched neck, his teeth gleaming white under his drawn lips, and his eyes flashing fire, he made a rush for his captor. His nostrils breathed flame, and he was the impersonation of vicious rage. He quivered with wrath and excitement, and his long main bristled up as, almost mad with fury, he hurled himself at the soldier. Flight was not to be thought of, so Ridley wheeled like a swallow on his trained charger, and once more the lariat tightened.

The impetus of his own rush, and the wheel of the cavalry horse, brought the stallion up with a round turn. Then he rose on his hind legs and pawed the air. With a wild scream of rage he charged again at the horse and rider, but Ridley's brute, trained to obey the lightest touch of hand or knee, swerved and avoided the frantic mustang. The stallion, too, turned almost as quickly, and rearing up struck out with his powerful forelegs. Had they touched either horse or rider the combat would have ended then and there.

"Let me lasso a leg, lieutenant," shouted McCoy. The sergeant was ardently attached to the young officer, and trembled at his danger. For himself, as he said afterward, he would prefer to face the muzzles of a battery of field pieces sooner than try to conquer a wild stallion with no other weapon but a lariat.

"No," came thundering back, "don't interfere. I'll handle him myself."

Ridley reined back as the chestnut rose in the air, and his charger jumped off like a shot. A sharp tug at the lariat and the stallion was again rolling over on the ground.

This time his scream of rage was mingled with fear. The foam flew from his mouth in big flakes, and his strong limbs quivered when he vainly tried to rise to his feet.

He was dragged by the noose in a small circle as Harry rode around him, and the tautness of the lariat was slowly choking him.

"He's almost beaten," shouted Taylor; but as he spoke the gallant brute rose with a bound and again dashed at his enemy.

Ridley awaited his onset this time, and took up a loose turn of the lariat. As the mustang reared he flung out his arm, and with a dexterous twist coiled a loop around one of the forefeet and backed his horse.

Down came the stallion with his straight forelegs held out like lances, and as he struck the earth Harry gave a pull and the noble beast fell over on his side with one fetlock drawn up to his chest by the jerk on the rope.

"He's done now for good," exclaimed the sergeant, "an' divil a thruer word yez iver sed. 'Twas a nate job intoirely," and himself and Lieut. Taylor spurred up to the scene of the struggle.

Ridley jumped off his horse like a flash, and McCoy, dismounting at the same time, caught the stallion by the head. The lariat was choking him, and his kicks and struggles were frantic.

Sergt. McCoy came from the south of Ireland, and was popularly believed by the troopers to possess the wonderful secret of Sullivan, "the horse tamer." He threw himself alongside the savage brute, and with cool nerve took hold of his head.

Ridley and Taylor stood looking on in amazed silence. A low, crooning sound, musical, but inexpressibly weird, issued from the trooper's lips; and they heard him whisper in some strange tongue to the struggling mustang.

"Take off one of your saddle blankets and throw it over me head. For your lives, be quick," whispered Jimmy, in a smooth, even voice.

Then he began to chant in a low, hushed tone, but in a language which neither Ridley nor Taylor ever before heard, and which sounded exquisitely sweet. The horse ceased struggling and pricked up his ears at the sounds.

Lieut. Ridley threw his saddle cloth over McCoy's head and watched the proceedings with a strrange interest.

"Stand farther away, gentlemen," whispered the sergeant. "This is the hardest job I ever tackled in my life. Go back a hundred yards or so."

They retired to the shady spot where Ridley had awaited the coming of the wild horses, and then Taylor said, with a shudder: "The —— brute will kill him."

"Not he. Jimmy is a horse whisperer. He does not often give an exhibition of his power, but I have seen him tame some vicious creatures before now. Do you know that no dog will bite him?"

Taylor laughed incredulously.

"I'd like to see him come into my yard at night. If Bruiser didn't whisper him, I'd believe anything."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars Jimmy can do it and walk off with Bruiser following him as meek as a lamb."

The curiously musical chant of the "horse whisperer" came to them faintly, and it produced a strange effect on Ridley.

"By jove, it is curious. Do you know, Harry, I feel a devil of a strange vibration running through me, and I believe each separate hair on my head is standing up straight."

Taylor spoke in a strained voice, and Ridley noticed that the pupils of his eyes were staring.

"Where in the name of all that's curious did I hear that song before?" queried Ridley to himself.

"Eh?" inquired his companion, as if the question were asked aloud; but Harry did not hear him. He was plunged in thought, vainly calling on memory for "the lost chord."

The chant kept rising and falling like the sound of music at a distance, and sometimes died away in soft murmurs.

Suddenly Harry Ridley uttered an exclamation, "My God!" and then relapsed into silence.

"That is it," he whispered softly to himself. "Frank sang it in my ear that day in Washington. He told me it was a charm taken from the brig Veda."

The tune now rose and fell louder, with regular rhythmical cadence, and the two officers seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen pine. Then Taylor shivered.

"It is devilish cold," he whispered, "I'll go and get a pull at the flask in my saddlebags. Will you have some?"

He brought back the brandy flask to Ridley, but it was refused with a slight gesture of impatience. He had neither eyes nor ears now for anything but the curious fascination of the mysterious chant, with its sweetness of cadence and its smooth melody.

It was not at all the sort of thing of which he had read in Poe.

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme."

This was an eastern tongue more melodious than Italian, more sonorous than Spanish, and the music was like the mysterious songs of the stars.

In a few minutes they saw McCoy throw the blanket off his head and rise slowly. He put a rough rope headstall on the mustang, and, with a slight jerk, pulled on it. The stallion started to his feet, but rose slowly and painfully. McCoy stood at his head, and passed his hand soothingly over the black muzzle, speaking in low whispers to the horse.

"He's all right now, lieutenant. I'll take care of him for a day or two. The other horses 'll fret him a bit, an' he won't stand strangers comin' too near him."

Th officers approached cautiously, but the great stallion backed away, and laid his ears back flat on his neck.

"Leave him alone, lieutenant. If ye both 'll ride in advance back to the camp, I'll folly ye, an' he'll come with me like a lamb. He's the finest horse I iver set eyes on, an' he's got a power o' sinse, an' divil a thruer wurrd yez ever sed."

ONE BOY'S LIFE IN THE NAVY.

A Midshipman at 9 Years of Age, He Became Our Greatest Admiral.

BY WILLIS J. ABBOTT.

In the year 1809 there was living on the banks of the Pascagoula river, in Louisiana, an old sailor who had served long as a sailing master in the then infant navy of the United States, and who had varied somewhat the monotony of life afloat by going

THE TWO BOYS FELL TO FISTICUFFS.

through one campaign as a major of cavalry in Tennessee.

In the family of the old seaman was a young son named David, at this time about 8 years old. He was not a precocious child, but just an ordinary, active, intelligent and plucky American boy, fond of outdoor sport, and not too much wrapped up in his books. In his later years he won much eminence in a profession which required the highest courage.

At the time when our story opens—1809—there occurred an event which had a notable effect on the current of little David's life. A naval officer named Porter, serving on the New Orleans station, was taken sick and died at the residence of David's father, who was untiring in his ministrations to the sick man. Some months later, David Porter, the dead man's son, came to take command of the New Orleans station, and naturally sought out his father's friends. His influence was at once enlisted to secure for little David a commission in the navy, and so we find it recorded that on Dec. 17, 1810, Master David Glasgow Farragut was given a midshipman's com mission, having attained the mature age of 9 years and 5 months.

Soon after Farragut's commission Commander Porter was ordered to take command of the Essex, one of the "smartest" frigates of the navy, and a craft that has left a name on the pages of naval history. Commander Porter secured for his boyish protege a berth on the Essex, and so the lad, when not yet 10 years old, strutted about the gun deck of a man-of-war, with pistols and a hanger at his belt, ordered about grizzled tars old enough to be his grandfather, and met the hardships and perils of the sea with a stout heart and unflagging cheeriness.

There was no naval academy in those days. There was no four-years' apprenticeship with a dreary round of mathematical and scientific studies preparatory to getting a commission. In the early years of the century a boy who showed that salt water ran in his veins was given a uniform and pitched into the ward-room, to fight with other midshipmen, pick up odd scraps of seamanship from the "Jackies," and get a smattering of mathematics and languages from the ship's chaplain. If the system seems a little heroic, let us remember that it produced Farragut.

The work of the navy in peace is not by any means so easy as people are prone to consider it; but it so happened that Farragut donned his middy's togs just as the nation was about to plunge into war with Great Britain. It was the era of the "right of search," and all men and boys who followed the sea hated the scarlet flag with the cross of St. George as sailors hate the hungry shark that follows anxiously in a vessel's wake.

Farragut says that while on his way from New Orleans to seek his commission, he "touched at Havana, where we learned that the brig Vixen, Capt. Tripp, had been fired into by a British man-of-war. I mention this because I believe that it was the first thing that caused bad feeling in me toward the English nation. I looked upon this as an insult to be paid in kind, and was anxious to discharge the debt with interest."

Not long after this the attack of the British sloop-of-war Leopard upon the American frigate President added fuel to the flames, and the two nations were soon fiercely at war. It was a war for the rights of sailors, and the tars on the Essex showed their appreciation of the fact by treating to a coat of tars and feathers one of their number who showed the white feather at the moment of sailing. Midshipman Farragut has recorded that Commander Porter winked at this summary act of justice, and sailed blithesomely away before the authorities on shore could protest against this assumption by the sailors of the rights of judge, jury and executioner.

When at sea but a few days the Essex took her first prize. The British sloop-of-war Alert was sighted from the masthead, and Commander Porter laid his plans for her capture. She was to windward of the Essex, so there was no hope of overhauling her in a fair chase, and as she mounted but 20 guns to the Essex's 32, it was clear that she would not be likely to offer battle unless tricked.

Porter quickly turned his ship's head as though trying to escape. Men were sent aloft to shake out all the topsails. Every foot of canvas was crowded onto the ship, and the officers of the Alert, thinking by these signs of panic that the Essex was a merchantman, gave chase.

The fugitive was quickly overhauled, for Porter had thrown out drags astern, made of great bags of sailcloth, which caught the water and retarded the progress of the ship. The ports of the Essex were down, and every effort was made to disguise her true character, so that the Alert came up with confidence and fired a single gun, commanding the Essex—which all the time had displayed the British flag—to heave to.

The Essex obeyed the signal, and as the Alert ranged up alongside, pulled down the English flag and displayed the stars and stripes; whereat the Alert let fly a broadside of grape and canister, which fell short. The Essex replying with her ponderous broadside, the little Alert turned to escape, but was soon overhauled and made a prize.

On the Essex it was the custom of the commander to raise the alarm of fire at all hours of the night for the purpose of testing the discipline and steadiness of the men. When this cry rang through the ship it was the duty of the crew to rush to quarters, each carrying his cutlass and a blanket. This custom averted a great disaster once. Midshipman Farragut thus tells the story:

"While the ship was crowded with prisoners they planned a mutiny. The coxswain of the captain's gig of the Alert, who was a leader in the affair, came to my hammock with a pistol in his hand and stood by it, gazing intently upon me. Seeing a man thus armed and recognizing him as a prisoner, I knew there must be something wrong, and probably from fear more than from anything else, I remained perfectly motionless until he passed. Then slipping from my hammock, I crept noiselessly to the cabin and informed Capt. Porter of what I had seen.

"He sprang from his cot, which was on the berth-deck, in an instant, and immediately cried, 'Fire! Fire!'"

The effect was wonderful. Instead of attempting to strike the fatal blow, the prisoners or mutineers became alarmed and confused, nor did they recover from their stupor until they heard the boarders called to the main hatch by the captain (whom they now saw for the first time in their midst) to secure them."

After capturing the British ship Alert, the Essex made her way southward, around Cape Horn and into the Pacific ocean, where she did dire havoc among British whalers. It was a memorable cruise, and one that merits a chapter of naval history to itself, But through it all, whether in the midst of the howling tornado that nearly sent the frigate on the rocks of Cape Horn, or amid the flying bullets with which some of the whalers resisted capture, we find David Farragut doing his duty like a gallant officer of the United States navy, aged 11 years.

At last the prizes taken by the Essex became so numerous that the ships' company could scarcely furnish officers enough to command them. Boy as he was, Farragut was placed in command of a brig and ordered to take her to Valparaiso. A handful of blue jackets from the Essex were put aboard with him to give weight to his orders, while the former captain and crew were left on board to navigate the vessel.

Scarcely had the Essex disappeared, leaving Farragut alone on the ocean than he discovered that he was likely to have a mutiny on his hands. The captain of the craft had no desire to go to Valparaiso, and, being a man of rather violent temper, cursed Farragut for "a little nutshell" and vowed that he would make for the coast of New Zealand.

The middy demurred to this, and ordered the captain to have the maintopsail filled, whereupon the captain, with a volley of oaths, declared that he would shoot the first man that touched a rope, and straightway dove into the cabin for his pistols. Farragut called up the head man of the detail from the crew of the Essex, gave him the

FARRAGUT HELPING IN THE FIGHT.

necessary orders, and sent word to the captain that if he came on deck with his pistols he would be thrown overboard. The course of the vessel toward Valparaiso was not interrupted again.

In March, 1814, occurred the most notable event of Farragut's boyish days. His ship, the Essex, after being blockaded for some time in the harbor of Valparaiso, by the British frigate Phœbe and sloop-of-war Cherub, and after vainly challenging the Phœbe to single combat, was caught in a crippled condition outside the harbor, but still in neutral waters, and was attacked by both the enemy's ships and made a prize. The action itself we cannot here describe, and Farragut's part in it cannot better be told than in his own words:

"I well remember the feelings of awe produced in me by the approach of the hostile ships," he writes, "even to my young mind it was perceptible in the faces of those around me, as clearly as possible, that our case was hopeless. It was equally apparent that all were ready to die at their guns rather than surrender; and such I believe to have been the determination of the crew almost to a man.

"During the battle I was like 'Paddy in the cat-harpins,' a man on occasions. I performed the duties of captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and in fact did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first; but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream and produced no effect on my nerves.

"I can remember well, while I was standing near the captain, just abaft the mainmast, a shot came through the waterways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing by the side of the gun, taking the last one in the head and scattering his brains over both of us. But this awful sight did not affect me so much as the death of the first poor fellow. I neither thought of nor noticed anything but the working of the guns."

Bear in mind that this lad who so calmly gazes on the horrors of war is not yet 14 years old.

"On one occasion Midshipman Isaacs came up to the captain and reported that a quarter gunner named Roach had deserted his post. The only reply of the captain, addressed to me, was, 'Do your duty, sir.' I seized a pistol and went in search of the fellow, but did not find him. It appeared subsequently that when the ship was reported to be on fire he had contrived to get into the only boat that could be kept afloat, and escaped with six others to the shore.

FIGHTING BETWEEN DECKS.

"Soon after this some gun-primers were wanted, and I was sent after them. In going below, while I was on the wardroom ladder, the captain of the gun directly opposite the hatchway was struck full in the face by an 18-pound shot, and fell back on me. We tumbled down the hatch together. I struck on my head and, fortunately, he fell on my hips. I say fortunately for, as he was a man of at least 200 pounds weight, I would have been crushed to death if he had fallen directly across my body. I lay for some moments stunned by the blow, but soon recovered consciousness enough to rush up on deck. The captain, seeing me covered with blood, asked if I were wounded, to which I replied, 'I believe not, sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'where are the primers?' This first brought me completely to my senses, and I ran below again, and carried the primers on deck.

"I have already remarked how I became accustomed to scenes of blood and death during the action; but after the battle had ceased, when, on going below, I saw the mangled bodies of my shipmates, dead and dying, groaning and expiring, with the most patriotic sentiments on their lips, I became faint and sick. My sympathies were all aroused. As soon as I recovered from the first shock, however, I hastened to assist the surgeon in staunching and dressing the wounds of my comrades. Among the badly wounded was one of my best friends, Lieut. J. G. Cowell. When I spoke to him he said: 'O, Davy; I fear it is all up with me.' I found that he had lost a leg, just above the knee, and the doctor informed me that his life might have been saved had he consented to the amputation of the limb an hour before. But when it was proposed to drop another patient and attend to him, he replied; 'No, doctor, none of that; fair play is a jewel. One man's life is as dear as another's. I would not cheat any poor fellow out of his turn.'

"Many of our fine fellows bled to death for want of tourniquets. An old quartermaster named Francis Bland was standing at the wheel when I saw a shot coming over the fore-yard in such a direction that I thought it would strike him or me; so I told him to jump, at the same time pulling him toward me. At that instant the shot took off his right leg, and I afterward found that my coat tail had been carried away. I helped the old fellow below, and inquired for him after the action, but he had died before he could be attended to."

After the battle young Farragut went on board the Phœbe, one of the victorious vessels. He was naturally greatly cast down by the outcome of the fight, and was sitting in the steerage when he heard an English middy cry out:

"A prize, a prize! Ho, boys, a fine grunter, by Jove."

Looking up, David saw that young John Bull had under his arm a pet pig belonging to the Essex, and which was appealing dolorously.

"That's my pig," cried Farragut, jumping up, and laying hold of it.

"Not so," returned the young Briton. "You are a prisoner, and the pig is a prisoner, too."

"We always respect private property," said the American boy, stoutly maintaining his hold.

By this time the scuffle had attracted the attention of all the middies between decks. "A fight! A fight!" was the cry, and the lads came flocking from every side.

"If you can thrash 'Shorty' you can have the pig, my little Yankee," said one of the older English officers, and, Farragut agreeing, the two lads fell to fisticuffs, from which "Shorty" emerged badly battered, while Farragut carried off the pig in triumph.

"I felt that I had in some degree wiped out the disgrace of our defeat," he wrote many years later.

We cannot, however, for lack of space, describe in detail Farragut's boy life in the navy. The battle with the Phœbe and the Cherub was the last time he smelled powder in the war of 1812, but after the war was over he made many interesting cruises to distant lands. We read of him acting as interpreter for the king of Naples when that monarch visited the Macedonian, and the Yankee middy somewhat astonished the veteran diplomat, Prince Metternich, by overriding the canons of royal etiquet and addressing the king as "Mister." Again we find him attending school in Tunis in the midst of an epidemic of cholera, suffering from a sunstroke on the sands of Sahara, defending himself with a brace of pistols against the attacks of a murderous Bedouin, and altogether leading such an adventurous life as seldom falls to the lot of a boy in his "teens."

But it all went toward the making of a great sailor, and the American boy of today can hardly do better than to study the life of our greatest admiral, whose naval record extended from the loss of the Essex to the capture of New Orleans and the battle of Mobile bay.

THE SCHNELLEST ZUG.

[Eugene Field in Chicago News.]

From Hanover to Leipsig is but a little way,
Yet the journey by the so-called schnellest zug consumes a day;
You start at half-past 10 or so, and not till nearly night
Do the double towers of Madgeburg loom up before your sight;
From thence to Leipsig's quick enough—of that I'll not complain—
But from Hanover to Madgeburg—confound that schnellest train!

The Germans say that "schnell" means fast, and "schnellest" faster yet—
In all my life no grimmer bit of humor have I met!
Why, thirteen miles an hour's the greatest speed they ever go,
While on the engine piston-rods do moss and lichens grow;
And yet the average Teuton will presumptuously maintain
That one can't know what swiftness is till he's tried das schnellest train!

Fool that I was! I should have walked—I had no time to waste;
The little journey I had planned I had to do in haste—
The quaint old town of Leipsig with its literary mart,
And Dresden with its crockery-shops and wondrous wealth of art,
The Saxon Alps, the Carlsbad cure for all dyspeptic pain—
These were the ends I had in view when I took that schnellest train.

The natives dozed around me, yet none too deep to hear
The guard's sporadic shout of "funf minuten" (meaning beer);
I counted forty times at least that voice announce the stops
Required of those fat natives to glut their greed for hops,
Whilst I crouched in a corner, a monument to woe,
And thought, unholy, awful things, and felt my whiskers grow!

And then, the wretched sights one sees while travelling by that train—
The women doing men-folks' work at harvesting the grain,
Or sometimes grubbing in the soil, or hitched to heavy carts
Beside the family cow or dog, doing their slavish parts!
The husbands strut in soldier garb—indeed, they were too vain
To let creation see them work from that creeping schnellest train!

I found the German language all too feeble to convey
The sentiments that surged through my dyspeptic hulk that day;
I had recourse to English and exploded without stint
Such virile Anglo-Saxon as would never do in print,
But which assuaged my rising gorge and cooled my seething brain
While snailing on to Magdeburg upon that schnellest train.

The typical New England freight that maunders to and fro—
The upper Mississippi boats—the bumptious B. & O.—
The creeping Southern railroads with their other creeping things—
The Philadelphy cable that is run out West for rings—
The Piccadilly buses with their constant roll and shake—
All have I tried, and yet I'd give the "schnellest zug" the cake!

My countrymen, if ever you should seek the German clime,
Put not your trust in Baedeker if you are pressed for time;
From Hanover to Magdeburg is many a weary mile
By "schnellest zug," but, done afoot, it seems a tiny while;
Walk, swim or skate, and then the task will not appear in vain,
But you'll break the third commandment if you take the schnellest train!

What Star Photographs Reveal.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

Perhaps the most notable of these celestial photographs, in the direct light that it throws upon the nebular hypothesis, is Mr. Roberts' already famous picture of the Andromeda nebula. Nobody can look upon the vast nebulous spirals that this photograph reveals, surrounding a great central condensation, and showing here and there a brighter knot where a satellite of the huge focal mass is in process of formation, without telling that Laplace and Kant were not very far away in their guess as to the mode of formation of the solar system.

But, although stars in abundance are scattered over and around the Andromeda nebula, there is little in their appearance to suggest a connection between them and the nebula. It is different with the nebulæ in the Pleiades and Orion. In the wonderful photographs of the Pleiades by the Henry Brothers of Paris one not only sees masses of nebulous matter clinging, so to speak, to some of the more conspicuous stars, but in one place a long, straight, narrow stip of nebula has stars dotted along its entire length, like diamonds strung upon a ribbon.

It becomes more difficult to resist the conclusion that in this strange nebulous streak, with its starry file, we possess an indication of the mode of origin of the many curious streams and chains of stars with which the heavens abound, when we look at another amazing revelation of celestial photography. I refer to Prof. Pickering's photograph of Orion, taken with a portrait lens from a mountain in southern California.

The Boston Way.

[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

On Beacon st.:

The nurse—Baby dear, you must take your milk; mamma says so, and she knows best.

The infant—I must beg to firmly but respectfully decline your request. The lacteal fluid has an offensive taste, and it is my firm conviction that the article contains deleterious substances. Please have a sample of it analyzed. (Takes up his copy of Emerson and is lost to the world).

A PRETTY GIRL'S DESTINY;

—OR—

The Freaks of Fortune.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER,

AUTHOR OF "TOWARD SUNSET," "SACRIFICING HER FORTUNE," "MARSTON MOOR," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tyrone Trevallian, the beautiful daughter of Dr. Trevallian, discovers that Kale Canning, foreman in her father's quarries near Featherstone, Me., has been guilty of systematically cheating his employer. She therefore summons the culprit, who is a suitor for her hand, and discharges him. An angry gleam in his eyes causes her to fear that he is about to spring upon her.

Kale Canning's threat. Tyrone's visit to the post office and her conversation with Gypsy Madge.

Gypsy Madge's prophecy concerning Tyrone's knight. Kale Canning overhears. Madge's meeting with Arthur Douglass. Another prophecy.

Arthur Douglass and Tyrone visit the church at night. Arthur struck down by a bullet. Gypsy Madge visits Dr. Trevallian.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Madge still gazed into vacancy. Her condition, for the moment, certainly was not a normal one.

"The storm is widespread, and is terrible on the coast," she murmured, as if rather satisfying herself than conveying information. "I see her lashed to a mast, the angry sea beating about her, her hair draggled, her cramped limbs aching, strength gone, hope gone. She will give her diamond ring and a—a—promise, so that she may be saved. A sturdy fellow is driving the bargain with her. There isn't a soul on the stranded ship but her and him. Why, bless my soul, if it isn't Jack Trevallian!"

Tyrone's lips were parted, and she drank in every word like one who was famishing.

"Woman, what strange spell has come over you?" asked Arthur Douglass with sensations of awe, his voice strong for one so recently in a swoon.

"She is blessed with second sight," whispered Tyrone.

Arthur Douglass reached out his hand, caught Madge's shawl and gave it a tug.

"Say, wild dreamer, who is it that is in peril?" he asked.

"I—don't—know," she stammered, seemingly disturbed and coming to herself. "Who? Why Miriam."

Her reply caused a look of scorn to settle upon Arthur Douglas' face, for he recalled what she had said to him at their previous meeting.

"Why, here's Rollo!" Tyrone cried, as the great dog came dashing up, panting for breath, his jaws bloody, his shaggy coat covered with mud.

Just then two men came along, tramping heavily through the mud, the one with his head down and a little unsteady on his feet, and the other with his head up, as if he owned a thousand acres of the best farming land in the vicinity.

They were quarrymen, not returning from work at that late hour, but from a carousal at the Cross Roads Inn.

The two men stopped when they reached the group in the middle of the road. The atmosphere had cleared almost entirely, a fact, which together with the light from the lantern, enabled them to comprehend the situation.

"Why, Miss Trevallian, what has happened?" asked the more sober man of the two, who had joined the church under the doctor's preaching, but had fallen from grace.

"This gentleman has been shot by some lurking assassin," explained Tyrone. "He is visiting at our house and should be taken thither at once."

"Well, we can carry him there," the man said. "But we ought to have a stretcher."

"Bill, I'll tell you how we can fix that," proposed his companion. "There's an old bier in the church shed. Now, if we could get a cushion or two out of the church—"

"Yes," quickly cried Tyrone, catching at the idea. "It is a good suggestion. Here is the key to the church. Take the lantern with you."

The two men started off and soon returned with the improvised litter. They gently lifted Arthur Douglass upon it, seized the handles and moved slowly forward.

Gipsy Madge stood still in the road as if wrapped in deep thought; the prostrate man looked up at the stars; Tyrone went ahead with the lantern; the dog followed behind, too sensible to give vent to any menacing symptoms. The porch of the house was reached and the door unlocked.

"I'll run up stairs and break the news to papa," Tyrone said.

In a little while she called down the stairway:

"Bring him up here."

They carefully made the ascent, not wanting to set his wound bleeding afresh. Arthur Douglass smiled feebly into the face of Dr. Trevallian, who asked no questions, but gave his hand a sympathetic grasp.

"Here are the keys, Miss Trevallian," Bill said, as he placed them upon the table.

"Doctor, reward these kind men," Arthur Douglass said faintly, the removal having somewhat exhausted him.

"We wouldn't think of taking anything," protested Bill.

"A surgeon's skill is needed here," Dr. Trevallian said. "If I could send word to Dr. Vanleer—"

"We'll go," interrupted the quarrymen in concert.

"Thank you," Tyrone sweetly said, and they considered themselves amply repaid.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WRECKED SCHOONER.

There are other characters to take part in our story. There were other startling incidents transpiring upon the eventful night in question, and we must stop to describe them.

Reference has been made to Jack Trevallian, and to what was considered an uncalled-for desertion of the home in which he had been reared, and of the friends who so fondly loved him—a sister who was fairer and purer and sweeter than any other girl in all that region, and a dear old father, who had hoped to lean upon him in his declining years.

The real or feigned clairvoyant condition of Gypsy Madge had evolved a wreck upon a stormy coast, in which a lady named Miriam Montcalm and sturdy Jack Trevallian were the only survivors. We must ask the reader to follow us thither.

A schooner was aground upon the reefs and was rapidly breaking up.

The angry waves dashed over the sides, deluging the deck fore and aft, and rocking the ship until she groaned and trembled in every timber.

Not half a mile to leeward stretched the rugged, precipitous coast, its shore line entirely hidden from view, though at intervals the ragged summits of the rocks were visible through the sheets of white foam dashed toward them by the breakers.

To windward the prospect was just as cheerless. Darkness was settling down and nothing was to be seen but the foam of the crested seas.

The widening rays from the lighthouse lamp streamed across the watery waste, but failed to reveal the stranded ship to any one who might have been looking seaward.

A score of drenched, benumbed, hopeless creatures had been clinging to the rigging for hours, but most of them had dropped one by one into the water, their strength gone and their endurance tested beyond anything it could bear.

Among the survivors was a beautiful young woman. It was not that her fortitude was so great, or that she clung to life with more tenacity than the others, but because some one had lashed her to a crosstree, her arms encircling the splintered mast, and a tautly drawn rope supporting her back.

Her long black hair floated dishevelled from her shoulders, and her wet dress clung closely to her form.

She had given up all hope of rescue. She was sinking into lethargy. She was slowly becoming oblivious to apprehension and pain.

Oh, how comfortable she began to feel! A sweet dream of her home, and the scenes of her childhood came to her.

She saw the quaint old farmhouse, with its pointed gables and breezy porches. She saw the cows coming up the green lane to be milked. She wandered in the deep, shadowy paths in the woods. She heard the birds singing in the trees, the crickets chirping in the grass, the brawling of the brook, the clicking of the mower in the clover fields.

Who spoke to her? Who called her by name?

It was a strange voice, and seemed to have no connection with her dream. It sounded way off, and yet she was conscious that it was very near.

"Miss Montcalm, rouse yourself," is what the voice said. "That sleep may be the sleep of death."

The benumbed girl fancied that she had rallied, and that she was trying to understand, but the fascination of her dream was still upon her.

The young man who had called to her was Jack Trevallian, whom Tyrone loved so devotedly, and for whose return his father so anxiously yearned.

He crawled to the crosstree. He shook the drowsy girl determinedly, but not rudely.

"Miss Montcalm," he said, "take a drink of this. It is brandy, and it will revive you."

She opened her eyes. She slowly recalled her scattered senses. She heard the roar of the waves and felt the pitiless patter of the rain. She once more realized the despairing situation.

She was not at the pretty, old homestead, listening to the well remembered sounds, but out on the dark, turgid ocean, with but a few narrow planks between her and death.

She could not see distinctly the outline of her companion's face, but she felt that he was her friend, and that she possessed his heartfelt sympathy.

She mechanically reached out her hand and took the flask which he was extending to her.

She drank of its contents without a question. She coughed in strangulation for a few seconds, then felt a warm glow in her veins.

Just then she heard a plash in the water. She shuddered, for she knew that one more of the luckless crew had dropped from time into eternity.

"That was Joe Hardgrave, as true-hearted a fellow as ever lived," Jack Trevallian said. "Miss Montcalm, there are none left but you and me."

He had called her by name three times. She did not know him nor recognize his voice, but she felt sure that he was the man who had lashed her to the cross-tree.

"Day is breaking," he said.

The atmosphere was growing clearer, the wind had lulled, the rain had ceased, long red, wavy pencils of light were visible way off against the eastern horizon.

"You want to live very much, don't you?" her companion asked.

Though he spoke with abruptness, his voice was not displeasing. He seemed determined to make her speak.

"Yes," she assented, with a shudder. "I am still quite young. Life is sweet to us all."

"Well, I don't know about that," Jack Trevallian said, reflectively. "I am indifferent, but that may arise from the consciousness that my life has been a failure."

A hard, dry laugh followed his speech, and it aroused Miss Montcalm's interest in him more than anything he had said.

"What made it a failure?" she asked. "Or who was more to blame than yourself? Perhaps you undertook too many things!"

"No," Jack Trevallian replied, "and nothing stupendous."

"Perhaps your mission lay so near to you that you did not see it," replied Miss Montcalm. "We are apt to look too far beyond us, or to attempt to do some other person's work. You are young, I infer."

"Just 22, Miss Montcalm."

"And tired of life?" she asked.

"I didn't say so," replied Jack Trevallian. "I said I was indifferent. I have no prospects. There is nothing ahead of me. What if I unclasped my hands? That would be the end of me. A few friends might miss me and mourn for me awhile, but, ah! it would be far otherwise with you."

His words strangely stirred her. If not misanthropic, they were at least singularly calm and self-possessed.

"You have hosts of friends, Miss Montcalm," he resumed. "You are loved, and you love in return. The world has been kind to you. Circumstances have been propitious. Life has been sweet to you, and you may be able to fill all its requirements, discharge all its duties, meet all its responsibilities."

He paused a moment, his eyes searching her face, knowing that he thoroughly held her attention.

"Now, what if I should be able to restore you to your friends to the world, to usefulness?" he asked. "If I succeeded in accomplishing that, it would at least be something to my credit—a large off-set against previous failures. I can take you safely to shore, if you will submit yourself entirely to me."

"How?" eagerly asked her companion, catching at life with a new zest.

"But I must be compensated," stipulated he.

So it was greed that prompted him, after all.

"I have a diamond ring," she said. "I will give you that."

"With a promise, Miss Montcalm?"

"A promise?" she asked. "Of what kind?"

"To permit me to love you," Jack Trevallian said.

"Oh!" ejaculated his companion. "I could not prevent that if I tried to. I have no objections. I do not care how many people love me."

"And to win your love if I can," boldly persisted Jack.

"I am willing to agree to that," she said, after slight hesitation.

"All right, Miss Montcalm," he replied, as if she had consented to a good deal. "I hope you take in all that means. It lifts me to the same social plane with yourself."

"Not necessarily," she rejoined, a little uneasily. "The cat may look at the king, you know. You may not find me susceptible; some one may have a prior claim. You can never win me if you are not worthy."

"What constitutes worthiness?" Jack Trevallian asked. "If success, then I am not worthy, and may never be. I am a miserable failure."

"Perhaps you aimed too high," suggested Miss Montcalm, unconsciously betraying her interest in him. "We can do that, I think. Perhaps you expected too much. It is through failure that we are disciplined, and discipline may make us worthy. I will be the judge of your worthiness, if ever called upon. After all, I have promised you nothing."

"Except the diamond ring," reminded Jack, laughing softly.

"Place me safely on shore and it is yours," she replied.

"Oh, that's all right," her companion said, half mockingly.

"Probably you wouldn't give it to me first? I am used to such mistrust. That is what has buffeted me, and kept me down."

His tone rose in vehemence, and Miss Montcalm pitied him, yet scarcely knew why.

"I do not know your name," she reminded.

"I haven't any," replied he explosively. "What is it the Gypsy says? 'My father was a crow and my mother a magpie?' I ought to have a name, though. Well, call me Marco Paul."

"How will I be able to recognize you?" she asked.

"Later on, Miss Montcalm, by the ring. It will be the token of your promise. Oh, I'll remind you of the contract. That will be identification enough."

"The contract?" repeated she.

"Ah, it means more than you fancy, I suspect," replied Jack Trevallian, his earnestness strangely impressing her. "I have your permission to win you, if I can. If not a contract it is at least a concession. It admits of earnestness; it implies tenacity; it suggests companionship. Still, if you wish to recede, why—"

"I do not wish to recede," she interrupted, hurriedly, yet not without anxiety. "The promise does not chafe me. I made it with deliberation. I want to be rescued, if it is within human possibility."

"We can but perish in trying," replied Jack Trevallian.

"Your rescue includes mine. I have formed a plan. I have the experience, the nerve and the endurance. There is nothing else upon which I rely."

"Except God's help," reverently added Miss Montcalm.

"Very true," accepted Jack. "He orders and permits. Still, there is something else upon which I rely."

"And what is that?"

"Perfect obedience on your part," answered he. "You must gather yourself together and avoid hysterics."

A short silence ensued.

"How did you learn my name?" Miss Montcalm asked.

"From the captain," replied Jack Trevallian. "I took enough of interest in you to inquire. Please do not say that it was a piece of presumption."

The dawn was gradually increasing; the light from the lighthouse grew indistinct; the fog was slowly uplifted; the shore line became plainly marked.

Jack Trevallian saw an upturned boat in the water, close to the wrecked schooner.

"Miss Montcalm, we are in luck," he cried, his bronzed face brightening. "It now resolves itself into a mere matter of muscle."

He descended the shattered mast to the partially submerged deck. He stretched his cramped limbs and peered sharply over the larboard side of the wreck.

A minute later and he had plunged into the sea. Miss Montcalm saw him swim to the boat and endeavor to right it.

Suddenly she saw a shark rise to the surface, not a dozen yards away from him. She saw a gleam of whiteness and she knew what that meant.

A wild cry of terror broke from her lips.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MESSENGER WITH A LETTER.

"A mere flesh wound," was Dr. Vanleer's comment. "I think I can find the ball without much trouble, and if I cannot it is hardly likely that it would ever annoy you."

Arthur Douglass was highly gratified over the announcement. So was Tyrone, if her expressive face was an index to her feelings.

"How soon can I be about?" the wounded man wanted to know.

"Oh, inside of a week, probably," the doctor cheerily said. "It is a simple matter of recuperation. You are weak from loss of blood. You are in most excellent hands, I am sure."

Just then Rollo came up to the doctor, recognizing an old friend in him.

"Helloa, old fellow!" the doctor said, snapping his fingers. "Why, you are bloody, and look as if you had been shot through a grain elevator! Yes—and that reminds me of something," he added, as he passed his hand over his face, "and it explains something, too!"

He paused and glanced at Tyrone.

"The men did not find me at home," he said, "and that is why I was so long in getting here. I was over at the Cross Roads Inn dressing Kale Canning's wounds. He was badly torn in a fight with a wild cat he said. I did not dispute his story, but I knew better all the time. Miss Trevallian, old Rollo here must have given him an ugly shaking!"

"Yes," cried Tyrone, with flashing eyes, "and I wish that Rollo had killed him."

"Child, what are you saying?" reproved her father, in his quiet way.

Arthur Douglass was too weak to comprehend what had been said.

The ball was extracted, the patient suppressing every sign of pain, partly because of natural fortitude, but mainly for the sake of Tyrone, who insisted upon being present, and who made herself quite useful to the doctor.

A temporary cot was set up in the library, and before midnight Arthur Douglass was enjoying a most refreshing sleep.

The sun was shining in at the windows when he awoke. Opening his eyes he met those of Tyrone, full of concern, sympathy and repressed love. He smiled softly, and said:

"I feel real strong. Still, it might not be discreet for me to get up."

"Well, I should think not," declared Tyrone, with an authoritative gesture. "I am your nurse, and I have had my instructions. The doctor took off your medal last night, and I made you a new rosette for it. The other was soiled with blood and dust."

"We had rather an eventful night, hadn't we?" remarked he. "That strange, dark-faced woman said that the assassin had intended to kill you. Surely it cannot be possible—"

"I'll explain all after you get stronger," interrupted Tyrone, her red lips fluttering. "You may be doing very wrong to talk just yet."

"I'll prize that rosette more than I did the other one," he said, in soft, impressive tones, a tender glow in his eyes.

Tyrone affected not to comprehend.

"You should be proud of that medal," she said. "It is a badge of bravery."

"It wasn't sought," replied Arthur Douglass. "And perhaps not deserved. Almost anybody can be a hero nowadays. I had charge of a life-saving station for two years."

"And saved precious lives at the risk of your own life, if that inscription tells the truth," Tyrone said, with enthusiastic appreciation.

Dr. Vanleer called in the afternoon and said that his patient was doing remarkably well. He might walk out in a day or two, most likely.

Tyrone spent as much time with him as she could spare. She wanted to be near him, and he made her conscious that such was his wish.

When he did not feel like talking to her, he regarded it as happiness enough just to lie still and watch her.

In the evening he dictated the following despatch to his father in New York:

> DEAR FATHER—I shall be unavoidably detained here for at least a week. I will explain by letter. I did not find what I came after. I have been baffled, but not disappointed. I'll also write to Miriam, so that she'll get the letter by the time she returns. Your loving son ARTHUR.

Tyrone took the words down as he spoke them. Who was Miriam? Certainly some one with whom he was on the most familiar terms. The name disquieted her, just as it did when Gypsy Madge repeated it.

The telegraph office was in the railroad station about a mile across the country, and Dr. Vanleer carried the message over, and saw that it was sent.

The next morning Tyrone found a letter under the sofa upon which Arthur Douglass had first been deposited.

It was not in an envelope, and Tyrone, supposing it to be some paper dropped by her father, had scanned its contents almost before she was aware of it.

It began with "Dear Arthur," and was signed "Lovingly yours, Miriam."

It was partly a business letter and partly a love letter; it might have been very much the latter between parties who thoroughly understood each other.

"Mr. Douglass, you must have dropped this last night," she said, as she handed him the letter. "I glanced at it mechanically and not intentionally, before I saw that it belonged to you."

"It is from Miriam," he simply said, as he put the letter into his breast pocket.

Tyrone was covertly watching his face, but saw not the slightest change in it. Her own face, however, was so full of expression, a thing which she could not help and which constituted its main charm, that he at once suspected what the trouble was.

"She loves me and is jealous," was his mental comment, and it made his pulses leap.

"The letter is from Miss Miriam Montcalm," he said. "She is a beautiful, intelligent, self-opiniated girl. She is my father's ward, and he sent me here to examine the church register in her behalf. Her large fortune, according to the character of the evidence, which is yet to be found, will either be assured to her, or pass to another. She has been with us from childhood, and has been a sort of sister to me; or rather, she has looked upon me as a brother, with the right to patronize me or to snub me, according to the mood she was in."

He laughed softly in a reminiscent way, and it was a very pleasant laugh to hear.

Tyrone's curiosity was somewhat satisfied, and yet she was not quite sure that her mind was entirely relieved.

"By the by," Arthur Douglass asked, "who and what is that mysterious woman? Why, she almost made me believe that she knew me and my family history. What did she mean by her talk about Miriam, and a shipwreck, and all that? Is she quite right here?" and he touched his forehead, a faint smile upon his lips.

"She is indeed a mysterious personage," replied Tyrone. "And possesses mysterious power," she added, after a slight pause, an expression of awe on her face. "Did you notice how—how—absorbed she was?"

"Yes, Miss Trevallian. She seemed to have gone off into a trance."

"And it is likely that she did," replied Tyrone. "She claims to be a gypsy, and is, for all I know to the contrary. I used to hoot at her pretensions, but I do not now."

"And why don't you now?" Arthur Douglass quizzically asked.

"Because," replied Tyrone, coloring with embarrassment, "she told me yesterday that I would meet you during a storm, that you would have on a medal, and that you would be—be—hurt."

"Eh!" exclaimed her listener, with a start. "Told you my name? And that—"

"No," interrupted Tyrone. "She spoke in a general way."

"Ah, indeed! I should say that she particularized."

"Still, she left a great deal for me to infer," replied Tyrone.

"What else did she say?" asked Arthur Douglass.

Tyrone became confused again.

"It wasn't of much importance," she said, with a swiftly changing face.

"And yet you are waiting to see whether it will come true," suggested he.

Tyrone flung up her head, granted him a look into her glorious eyes, and then dropped the silken lashes.

"Well, it may be that I am," she admitted, in a vague manner.

Three days later Arthur Douglass was strong enough to walk from the library to a room especially prepared for him, and on the following day he ventured out of doors, Tyrone accompanying him.

They sat in the arbor and talked.

The air was balmy and the sunlight invigorating. The recent rains had freshened the verdure and tinted the flowers with brightness.

They sat in the arbor and talked, their admiration for each other increasing, Tyrone unconsciously yielding to the sweet awakening, because of the prophecy made by the gypsy.

Arthur Douglass had written and forwarded the promised letters, and did not seem to care if his convalescence covered weeks, so fond was he becoming of his fair nurse and companion under such exciting circumstances.

They had tastes in common, and he was charmed by her conversation and the vivacious expressions of her face and the graceful gestures which attended it. She was very intelligent, had large command of language, did her own thinking, was frank in her admissions, yet was tenacious when she knew or felt that she was in the right.

He was just upon the point of confessing his love for her, when a ragged little urchin darkened the door of the arbor. His face was freckled and dirty, and his lips were stained with tobacco.

"I've got a letter for you," he said, looking at Tyrone.

"Who sent you with the letter?" she asked.

"Gypsy Madge," was the reply.

"Where is she?" asked Tyrone.

"Don't you know?" inquired the boy. "She lives in a room in the old paper mill."

Concern was visible in Tyrone's face; Madge had spoken of sending for her, but only under extraordinary circumstances.

The letter ran as follows, and as she read it the look of concern deepened upon her face:

> Miss Trevallian:
>
> I am in great distress, and must see you at once. Will you not come to me? Please come alone, as I have something to reveal which is for your ears alone, and which will materially be for your benefit. Do you remember what I said to you about the belt? And the name I would send or sign? I am in the lone room at the deserted paper mill. Do not fail to come. Your true friend, MAGDALENA.

"I'll come," she turned to say to the boy, but he had disappeared.

"You seem apprehensive," Arthur Douglass said, as he keenly watched her.

"The woman wants to see me," replied Tyrone. "Pray, read the letter."

He did so, and asked: "Is it far?"

"You could not accompany me," she replied, anticipating his intentions. "She wishes to see me alone."

"I could wait near by," suggested Arthur Douglass.

"No," decided Tyrone. "The walk would exhaust you. Go to papa and talk to him. From what Gypsy Madge let drop I suspect that the matter concerns me more than it does her. It may be fortuitous. Besides, I solemnly promised to go to her if ever she sent for me."

That the letter might be a decoy never once crossed Tyrone's mind. It was evidently written by a woman; the boy had answered her questions with directness; Madge had told her about the belt, and the signature she would use, and she had promised to respond when the summons came.

It was not far to the ruined paper mill, and Tyrone was familiar with the locality. She was aware that it was a lonely and deserted spot, but felt no apprehensions, for she was a fearless girl by nature.

When she arrived at the locality, however, she began to realize that perhaps she had not been sufficiently discreet. She felt nervous, but was determined not to retrace her steps.

The front walls of the building had tumbled down; the water-wheel was moss-grown and slimy, some of the shutters were hanging by one hinge, others were entirely gone. The doorways were filled with rubbish, the roof was shattered here and there, huge pieces of the cornices were loose, and threatened to fall at any moment.

Not a living creature seemed in sight, not a sound was heard save the fluttering of leaves and the cry of the bittern among the marshes.

Tyrone entered the main door by climbing over the rubbish, and then stood still for half a minute, so that her eyes might become accustomed to the dimness.

She saw the stairway and slowly ascended it, surprised to find it in such excellent condition.

When on the second floor she again was forced to pick her way, for it was strewn with dismantled machinery. At the east end was a door. It opened when she placed her hand upon it and she found herself in a room that was small and dingy, and yet in a tolerably fair state of order.

She had hardly advanced into the room before she heard the door close behind her. She turned and found herself face to face with Kale Canning.

A great fear seized her and a low cry died away on her lips. Judging by his recent attempts to injure her she felt that it would be of little use to beg for mercy.

He was watching her with folded arms, a gleam of baleful triumph in his eyes, a fiendish expression upon his unshaven face.

CHAPTER XIV.

BROUGHT SAFELY TO SHORE.

Jack Trevallian, if aware of the presence of the shark, paid no attention to it. He soon righted the boat, and found the oars in the rowlocks.

Taking off his hat, he bailed out most of the water, clambered into the boat and brought it to the side of the wreck.

He mounted to the deck, climbed up the mast and loosened the rope which bound Miriam Montcalm to the cross-tree.

"You fastened me here?" she asked.

If he heard the question he did not pay any heed to it. There was a resolute look on his face, for he was full of his purpose.

"You must give yourself entirely over to my charge," he said, "just as if you were a baby."

She did not demur; there was no occasion for it. She was no prude, and there are times when latitude must be given to conventional propriety.

She allowed him to take her in his arms and place her upon the deck.

She pushed the wet, tangled mass of hair from her face and attempted to coil it.

"You need not apologize for your toilet," Jack Trevallian said, laughing.

It was not a harsh, cynical laugh, but had a large share of honest heartiness in it. Perhaps it arose from the fact that their lives were no longer in peril.

Miss Montcalm, without looking directly at him, felt that he was scanning her face in a keen, yearning, appreciative manner.

"Once more, please," he said.

He again grasped her around the waist, tenderly yet respectfully, and she mentally thanked him for it.

A few minutes later and she was in the boat, which rocked so much that she became nervous.

He spoke a few encouraging words to her, then headed for the shore, the objective point being a small cottage visible on the top of the slope.

The passage was not devoid of peril, yet Miriam Montcalm knew that her companion would do his best to save her. She had faith in his skill, his judgment and his powerful muscles.

The sunlight now glinted upon the water. The long lines of feathery spray indicated the locality of the sunken reefs. A few gulls poised lazily overhead. Sounds of life began to come from the shore beyond.

Now that it was daylight Miss Montcalm had a better opportunity to study her companion.

He was strong, muscular, shapely. His clothes were plain and just then very much soiled and drenched and white from the salt which had dried upon them.

His face was not devoid of character, though unshaven, and wearing marks of the suffering which he had endured through the night.

He had soft brown eyes, small hands and positive ways, the latter at variance with the story of his failures, for he reminded her of a man who put his whole heart into everything he did.

Miss Miriam Montcalm tried to conjecture his past history; she nursed surmises about his future, and wondered to what extent it would be linked with hers, in view of that fellowship of peril, the obligation which she owed him and the promise which she had given him.

He rowed lustily, his back toward her. He did not speak; he did not turn to look at her. When the keel of the boat ground upon the rocks he sprang upon them.

For the third time he lifted his companion in his arms, tenderly and considerately, a warm light in his brown eyes.

"You are strong enough to walk?" he asked, as he glanced toward the cottage on the slope.

"Oh, yes," replied she. "It will do me good."

"Take my arm, Miss Montcalm," he said.

"It isn't necessary," rejoined she.

Her tone was positive but not repellant. He looked at her for a moment, as if wondering whether he had reason to feel offended.

"Why, his eyes are downright beautiful!" was her mental comment.

They ascended the slope, he a little in advance, yet turning several times to offer her his hand when the rocks seemed especially scraggy.

"You gave yourself entirely over to me," he said.

"You asked me to," was her reply. "How could I avoid it? I was utterly helpless."

"I hope it is premonitory."

"Of what?" she asked.

"Of a time when you will trust me just as implicitly, Miss Montcalm. Not your person only, but your happiness. In that joyful hour when you pronounce me worthy."

A tremor ran along his words, and Miss Montcalm realized how highly he prized the concession which she had made, and she suspected that he would hold her to its fulfilment.

"You have brought me safely to shore," she said. "Believe me, sir, I am very grateful. Your life has not been an entire failure. You have taken to it with a newer zest."

"Solely for your sake, Miss Montcalm," he replied, something in his tone which she was unable to fathom.

The cottage toward which their feet were directed wore a bleak aspect, although the windows glistened in the morning sunlight.

Jack Trevallian knocked at the door, which was promptly opened by the owner of the cottage.

The story of the wreck was told in a few words, and then Miriam Montcalm was taken upstairs by the cottager's wife and made comfortable by a change of clothing.

"Where is the—the—gentleman?" asked Miriam, when she reached the sitting-room again.

"Bless me if I know," replied the owner of the cottage. "We scarcely exchanged words with each other, and he was gone before I knew it."

Miss Montcalm was bewildered over the announcement. She had not expected him to leave so abruptly.

"My ring!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"It is on your finger," the old man said.

"Yes, I know," replied Miss Montcalm, in confusion. "He didn't take it."

"Take it!" echoed her companion. "Didn't steal it, do you mean?"

"I forgot to—to—give it—to him," stammered Miss Montcalm.

"Oh, I see. It is his."

"No, it's mine," replied she, with a disturbed air. "I was to give it to him if he brought me safely to shore."

"It is likely that he was indifferent about it," was the old man's comment. "Not that it isn't a valuable ring, or that he may not be needy. Little though I saw of his face, it struck me that it wasn't the face of a man who would either ask for compensation or accept it for doing his duty."

"Oh, it isn't that," hurriedly corrected Miss Montcalm, wishing that she had not made any inquiry. "He didn't ask for the ring; I offered it to him. He is a man of good character, I am sure. But he is gone, and he hasn't the ring. He is gone, and I didn't thank him. I do not even know his name."

"Never mind it," consolingly said the cottager's wife. "No doubt he'll write to you or make himself known to you in some way. He may be back during the forenoon. Please sit down to breakfast."

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSFERRING A TRUST.

Tyrone had hurried off, leaving the forged letter in Arthur Douglass' hands. He read it again, folded it, and put it into his pocket in an absent-minded way.

"I feel that I ought to have gone with Miss Trevallian," he thought, a look of concern coming into his face. "I should have insisted—only she is so brave, and a trifle self-willed. A sensation for which I cannot account oppresses me. It almost seems like a premonition of harm to her. I hope it may prove to be a mere fancy."

He returned to the cottage and entered the library, where he was heartily welcomed by Dr. Trevallian.

"I do not think your walk did you any harm," he remarked.

"On the contrary, I believe that it did me good," rejoined Arthur Douglass.

"Pray be seated," the doctor said. "I want to have a confidential talk with you, now that we are alone. It has been upon my mind ever since your arrival, and I hinted to you something of its character, you will remember. Where did you leave Tyrone?"

"She went on an errand," replied Arthur Douglass, conscious that his reply was rather general in its character.

"I want to talk to you about her," the doctor said, as he leaned back in his chair, his eyes upon his young friend. "While I may not be at liberty to speak with much definiteness, I shall tell you enough to convince you that I have a reason for being concerned. If the request I may have to make fails to impress you favorably there will be no harm done. If you are willing to grant my request, then you shall be placed in possession of all the necessary particulars, so that you can act intelligently. It is written information, kept in my private desk. It is directed to you, and is to be opened by you upon my decease."

"I sincerely hope that is far distant," observed Arthur Douglass.

Dr. Trevallian shook his head.

"I may be called soon, and suddenly," he said, much positiveness, but no sadness, in his tone. "My father went that way, as did his father before him. But I have indulged in enough of preliminary remarks. In the first place, Tyrone is not my daughter."

"Ah!" ejaculated Arthur Douglass.

"Though of course she believes that she is," continued the doctor. "In the next place, she has no fortune. She has been with me ever since she was 2 years old. I was asked to take care of her, and, in my good-natured way, I consented. I do not mean to say, however, that I afterward regretted it. I never received a dollar in compensation, but was otherwise largely compensated. She compensated me, in her gratitude, her obedience, her sprightly disposition, her helpfulness."

The doctor's voice trembled and his eyes grew moist.

"She has been to me all that a daughter could be," he resumed. "Now, as you may suppose, I am apprehensive about her future, especially after I am no longer here to sympathize with her and advise her. She is sensible and brave and self-contained, yet she will be left alone, innocent, unsophisticated and helpless."

A long pause ensued, and then Arthur Douglass asked:

"And what do you want me to do when that hour of loneliness and helplessness comes?"

"Simply to watch over her and direct her," replied the doctor. "Not in the way of espionage, nor to an extent to intrude too much upon your time, or to antagonize your inclinations, but rather in a supervisory way, without her just being aware of it, should that seem best. I shall leave much to your judgment. She has considerable ability, could readily obtain a district school—and might assert her independence at once, which, of course, would be a great relief to you."

"I am not so sure about that," Arthur Douglass said in a grave tone, his face exceedingly thoughtful. "Answer me this question, doctor, if not in violation of your trust," he hesitatingly continued. "There is no disgrace clinging to her parentage?"

"Why, bless your heart, no!" cried the doctor. "There is a mystery, to be sure, but it is not a criminal one so far as she and her family are concerned. Will you promise me to exercise a supervisory care over her?"

Arthur Douglass was so long in replying that the doctor said, with an audible sigh:

"If you prefer to decline, do not hesitate to say so."

"Oh, it isn't that," stammered the young man. "It is rather because you ask too little. Dr. Trevallian, I will be frank with you. I am not a giddy, impressionable fellow, and yet, strange to say, I take an interest in your daughter that surprises me in the face of our short acquaintance. That should not count against me in your estimation. She is so frank, so confiding, so exceedingly lovely, that—"

He paused in his confusion. The old doctor's benign face glowed with pleasure.

"I hope I divine precisely what was in your mind to say, he remarked, with a tremor in his voice. "My prayer is that you may fall in love with each other, for that would make your oversight constant and personal."

"Doctor, you would not care if I made her my wife?" Arthur Douglass asked, in a repressed tone.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor. "That is precisely what I wanted you to understand."

"Thank you," rejoined Arthur Douglass, with much feeling. "I suspect that I am over head and ears in love with her, and do not want to admit it, even to myself. Whether I can gain her love is quite another matter, though I am determined to try. But, sir, would you consent to our being married before your death?"

"Yes, sorry as I would be to lose her," was the doctor's reply, "if I refused to consent, your prayer that my life may be prolonged would perhaps lose its fervor," and he laughed good-naturedly. "Ah, you will find Tyrone worthy of a true, honest, upright man's love, and I believe you to be such a man. My intuitions never mislead me. A great weight has been lifted from my mind. Like the servant of old, I am ready to depart in peace. We have made a compact—let us grasp hands over it."

Arthur Douglass leaned across the library table and the two gentlemen heartily shook hands, their eyes meeting in an appreciative way.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FRUITLESS PURSUIT.

When the two gentlemen unclasped their hands and looked around, they were surprised to see Gypsy Madge standing near them. She had entered the library unheard and unperceived.

Dr. Trevallian was the least surprised, because he was used to her cat-like movements, and her sudden appearances and disappearances. It was not the first time she had entered the room without knocking.

But Arthur Douglass stared at her as if she had been shot up out of a trap door in the floor. He was also surprised because he had supposed her to be ill, unable to come to Tyrone, and hence had asked Tyrone to come to her.

The nose of the shaggy dog was resting upon his extended paws, and he made no demonstration. He looked at her sleepily, as if in no wise questioning her right to be there.

Her arms were folded, and she was fixedly regarding the two gentlemen. Her hair was more carefully arranged than usual, and her face more pale—a paleness which gave an intellectual look to features on other occasions stolid and swarthy. Her attitude was graceful, though a trifle too erect. For once she had discarded bright colors from her attire, and looked sedate and lady-like.

"How do you do, Madge?" Dr. Trevallian said, in a familiar way. "Take a chair. This is my particular friend, Mr. Arthur Douglass."

Madge declined the proffered chair and remained in the same statuesque position.

"We have met before," she said, in an even tone, and without the slightest inclination of her head. "He is worthy of your friendship—of any great man's friendship. It is all arranged, I suppose?"

Both of the gentlemen looked at her in surprise. Had she overheard their conversation?

"What is arranged?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it is all right," she said. " 'Every lassie has her laddie.' Her knight came at last and in the storm, as I told her he would. And what he is seeking he'll find through me, when the proper time comes. Miriam is safe; and Jack is safe."

"Jack!" exclaimed the doctor, lifting his hand to his mouth, to hide its twitching muscles.

"Maybe it isn't me that is speaking," she said, as if talking rather to herself than to them.

She unfolded her arms and sat down in a chair, as if overcome by some sudden weakness.

"A presentiment is buffeting me," she murmured. "It must have brought me here. Some one is in peril. Dr. Trevallian, where is Tyrone?"

"Do you not know where she is?" sharply asked Arthur Douglass.

"If I did, why would I ask?" she retorted. "Why would I look for her here?"

An undefined fear crept into Arthur Douglass' heart.

"She left me about an hour ago to meet you," he said. "In response to a summons from you."

"To meet me?" Madge asked. "Where?"

"At the ruined paper mill," replied Arthur Douglass.

A strange twitching was visible about the woman's lips.

"You say that I sent for her?" she asked, gropingly. "By whom?"

"A boy. He had a letter from you. It intimated that you were sick, and that you wanted to see her alone. She told me that she had an understanding with you."

"Oh!" ejaculated the woman, with something akin to agony. "I am not sick, nor was I. I did not send for her. I wrote her no letter."

It was very evident that she was telling the truth.

"Why, what does all this mean?" asked Dr. Trevallian, his voice unsteady.

"There has been treachery somewhere," declared Arthur Douglass, nervously, for he was thinking of the attempt to assassinate either himself or Tyrone.

"What name was signed to the letter?" Madge asked, sitting bolt upright.

"It was signed Magdalena," replied Arthur Douglass.

"Yes!" gasped she, and she was on her feet in a flash, a strange brightness in her eyes. "If I could see that letter."

"Here it is," replied Arthur Douglass. "She left it with me. She was to meet you alone, according to your request, and declined my escort."

Madge was hurriedly scanning the letter, holding it in one hand and clawing the air with the other.

"Oh, the villain!" she cried, her brows darkly knit. "It is a forgery. Kale Canning planned it. He must have overheard what I told Tyrone in the woods. Oh, why wasn't I more guarded? There isn't a moment to be lost!"

She threw the letter upon the table and seemed to be rallying her energies. Rollo, the dog, was on his feet growling ominously, his air restless, fire gathering in his eyes.

"Even the dog knows," commented Madge.

"I'll go with you," cried Arthur Douglass.

"Isn't your place here?" Madge asked, with a significant glance at Dr. Trevallian.

Arthur Douglass looked and saw that the doctor was somewhat overcome. He had settled limpishly into his chair and was gasping for breath. It was for but a second, though.

"Go, Mr. Douglass," he ordered. "I can take care of myself. But, for mercy's sake, bring me news of some kind very soon."

"I will, doctor," promised Arthur Douglass.

"I am a man of peace," the doctor said. "But—"

He paused, opened a drawer in his desk, and exposed a revolver. A second later and Arthur Douglass had grasped it.

"It is loaded, and in good condition," said the doctor.

"But, your wound, sir?"

"I'll be guarded," hurriedly assured Arthur Douglass. "I'll not set it to bleeding."

Gypsy Madge had already descended the stairs, the big, intelligent dog at her heels. Arthur Douglass followed, and had to run across the lawn in order to join them.

The dog was bounding ahead with his nose close to the ground, and Madge was taking strides as long as a man's.

"What was that you said about having something that I am in search of?" asked Arthur Douglass.

"I don't know," she replied.

"That's strange," remarked he. "You mentioned it more than once."

"Did I? I was babbling."

She laughed a little oddly and then added:

"Just now we are in search of Tyrone. One search at a time is sufficient. Are you to take care of her?"

"What do you mean?" asked Arthur Douglass.

"But—why do I ask?" she muttered. "She will be your wife."

"Ah, indeed! Then we'll find her, for otherwise she couldn't be."

"I hope so. Don't talk."

She wasn't communicative, and he hardly blamed her. He was still weak from his wound, and had difficulty in keeping up with her.

Soon they struck a lonely, seldom-travelled road, which at every step seemed to grow more secluded. When they reached the ruined mill a slight chill passed over Arthur Douglass.

It was an extremely desolate spot. The sunlight seemed anxious to shun it. The brook went on its way with a sullen roar; the odor of rank vegetation floated in from the marshes; frogs croaked and bitterns screamed.

There were various entrances into the mill, but the dog selected the main one.

"We have simply to follow, it seems," commented Madge.

When they entered the mill they heard the dog whining overhead. They ascended the stairway with nervous apprehension and picked their way among the rubbish and dismantled machinery.

They opened the door against which the dog was pawing, and he bounded fiercely into the room. It was unoccupied. It required no search to tell that, it was so small and comfortless.

Arthur Douglass leaned against the wall, a pallor in his face and a dull pain at his heart.

The dog went to him and looked up into his face as if wondering what was to be done next.

Madge was making a rapid yet keen survey of the room, all her faculties on the alert.

She opened a door in the rear of the room and looked out. The mill-race flowed sluggishly by, green with scum, and lined with rotten planks and noxious weeds. The dog was beside her in a flash, and again showed signs of uneasiness.

"They are gone," Madge said, without an effort to repress her excitement. "He may have lowered her through this door into a boat. If I only had something that belonged to Tyrone. Ah!" she exclaimed, and as she did so she picked up a small, white handkerchief.

"Here, Rollo!" she cried.

The dog snuffed at it, and then turned away.

"It is not Tyrone's," Madge said in vexation.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DYING SAINT.

"If he lowered Tyrone into a boat there would be no scent by which to guide the dog," suggested Arthur Douglass. "Of course the race empties into the brook?"

"Yes," assented Gypsy Madge, one hand at her temple, as if deeply absorbed in thought.

Arthur Douglass stepped to the door in the rear of the room and looked down.

"You were right in your surmises," he said, after a keen survey. "This is the direction he took. The planks are scratched; yonder is a freshly broken board, and there is no scum where the boat was shoved out. Would the scoundrel dare to do her any harm?"

"Dare to?" Madge asked, as she flung up her head. "Oh, you don't know him! Still, you ought to, after your recent experience with him."

"That is true," slowly admitted her companion. "What if he has murdered her? How can I go back to Dr. Trevallian with any conjecture like that?"

"You need not conjecture," Madge sharply retorted. "At least not to him. That would be indiscreet and unkind. Tyrone will outwit the scoundrel. She'll trick him by a show of servile obedience. Then, too, is she not amply protected?"

She gave full meaning to the question by reverently lifting her eyes heavenward.

Arthur Douglass took her hands and looked intently into her eyes. She wondered for a moment, as if trying to divine his purpose.

"Oh, go away," she said, as she released her hands, a queer smile hovering about her lips. "You want me to go into—that—that—condition."

"Yes," Arthur Douglass said. "I have experimented in that way. You have the requisite organism. You might see with your mental vision, and—"

She interrupted him with a crisp little laugh.

"Others mock at such things, but you don't, and I admire you for it," she said. "But others cannot throw me into a clairvoyant state. I can't do it myself. It comes on me when it pleases, of its own accord, and then I yield to it, and see, and know, and speak."

"Well, what is to be done?" asked her companion, with a sigh.

"My dear sir, I don't know" replied Madge, with a worried look. "She is safe, but why should she suffer the agonies of apprehension, when she never harmed a living thing or thought meanly of it? We can't find them in these miles of desolate swamp. However, I'll try. Something now unthought of may guide me, and I am brave enough to follow. Your duty is to go back and comfort Dr. Trevallian."

Arthur Douglass stared at the carpetless floor, debating what he should do.

"I'll return to the doctor," he said. "Do you want this weapon?" and he extended the pistol.

"No," Madge replied, with a disdainful toss of her head. "My curses will be more effective."

"Goodby, and may fortune favor you," Arthur Douglass said, very earnestly, his face dark with gravity. Then he snapped his fingers at the dog, and said: "Come, Rollo."

The dog did not notice him, but kept close to Madge, who said:

"He is sensible. He wishes to remain with me."

Arthur Douglass slowly descended the stairs, passed out into the open air, and turned his back upon the scene of desolation. His lips were tightly compressed and his heart was heavy. If he was not sure of his affection for Tyrone before, he was very certain of it then. Nothing short of that consciousness could have made him feel so miserable. In addition to that he was at a loss what report to make to Dr. Trevallian. He could not say anything cheering and at the same time tell the truth.

When he arrived at the cottage he walked directly to the library, though not without an effort to hide his deep concern.

Dr. Trevallian was still seated in his easy chair, his gouty foot upon a cushion. It was evident that he had tried to possess his soul in patience. His forehead rested in the palm of his left hand, and his snow-white, patriarchal beard spread out over his clerical vest.

He looked up quickly when Arthur Douglass entered. The latter was startled when he saw the old man's face. It had an expression upon it so spiritual in its character that it made a deep impression upon him. The time seemed near, very near, when he would lay down his earthly life and enter upon his heavenly one.

"You didn't find Tyrone?" he asked.

"No, doctor," replied Arthur Douglass.

"She wasn't there? You were unable to track her?"

"Sir, we were too late," rejoined Arthur Douglass. "Still we need not despair. Madge and the faithful dog—"

"Oh," interrupted Dr. Trevallian, suddenly pressing his hand to his heart, because of a keen spasm of pain. "I commend her to God. First Jack, and now Tyrone."

He gasped and fell forward upon his desk, his hands working, and assuming an ashen pallor.

Arthur Douglass sprang forward and raised him up.

"Sir, don't worry," he said, in a deeply consoling voice. "Yes, God will take care of her. What is wrong, sir?"

Arthur Douglass received no reply; he had scarcely expected one. The old rector could neither hear nor speak. He moaned pitifully at intervals, his lips frothing, the muscles of his face twitching.

"He is dying," thought Arthur Douglass. "I don't want to be left alone with him. Oh, what am I to do?"

As if in answer to his mental inquiry he heard a loud knock at the outer door.

"Thank heaven, some one is coming," he thought.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"PROVIDENCE HAS LED ME."

Restoring the body of his gasping friend to a comfortable position in the chair, Arthur Douglass ran downstairs and opened the front door.

There stood Dr. Vanleer. He stepped into the vestibule and said:

"I was just driving past, Mr. Douglass, and I thought I would stop and see how you are getting along."

"I am doing very well, I hope," replied Arthur Douglass. "But how fortunate in you to call. I am afraid that Dr. Trevallian is dying."

"Dying!" echoed Dr. Vanleer.

"I suspect, sir, that he has had a stroke," said Arthur Douglass.

"Well, I expected something like that to occur," hurriedly remarked the doctor. "But, what brought it on? He heard bad news about Jack, probably?"

"No—no! It is about Tyrone. Sir, she is missing, too!"

"What!" exclaimed the doctor in dismay. "Well, you can explain later."

He ran upstairs, Arthur Douglass quickly following him.

The doctor sprang to the dying man, placing his hand upon his forehead, and then upon his pulse.

"Too late to save him?" asked Arthur Douglass, in agony.

"But in time to render an inquest unnecessary," remarked the doctor. "Help me to make him more comfortable."

They tenderly deposited him on the sofa, and then the last spark of life expired.

"Poor old man!" said Dr. Vanleer, as he sorrowfully folded the white womanly hands across the pulseless breast.

"Poor!" repeated Arthur Douglass. "He is rich! His face is the face of a saint. He ought to be buried on Mount Nebo."

His eyes filled with tears as he spoke, for he knew what a blow it would be to Tyrone, if she was alive to hear of it.

"You startled me with what you said about Tyrone," Dr. Vanleer reminded. "Why did she go away? What are the particulars?"

In a few words Arthur Douglass told him of the decoy letter, the visit to the ruined mill, the unsatisfactory result, the admission he had to make to Dr. Trevallian, etc. Dr. Vanleer shook his head, his face putting on a squarer shape.

"It has a bad look," was his comment. "I hope we'll find that it might have been worse. The community must be alarmed. First, though, I must send a woman here to take charge of the body and an undertaker."

"In what way can I be of service?" asked Arthur Douglass.

"I hardly know," replied Dr. Vanleer. "It seems to me you need some one to look after you, your nerves are so unstrung. Will you remain here?"

"If you wish me to," Arthur Douglass said.

"You were not entirely unknown to Dr. Trevallian, and—"

"No, I wasn't," interrupted Arthur Douglass. "He gave me a grave commission, and I consented to perform it. I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

"Remain until then," Dr. Vanleer said. "I am one of the vestrymen of the church; the doctor married me, and I'll send my wife here to keep house until after the funeral. Even if Tyrone returned we could not expect her to superintend."

Two days went by. Dr. Trevallian's body was dressed and placed in a handsome coffin in the parlor. Friends came and went, and a solemn hush rested upon everything.

During that time not a word had been heard about Kale Canning, Tyrone, Gypsy Madge or the dog. Scouting parties had been sent out in every direction, but no clue had been obtained.

On the third day the body of Dr. Trevallian was laid away in the graveyard belonging to the little church of which he had been the honored pastor. Dr. Vanleer and Arthur Douglass were alone in the library. The sudden visitation had knitted the friendship between them. Each knew the worth of the other.

"I spoke to you of a commission," Arthur Douglass said. "I'll explain to you now. It was not that which brought me here; it came to me afterward. I'll preface what I have to say by remarking that Tyrone is not Dr. Trevallian's daughter."

Dr. Vanleer looked up in surprise.

"He took charge of her when she was a mere babe," resumed Arthur Douglass. "He did not give me to understand that he had adopted her. He told me nothing about her history—or, at least, very little. He was deeply concerned about her future, for he knew that he was not very long for this world. He was acquainted with my father, and had faith in me. He asked me to take care of Tyrone, and I promised that I would. I'll be frank enough to say that I consented willingly, for as I am unmarried and was free from love's entanglements, it is not strange that a girl so sweet and pure and lovely as Tyrone should have awakened in me more than an ordinary interest, in view of our romantic acquaintance."

"I have simply to say," remarked Dr. Vanleer, "that Dr. Trevallian showed his usual discernment in committing her to your care."

"Thank you," replied Arthur Douglass, his face brightening for a moment. "But how sad to think that she has disappeared! Perhaps never to be seen alive again. But I cannot permit my mind to dwell upon such a bereavement."

He restrained his feelings by an effort, and continued. "Dr. Trevallian told me that, in the event of his death, I would find in his desk, directed to me, a letter that would give me all the particulars about Tyrone that it would be necessary for me to know. Will you please look in the desk? It will become you better. You are a vestryman in the church—you were his family physician—his most intimate friend."

"Why, of course I'll look," exclaimed Dr. Vanleer. "I can understand your delicacy in the matter."

He opened the desk, and after searching in the various compartments, found the letter in question.

"Here it is," he said, as he handed it to Arthur Douglass. The latter broke the seal with a nervous hand.

"Excuse me for taking at least a cursory glance at it," he said.

He had not read a dozen lines before an exclamation of intense surprise broke from his lips.

"Why this is an astounding discovery!" he said, as he passed his hand across his forehead in a bewildered way. "Providence has led me all the way to this."

CHAPTER XIX.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Dr. Vanleer wondered what had caused the cry of astonishment on the part of his companion, but was too polite to inquire. He simply looked at him and waited for him to speak.

Arthur Douglass was taking more than a cursory glance at the letter. In fact he was reading it in slow detail, the look of surprise deepening on his face.

"Doctor, I owe you an explanation," he said, as he refolded the letter and put it in his pocket. "The romance is deepening about that sweet young girl's life. It seems to be now more essential than ever that she should be found. I shall see that a tempting reward is offered."

He paused a moment and looked thoughtfully at the floor.

"You see," he resumed, "my father, Malcolm Douglass, holds in trust, by an order of the courts, an extensive property. It is very valuable now, and will become more so every year. It is awaiting an heir, and should the heir not be found within the present year, the property will go to a young lady who now resides upon it. Her name is Miriam Montcalm, and her claim is not a strong one, though she is nearest of kin so far as found. She is an estimable lady, ready and willing to surrender her claim to a nearer kinsman, and yet is, of course, uneasy as to the final result."

"There was no will, I infer," remarked Dr. Vanleer.

"There was no will," replied Arthur Douglass. "It was supposed by my father, who has devoted much of his time to the search, that a clew to the heir might be had in this vicinity. He did not tell me why he thought so, but he sent me here to examine the church register. I was to look for entries of a marriage and a birth. Tyrone went with me to the church that rainy night upon which I was wounded. I could not find in the register the entries that I wanted, but I found that it had been mutilated. Portions of pages had been cut out, and I am satisfied in my mind that they were the very entries that I had been sent to find."

"Quite probable," commented Dr. Vanleer.

"I was baffled and disappointed, and was about to return home, deploring the failure of my errand," resumed Arthur Douglass. "But, doctor, right here in this letter are some of the missing links—not the original registry entry, or transcripts of them—but evidence in the direct line of our previous inquiries. The name of the owner of the estates was Raymond St. Clare, and we have been looking for an only daughter of his, named Vivian St. Clare. Now this letter informs me that Tyrone Trevallian's real name is Vivian St. Clare, and the word 'Vivian' is engraved on the gold clasp of the little coral armlet enclosed in the letter. This explains my astonishment, partly because I have discovered the heiress, but more so because she happens to be Tyrone."

"It is a somewhat remarkable affair," commented Dr. Vanleer, his face and tone indicating the interest he took in the narration. "Perhaps the other proofs are not necessary."

"On the contrary, they are very essential," replied Arthur Douglass. "At least the one establishing the validity of the marriage. I have not time to explain the intricacies of the case; indeed, I cannot say that I am entirely familiar with them. My father is, however. I am glad that I am not going back to him empty-handed."

"Tyrone an heiress," Dr. Vanleer said. "Immensely rich. Well, I am glad to know it. No one deserves the good fortune more than she does. If she is never found, of course Jack Trevallian—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Arthur Douglass, anticipatingly. "He is not her brother. He is not of kin. There was but one child."

"I had forgotten that," observed the doctor.

"I said something about offering a reward for the recovery of Tyrone," Arthur Douglass said. "Will you attend to the matter for me?"

The doctor hesitated for a moment.

"In my stead," explained his companion. "You reside here and I do not. I'll send you printed handbills offering one thousand dollars reward, with your name at the bottom of the handbills, so that information may be sent or brought to you. My father will place that sum in your hands, so you see you will be taking no risks."

"I'll be only too glad to do so," replied the doctor. "It is a big reward, will stimulate exertion, and must bring results of one kind or another. I'll see that the handbills are tacked up all over the country."

"And you will promptly apprise me of any discovery made?" asked Arthur Douglass.

"By the next mail thereafter," rejoined the doctor.

"Thank you," said Arthur Douglass. "Here is my address," and he handed the doctor his card. "I hope we will continue the acquaintance made under such sad circumstances. Send me your bill for attendance upon me, and I will promptly remit the amount. Excuse me for a few moments."

He passed across the hall into the room on the opposite side. Ah, he knew whose room it was! He drew up the blinds and gazed around with emotions that were new to him.

It was a small room, but was exceedingly cosy—a boudoir made charming by neatness and taste, and by many little ornaments fashioned by Tyrone's deft fingers.

He seemed to feel her presence in the room. Her dressing bureau was just as she had left it, and hence a trifle in disorder. On the mantel lay her gloves, a coral brooch, and a few letters that she had opened but not answered.

He was looking for some trifling memento of her; something that she had prized and that her hand had often touched. His eyes rested upon a pocket Bible, and he picked it up.

It was strongly bound, but the leaves were worn, and gave evidence that the volume had been her daily companion.

It was stained with tears; some favorite passages were marked; her name was on the flyleaf, written there by herself.

He reverently raised the book to his lips and kissed it; then he carefully put it in the breast pocket of his coat. He lowered the blinds, made an effort to shake off his depressing sensations, and then returned to the library.

"I was looking for some trinket of Tyrone's," he said to the doctor. "That may strike you as a little sentimental, but if so I can't help it."

"I think all the more of you because of it," replied the doctor. "I am getting old, and am married, and yet I would prize such a memento of her, should she prove to be dead, because she always seemed partial to me, and because I know her worth. If she is found, and becomes your wife, you will possess a jewel almost beyond value. Have you forgotten that I telegraphed to your father after you were wounded? There is an office close by."

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Arthur Douglass. "If anything especial occurs telegraph to me at once. I say to me, because father would not come, but would send me."

A few minutes later Arthur Douglass bade the doctor adieu, and set out for the little railroad station, walking leisurely, for he knew that he had plenty of time to spare.

There was still a faint pallor in his face, owing to his wound, but otherwise there was not much indication of what he had suffered.

The scenery which surrounded him was bright with the glory of summer, but he scarcely felt its charms. He was too busy thinking of his adventures in that secluded locality; of what he had found and what he had lost; of what the future might yet bring forth.

He was in the same absorbed condition of mind when he took his seat in the cars, and it was not until he reached New York that he shook it off.

His father, a fine, hale, military-looking old gentleman, welcomed him home with much cordiality.

"You were gone quite a while, my boy," he said, his eyes resting proudly upon him.

"It was hardly to be helped," Arthur Douglass replied. "Then, too, it may have been for the best. I hope so, at least."

"Miriam is here," announced his father.

"Ah!" ejaculated Arthur Douglass. "Oh, now that I think of it, tell me, was she at sea?"

"Why, not exactly, Arthur. She took a voyage along the coast in a vessel that was afterward wrecked. But how did you hear about it?"

"In rather a queer way, replied Arthur Douglass, with a faint smile. "Who was the sturdy fellow who rescued her?"

"She doesn't know. He gave his name, but she suspects it was a fictitious one. Of all the crew, they alone escaped. Miriam never wants to pass such another night. The young man never came for the ring."

"What ring?" asked Arthur Douglass.

"Well, you didn't hear about that, it seems," replied his father. "She promised him her diamond ring if he took her safely to shore. He did so, but disappeared while she was changing her wet clothes for dry ones at a cottage where they had sought shelter."

"He'll call for it, some time," suggested Arthur Douglass.

"But he hasn't her address."

"Nor her name?"

"Yes, he knew her name."

"Did she tell him her name?" asked Arthur Douglass.

"No. He found it out himself, somehow."

"Then you may depend upon it that he knows more about her. He'll put in an appearance when she least expects it. But if you will excuse me a little while I'll run up to the bathroom, for I feel rather dusty. I have some queer things to tell you—and something to show you."

"Ah, indeed! You found the evidence?"

"No, father. Not what you sent me after, but almost its equivalent. I'll tell you after awhile."

"I'll curb my impatience," replied his father. "We can postpone the conversation until after tea, which will be ready in a few minutes."

When alone in the bathroom Arthur Douglass said to himself, with a broad smile:

"Miriam had an adventure as well as myself. She doesn't know who rescued her. I know. 'Twas Jack Trevallian, and though I never saw him, and though he may be a little wild, I'll venture to say that he's a square, honest fellow. And that brings Gypsy Madge to my mind. She certainly has a faculty for telling strange things. She said Tyrone would return in safety, and I pray heaven that it may be true."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Jack Trevallian came along the lonely road which led past the ruined paper mill. It was not quite noon, and he was on his way to Thorndale, where he expected to see his kind old father alive, and to be received by Tyrone with one of her demonstrative outbursts.

He had walked across the country instead of coming in the cars; he had money, to be sure, but he preferred to walk, and was a little parsimonious, besides.

He had been at sea long enough to give something of a rolling motion to his gait, and it became him, he was such a jolly, easy-go athlete.

Jack wasn't bad by nature and wasn't going to the bad, either; but he had a roving disposition, and chafed under any kind of restraint.

His father had given him a good education, but as to landing him in the ministry, why, that was quite another thing, and was, no doubt, just where the trouble began at home.

As we have several times intimated, Jack suddenly disappeared from home, an unfilial act that his father never entirely forgave him, and over which Tyrone had shed many bitter tears.

He was only nineteen at the time. Still he ought to have known better. To his credit, be it said, that over and above his inclination to roam, was a desire to come back at last with enough money to make his father's declining years comfortable.

He was on his way home now, tired of roving, more fixed in his purposes and principles, tall, muscular and manly, and with some money in his pocket, though not as large a sum as he had set out to secure. The wreck at sea, and the peril which he had endured, had something to do with the change in him for the better.

He walked along whistling to himself. He carried a stout stick, which he twirled now and then, or with which he struck at the tall, dusty weeds with something of boyish abandon. Every foot of the way was familiar to him, for he had travelled it a score of times.

"Helloa, what's that?" he said to himself. "One thousand dollars reward."

A handbill tacked against a large tree attracted his attention. He walked up to it, and as he read the bill surprise, dismay and consternation became visible in his face.

It was the story of Tyrone's abduction, a description of her dress and person and a reward for reliable information concerning her. The date of the notice was one week old, and Dr. Vanleer's name was at the bottom of it.

The handbill had such a strange fascination to Jack that he could hardly take his eyes off it; and when he did it was to seat himself upon a fallen log, because he felt weak and because he wanted to think with clearness. He soon recovered from his weakness, but could not control his thoughts.

"Tyrone missing!" he kept saying to himself. "Has she been found? Why, it almost must have killed father!"

He rallied, by an almost superhuman effort, and proceeded on his way, his step less elastic, his staff thrust under his arm, his face wearing a troubled look, and a groan instead of an idle whistle upon his lips.

"Jack!" called some one, from the bushes.

"Ah! I'll get news now," he thought. "I must know the worst."

He stepped to the hedge, which was only breast high.

"Why, how do you do, Fanny?" he said.

The girl was Fanny Bardwell. She had been a sort of sweetheart of Jack's at one time. He noticed that much of her freshness was gone, and that she looked scared and worried, but he did not question her about it.

She was the person who had written, at Kale Canning's dictation, the delicate, feminine looking letter, by means of which Tyrone had been lured to the ruined paper mill.

"You have been gone three years, Jack," she said, her eyes searching his brown, handsome face. "And they have brought changes. They have made a splendid looking fellow out of you."

"I hope they've made me better," replied Jack. "But, speaking of changes, what does that handbill mean, on the tree back there? Of course it is plain enough in some

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

✠ FEBRUARY ✠ 1891 ✠

Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	Sa.	Moon's Phases
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1 P.M. 11.42
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8 P.M. 9.12
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15 P.M. 1.30
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	23 P.M. 2.18

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"It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from action; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly.

"Truth is given, not to be contemplated, but to be done."—[F. W. Robertson.

THOUGHTS ABOUT OUR HEROES.

As it happens this year that Sunday falls on the 22d of February, a few Sunday thoughts about our heroes, and the relation in which we common folks stand to them, may be in order.

I remember that it was a great comfort to me when I got my WASHINGTON down off his pedestal and turned into a real human being. The schoolbook WASHINGTON of my boyhood was an impossible and unapproachable being, and no lovelier, to me, than a wooden statue. He seemed to stand apart all by himself and expect everybody else to point to him as a great example. It did not seem to me possible to be like him, and I am afraid I did not wish to be.

But, after awhile, I learned that he had been actually opposed and criticised and blackguarded like other people, and I began to think I might really like him, after all. And when I found that he had a tremendous temper, which, however, he drove as a skilful man might handle wild horses, I thought that was fine. And when I came across the saying of the old Dutchman, who told how, at Monmouth, he "swore like an archangel," I actually wanted to put my arms round him.

Now, let no profane idiot dare to misinterpret this. WASHINGTON was no swearer; he was too much of a gentleman for that. But he was a volcanic, a cyclonic force; and when it did burst forth there was a storm on hand. If any man who proposes to take WASHINGTON as his example will swear only when he has such an occasion as he had, and will then "swear like an archangel," I will see that he has a special dispensation and pardon. Till then, suppose we keep to the speech of gentlemen as he did. I speak of these things in this way because it is not greatness alone that can touch and inspire, but a great man. And when we find in our great man some peculiarities that bring him near to us, he helps us all the more.

If any one lets these common, human qualities detract from his admiration for his hero, it is because he has no real appreciation of that which makes up greatness. If "no man is great to his valet" it is because the valet can see only the clothes he folds or brushes.

One point it is important that all lovers of their country should remember. We common people have a good deal to do in the matter of developing great men. A field never produces anything the seeds of which are not in the soil. No country ever produces great men unless the ideals and seeds of such greatness are nourished in the popular life. The mountain top is generally made up of the same materials as are found in the plains and valleys. The only difference is one of altitude. The men who rise to such an eminence as to dominate the common life of a nation are generally the expression of the popular ideals. If then we wish our great men to be lofty in principle and pure in purpose we must cultivate these qualities in our popular life.

Then there is a thought which ought to comfort those of us who can never hope to be great. LONGFELLOW sings:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

Now I do not believe that the most of us will ever leave any footprints that those who come after us will recognize as ours. But still it is true that heroism is heroism, whether in a high place or a low one. And not only that, I think the obscure heroisms are often finer and nobler than the public ones. It is harder to be true and noble when nobody notices or cares than it is to do it when a crowd is looking on to applaud. And, as it is harder, so it is grander.

So we all can be true and grand, whether anybody sees it or not. And we can comfort ourselves, as did the old artist, by reflecting that at least "the gods will see it." So, since by our todays we are making our tomorrows and our forever, it is worth while to be *great* in our thought and purpose, and so assure the greatness of our future.

M. J. SAVAGE.

REGISTRATION OF LAND TITLES.

The question of adopting a new system for the registration and transfer of land titles has been brought prominently before the public during the past week by the special message of the Governor, the discussion at the meeting of the Boston Executive Business Association and the hearing before the Judiciary Committe of the Legislature. The proposal is to take action looking towards the adoption of the main features of the Australian or Torrens system, and the interest which has already been aroused indicates that in due time, after the whole subject has been carefully considered, the benefits of this important reform will be extended to the people of this State.

The chief points of the Torrens system, which has been in successful operation in South Australia for a third of a century, and in six or eight other British colonies for shorter periods, are as follows: (1), an official examination of the title to land by a public officer; (2), the creation of an indefeasible or absolute title; (3), the registration of this title upon the public records, and the issue of a certificate thereof to the owner of the land; (4), the transfer of the title to land only by entry upon the public records; and (5), the creation of an assurance fund for the payment of indemnity to any innocent persons whose rights have been cut off. Let us briefly consider these points in contrast with our present methods.

Under the Torrens system one registration office would be established for the whole State; the present registries of deeds would, however, continue as at present, as the use of the new system would be entirely optional. To this office would be attached expert examiners of title; instead of the repeated re-examinations by private conveyancers involved in our present system, one examination of a title would answer for all future time. If the title is found defective it is refused registration, or only registered without guarantee by the State; but if it is found to be good, a certificate of absolute ownership, which can never be contested, is issued to the applicant. At present, while a man can insure himself to the extent of damages if his title proves defective, there is no power which can guarantee his continued possession of the land itself against other claimants. Upon registration two copies of a certificate are made out, one being given to the owner as his evidence of title and the other retained as the official record. When a title is once registered it cannot afterwards be transferred except by an entry upon the record, so that this shows at any moment precisely how the title stands; under our present system a title passes by delivery of a deed, and consultation of the records does not afford absolute protection. Instead of leaving the person in possession without redress in case he loses his land through the discovery of a better claim in some one else, the Torrens system secures the land to the former, whose claim is generally much stronger in equity, and pays the latter, if he is not chargeable with undue negligence in presenting his claim, a fair sum by way of damages; in practice it has been found that the imposition of a slight fee upon making transfers provides an ample assurance fund for this purpose, and that valid claims against this fund are extremely rare.

While this system involves a slight extension of the functions of the State, it is by no means a dangerous or objectionable one. A proposal that the State shall guarantee land titles and stand liable as an insurer may seem to involve a considerable financial risk; but if done upon a proper plan, experience has demonstrated that it is perfectly safe. Title insurance companies, which have been largely patronized by the public, and have done a useful work in preparing the way for comprehensive action by the State, do not hesitate as a matter of business to assume large risks upon a comparatively small capital, but if guarantee of title proves to be too radical an idea to commend itself to the public, the system may be modified by giving the certificate of the State only a qualified validity until all other claims have been banned under a short statute of limitations. And as to an extension of the sphere of State action, the proposal is merely that the State shall adopt a proper plan for the full discharge of duties which are already assumed by it, but are only discharged in a partial and unsatisfactory manner.

One misapprehension should be guarded against. By registration of land titles the State does not in any way assume a new relation to land-owners as a class or preclude itself from making changes at its discretion in the laws relating to the tenure or taxation of land. Neither enjoyment nor value are guaranteed; the legal title is simply declared to be beyond attack by any claimant. The adoption of the system would not, for instance, stand in the way of the adoption of the single tax upon land.

The Australian land transfer system is as simple and practical as the Australian ballot system. Each is a political invention of great importance, designed to do away with needless expense, labor and complexity. Our adoption of the former has commanded universal approval; the latter, I am convinced, would prove equally acceptable, and would result in very great benefit to the people.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD'S bugaboo cry of "disloyalty" may have some effect upon the pending Canadian election. But it is a cry that grows more and more ineffectual every year.

Why should Canada be loyal to an absolete and almost powerless monarchy—a queen who does not reign, a sovereignty that does not govern—when such loyalty means slow suicide?

Canada, to speak plainly, is suffering because of its loyalty to England, and its disloyalty to itself. The Canadian voter should first be loyal to his own interests and to the welfare of his own children. Loyalty to England is all sentimental poppycock. Canada is only a sponge that England squeezes, and as soon as Canada objects to the pressure she is hailed with the old hunker conservative cry of "disloyalty." If it is treason for a great country like Canada to look out for her own interests, rather than for the interests of the celebrated little island over the ocean, let the Britons, in the words of PATRICK HENRY, "make the most of it." A continental country like Canada should do as she pleases, regardless of the insular interests of England.

There are indications that Canada is learning this lesson—learning that the greatest and worst kind of disloyalty is disloyalty to herself.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S SUCCESSOR.

The appointment of ex-Gov. CHARLES FOSTER of Ohio to be Secretary WINDOM'S successor was a great surprise to many of his own party, and argues a singular state of mind on the part of the President and his immediate advisers.

It is well known that Mr. FOSTER is a masterly politician of a very unscrupulous type, and the President probably regards him as the only man who can save Ohio to the Republicans in 1892. His appointment is a direct slap in the face for MCKINLEY, who has been one of the stanchest supporters of the administration in Congress. He now finds himself side-tracked by a man whom he personally dislikes, and practically deposed from the leadership in his own State.

Mr. FOSTER'S record as a Republican is decidedly slippery. In the early stages of his political career, when seeking to attract attention as a successful manager, the story is told that he once tossed up a copper to see which party he and his little clique of workers should join. He was one of the congressional triumvirate who went South in 1876 to investigate the condition of things there, and was indiscreet enough to throw blame upon Gen. GRANT for maintaining Republican supremacy in the South at the point of the bayonet. It was he who, jointly with STANLEY MATTHEWS, directed a letter to the Southern leaders in Congress stating how anxious they were that Mr. HAYES should adopt a policy that would give South Carolina and Louisiana exclusive control of their own internal affairs.

But the fact that Mr. FOSTER is a finished politician of the ultra-practical order is in itself of comparatively little consequence. The astonishing fact in connection with this appointment is that the man who is to be made secretary of the treasury by an administration pledged to oppose free silver is notoriously on record as having voted for the Bland silver bill of 1877, which was a free coinage measure, pure and simple. Mr. BLAND was, and is now, an ardent Democrat, and the warm support he received from Mr. FOSTER was the result of no political pressure, but came of the latter's own free will, and presumably from conviction.

It is certainly a curious occurrence that Mr. HARRISON, having planted himself so firmly in opposition to free coinage, should now place in the treasury a man whose record is strongly the other way. But then Mr. FOSTER is a typical spoilsman as well as a most astute politician, and there are evidences that the administration has long been meditating how to get McKINLEY off its hands as the leader of 1892 in Ohio. The matter of Mr. FOSTER'S record as a free coinage advocate is probably deemed of small account beside his ability as a practical politician to handle a great pivotal State. It is into such hands that the most responsible cabinet position has fallen.

A COMPOSITE MONUMENT.

They are about to lay the foundation stone of Gen. GRANT'S monument. But a foundation stone without a monument above it is a slight and not an honor to a great man's memory. It took fifty years to finish the Washington monument, and the unfinished structure advertised the national reproach to all who gazed upon it. Rather than repeat this reproach, it would be much better to put the money already raised for GRANT'S monument out at interest. In the course of fifty years it would produce a sufficient sum to build one of the grandest memorial structures the world has ever seen.

Possibly an even better course than this would be to turn in the sum already collected, with the consent of its donors, of course, toward a great composite monument, so to speak, to be erected in Washington to the memory of the five great heroes of our great war epoch—LINCOLN, GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and FARRAGUT.

The death of Gen. SHERMAN, the last of these great historic figures, renders the present an opportune time for projecting such a monument. With proper management a million dollars could easily be raised for such a structure, and the work could be completed by the time the World's Fair is opened in 1893.

This would be an adequate expression of the national gratitude to the great leaders of the most critical period in our national history. It should be made the most superb memorial structure of all time.

SILVER AS A REGULAR PRODUCT.

When CHEVALIER in France and MACLAREN in England worked as they did for the demonetization of gold, on the ground that the increased inflow of gold from the new discoveries would debase the currency, rob the creditor and work general ruin, their chief argument was that silver was the better metal because its production was more regular and therefore more to be relied on, and that a single silver standard was the only honest and sound policy. If it was true in regard to silver then, it is just as true now.

The relative production of silver and gold had not materially changed for three centuries prior to the middle of this century. The production of silver was about 65 to 70, and that of gold about 30 to 35. But when Europe finally threw out silver in 1875 the relative production of the two metals was reversed. It then soon became 65 of gold and 35 of silver. Thousands of men who were engaged in silver mining were utterly ruined by the fall in silver occasioned by the demonetization. Their loss actually amounted in the United States alone to over one hundred million dollars. It was a loss without a possibility of repair. They had no stock of bullion accumulated to fall back upon.

Silver mining is no monopoly, as the gold standard contractionists would have us believe. It is as much a regular industry as mining coal, or iron, or salt, or the growing of wheat and cotton. Any one is at liberty to embark in it. A fine thing it is indeed for the gold standard contractionists to charge the silver miners with being monopolists. What shall they be called, who, through legislative conspiracies, violated the sanctity of contracts, who contracted the volume of the world's money and wrought only disaster for industry and business prosperity?

The partial remonetization of silver in 1878 has completely failed to verify their predictions that gold would be driven out of the country. On the contrary, gold has more nearly doubled. Now they predict the same direful results from free coinage, and their propesies will prove equally meaningless. Increased industry and larger exports will take care of the whole.

WHAT AND WHY.

A BUMPER.

In European countries before the reformation it was a custom to drink to the health of the pope—"Au bon pere—to the good father. This French expression has been corrupted into bumper.

WHY CAN A PERSON LOST IN A FOREST, IN CLOUDY WEATHER, TELL THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS BY THE MOSS ON THE TRUNKS OF THE TREES?

Because the north side always has the thickest moss. The reason for which is that the north side of the trees are in the shade, and consequently more moist than the south side, which is quickly dried by the sun. The moss is a fungus that flourishes best in moisture.

WHY DO SWALLOWS, IN SUMMER, ALWAYS FLY HIGH IN AIR IN CLEAR, DRY WEATHER, AND SKIM LOW OVER THE GROUND IN DAMP WEATHER OR BEFORE A STORM?

Because in their flight they are in search of insects which, in dry, clear weather are high in air, but settle to the earth when dampness approaches.

A DERRICK.

In England, in the seventeenth century, there was a renowned hangman, named Derrick, who erected gibbets and attended executions by hanging. Hence a machine with ropes for hoisting took his name.

"SANDS OF LIFE."

This is an allusion to the primitive method of marking time by means of the hour glass, which was constructed with two glass cones filled with sand, one hour being the time required for the sand to run from one cone or section into the other. Hence the hour glass became an emblem of time—and the running sands an emblem of the wasting of human life. In early New England churches it was a custom to place an hour glass upon the pulpit, to remind the preacher of the length of his sermon, and his hearers the shortness of life.

THRALDOM.

It was once a custom to thrill or drill the ears of a slave. Among the ancient Hebrews this custom was in use—Deut. xv., 17, "Then thou shalt take an awl and thrust it through his ear, unto the door, and he shall be thy servant forever." The ears of bond servants of the Anglo Saxons were in like manner pierced at the church door. Hence thrilldom, or thraldom, became equivalent to slavery.

ANDIRONS.

The original name was end-iron, which has been corrupted into andiron and even further corrupted into handiron, and some even speak of "brass handirons."

ROSTRUM.

Rostrum is the old Roman name for the beak or bow of a ship, the point below the bowsprit, which was usually carved with the head of some bird or animal. The stage in the Roman forum from which the orators addressed the people was called the rostrum from the fact that it was decorated with the beaks or bows of ships taken in war. They were placed there to indicate the great naval power of Rome. Hence, a public platform has received the name of rostrum.

STUMP SPEECHES.

In the early days of American politics, for want of platforms or public halls, political speakers were obliged to gather their audiences in open air and address them from the top of a huge stump. In a newly cleared country such a rostrum was always to be found, and stump speeches were frequent and popular.

Cake of Ice.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Montana takes the cake for weather—26 inches of snow on the ground.

Population-Seekers Cut This Out.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Please inform me through the columns of your paper the names and population of the 20 largest cities in the world. G. C. J.

London, 4,350,000; Paris, 2,550,000; New York, 1,710,715; Canton, China, 1,600,000; Vienna, 1,350,000; Berlin, 1,350,000; Tokio, Japan, 1,200,000; Chicago, 1,098,576; Philadelphia, 1,044,894; St. Petersburg, 1,000,000; Constantinople, 900,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Brooklyn, 853,945; Bombay, 800,000; Moscow, 800,000; Glasgow, 710,000; Liverpool, 600,000; Buenos Ayres, 540,000; Peking, China, 500,000; Madrid, 500,000. Those interested in census figures should cut this paragraph out and preserve it, as answers are not, as a rule, repeated.—[ED.

Toothache Cure for "A Sufferer."

Should there be a cavity in the tooth obtain a small vial of oil of clove and chloroform from any drug store. Saturate a tiny piece of cotton wool put on the end of a toothpick with the mixture, and insert it in the cavity, taking care not to touch the tongue or lips. Just before putting the cotton in the tooth rinse the mouth thoroughly with lukewarm water, as oftentimes a small piece of food lodged in the cavity causes all the trouble. If no cavity can be found, or it is thought the tooth is ulcerated, rum or whiskey held (full strength) in the mouth will prove a relief, although it is likely to blister the gums. If the ache is caused by cold, a flannel dipped in either hot or cold rum or whiskey with plenty of black pepper sprinkled over it, applied to the face for half an hour or so has been known to ease the pain wonderfully. "A Sufferer" would have less pain if he would see a dentist and have the tooth treated. ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Please Cut this Out, Ye Statistical.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you please let me know the standing and the reserved forces, on a peace footing, in the armies of England, United States, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Canada; also the force in the navies of the United States, Germany, France Italy, and Austria.

The army figures are: For the British Empire, 623,619 men; United States, 26,810; France, 556,450; Germany, 486,963; Italy, 265,889; Austria, 273,779; Canada (militia), 38,000. The navy of the British Empire has a force of 94,563; United States, 11,171; France, 35,282; Germany, 17,860; Italy, 16,300; Austra's figures are not at hand. Her navy includes 157 vessels.—[ED.

His Name Was Everett.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Some one recently inquired in your columns regarding the authorship of the lines:

> You'd scare expect one of my age,
> To speak in public on the stage, etc.

They were written by David Everett, a once celebrated magazine writer, who was born in 1769 at Princeton, Mass., and died in 1813 at Marietta, O. The poem is quoted entire in the course of a sketch of the author's life in Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, vol. 1, page 568, which can be consulted at Bates Hall, Public Library. S. D.

Honey, Fir Balsam and Tar.

To the Editor of The Globe:

I saw the query in "What People Talk About" for something for a cough. I have used and find very good the following: Fifteen cents' worth of honey, 10 cents worth of fir balsam and five cents' worth of spirits of tar. W. F. P.

Carrots, Hyssop, Flaxseed, Etc.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to "C" I give the following cough remedy, which I have found excellent:

Take two good sized carrots, scrape and cut in thin slices; 10 cents' worth of hyssop, two tablespoonfuls of flaxseed; put into an earthen or porcelain vessel; pour on a quart of boiling water and let simmer three hours; then strain on to a coffee cup of good molasses, put back on the stove and let simmer two hours longer. When cool put in a gill of good liquor. Take as often as needed; there is no regular rule. M.

It is Not.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Please inform an old reader if the 17th of June is a legal holiday. N.

Where the Day is Honored.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you kindly inform me through your paper in what States the 22d of February is a legal holiday? P. W. C.

In this Commonwealth and in Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Washington and Wyoming.—[ED.

No, Sir.

If a dog duly licensed comes upon my premises and kills my hens, and I discover him in the act of so killing, should I violate any law or be subject to any fine or punishment if I should then and there (on my premises) kill said dog? J. H. D.

Mortgaged Property.

Certain property belonged to a man during his life and he died without making any will. He had four distant relatives and his wife at the time of his death. The widow takes full charge without letters of administration or any permission from the Probate Court or any legal form that can be found on record. Some five years after the death of her husband the widow sells the place to a real estate agent who booms it and gets twice the amount the place is worth on mortgage and skips, perhaps to Canada. Would it be safe for me to hold it on this auction sale, or could these relatives come any time and claim their share? T. P. C.

Much depends here on when the man died as to what the law would allow his widow. Get a competent person to examine your title and find out the facts and law for you.

The Division Fence.

I bought a piece of land about seven years ago; I had it surveyed and found my neighbor's fence was in two feet on one end and eight inches on the other. I notified him several times to move it, but he did not do it. Please inform me what I shall do. D. T. H.

If it hasn't been there over 20 years, and you are sure you are right, move it yourself.

Is Marriage a Failure?

1. Can a woman get a divorce after living apart for a year and a half in another State, the husband contributing nothing to her support and not seeing her in that time?

2. How long would it take if one could be obtained?

3. How long after the divorce, if one be granted, before the man can marry again, he living in Massachusetts all the time and the divorce granted to the woman living in another State?

4. Please explain what constitutes a case for divorce for non-support. I. C. E. M.

1. Probably not, but can't say without knowing name of State.

2 and 3. Cannot say.

4. Failure to provide suitable shelter, clothing and food.

Unrecorded Deed.

A man sold me a piece of land in this city Feb. 20, 1889. He gave me a quit claim deed of it, but I forgot to have it recorded till Aug. 20, 1889. In June, 1889, the man had all his property attached, and since then execution has been taken out against him. I have had notice served on me that the land I bought will be sold. Can they take this property away from me if this man acknowledges I paid him? D. W. M'L.

Yes. You should have had your deed recorded; for it is to prevent just such cases as this that makes the record necessary.

The House for the Next Ten Years.

[New York Commercial.]

The following table shows in paralleled columns the number of representatives allowed to each State, under the present and the new apportionments:

State.	Present basis.	New basis.	State.	Present basis.	New basis.
Alabama	8	9	Nebraska	3	6
Arkansas	5	6	Nevada	1	1
California	6	7	NewHampshire	2	2
Colorado	1	2	New Jersey	7	8
Connecticut	4	4	New York	34	34
Delaware	1	1	North Carolina	9	9
Florida	2	2	North Dakota	1	1
Georgia	10	11	Ohio	21	21
Idaho	1	1	Oregon	1	2
Illinois	20	22	Pennsylvania	28	30
Indiana	13	13	Rhode Island	2	2
Iowa	11	11	South Carolina	7	7
Kansas	7	8	South Dakota	2	2
Kentucky	11	11	Tennessee	10	10
Louisiana	6	6	Texas	1	3
Maine	4	4	Vermont	2	2
Maryland	6	6	Virginia	10	10
Massachusetts	12	13	Washington	1	2
Michigan	11	12	West Virginia	4	4
Minnesota	5	7	Wisconsin	9	10
Mississippi	7	7	Wyoming	1	1
Missouri	13	15			
Montana	1	1	Totals	332	356

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SIZE OF PICTURE WE SEND, 21 by 28 INCHES

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTING.

The scene chosen for the painting is the "Judgment Hall" in the palace of Pilate, and the hour "early in the morning." Around the Governor the priests are gathered, and the high priest, Caiaphus, is accusing Christ and demanding his death. The proud and furious bigot is all alive with excitement. There is a majesty about his pose, the consciousness of power in his look and gesture, and something of dignity in the superb audacity with which he draws Pilate's attention to the execrations of the mob (who are crying out "Crucify him!"), as expressive of the national will which the Governor is bound to respect, at the same time insinuating that to let this man go will be treason to Cæsar, as well as a violation of the Jewish law which demands the prisoner's death for "making himself the Son of God." Pilate is yielding to the clamor, while his conscience, aided by his wife's message, warning him not to condemn that righteous man, is protesting in tones which make him tremble.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE,

And the most impressive of all, is Christ himself, clad in white, with flowing hair and bound wrists. He stands alone, in the simple majesty of his own personality, without sign or symbol, save his individual greatness. A heavenly submission is on his face.

Received the picture "Christ Before Pilate." I wouldn't part with it for a **Hundred Dollars.**
J. P. HARTH, Wheeling, Ill.

We are delighted with the picture "Christ Before Pilate," and if I could not get another I would not take **$10.00** for it. MRS. J. A. MILLER, Concord, NH.

I have an oil painting that cost me $25.00 and it is no better than "Christ Before Pilate."
DANIEL B. ROBINSON, Elk Creek, Pa.

OUR OFFER Send us $1.10 and you will receive for one year THE WEEKLY GLOBE and also the Ladies Home Companion one year (24 numbers), each copy equal in size, quality and amount of reading matter to other illustrated papers that cost 10 cents a copy, or $4.00 a year. And every person accepting this offer will receive, postpaid, a copy of the Grand Picture, "Christ Before Pilate."

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Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

IT WILL BE 32 STORIES HIGH.

A New York Man's Idea of a Steel Building Only 75 Feet Square—Why It Will be Better Than Stone.

Mr. Bruce Price of New York has copyrighted an idea of a steel building 32 stories high, for office use, and which shall be only 75 feet square, says the Sun.

BRUCE PRICE'S IDEA.

The essential points about the foundations of such a building as the one under consideration are that its foundations must be as broad and as wide as the breadth and width of the building itself. An ordinary structure rests upon the foundation immediately beneath each of its four walls. Under this steel building, however, Mr. Price thinks it would be advisable to lay a foundation upon which the weight of the entire structure may be diffused, and that this foundation must cover the whole surface of the ground on which the building is to stand.

Mr. Price's calculations show that a concrete foundation such as is possible on a lot 75 feet square will bear the weight of a tower 450 feet high and even higher, and that the dimensions of the supporting columns of steel will be relatively so small that the rooms on the several floors will be of good size for offices. It is this point which may make the use of steel more profitable than the use of stone.

For example, if the owner of a plot 75 feet on each side wanted to erect a building taller than any other near by, and decided to make it of stone, he would have to rear walls of immense thickness at the base. That would make the lower stories almost valueless for renting; in fact, the lower 10 stories would probably not return interest on their cost, and the profits on those floors above would not make up for the loss below. On the other hand, if the owner of the plot should use steel he could make money upon each floor from the ground up, for the rooms on the lowest stories would be commodious. Besides, he could add several more floors than would be feasible in a plan of stone construction.

In such a lofty building as the proposed steel structure the question of accessibility is one of supreme importance. Mr. Price has made his plans for the building under consideration upon the theory that passage from floor to floor should be almost exclusively by the elevator service. He has provided a staircase running from story to story, occupying only a bit of space, and designed solely for use in case of emergency. As the building would be fireproof, such emergency could arise only from an accident to the elevator service. This, however, would be upon so elaborate a scale that a large part of it might be impaired without inconveniencing the tenants of the building.

The plans are for eight elevators, one of which shall be large and strong enough to transport safes and other heavy office furniture. These elevators will be arranged in the centre of the building, around an octagon core. Three elevators will supply the service from the first to the 10th story. Two elevators will run from the first story to the 20th, not stopping between the first and 10th, and two elevators will run from the first to the 30th, not stopping between the first and 20th. One of the elevators will be arranged to run night and day.

The space inside the elevator octagon will be made a cylinder, and will open into the roof above. A person stepping from the elevator upon any floor will find himself in a lobby or hall leading into the rooms into which the space from that floor may be divided. The halls will not open to the outside air, but will ventilate into the core. The system of heating will be direct indirect; that is, with radiators, the air being taken in from outside directly on to the radiators.

Although the building is pre-eminently a steel structure, and should be thought of as such, it would seem like a great tower of granite and marble, and brick and terra cotta. The mass of the building will be buff and white, and the panel in the lantern, that is, the three stories above the belvedere—and the roof of the lantern, will be rather strong in color.

The floor of the balcony over the belvedere will be 310 feet from the ground. The lantern and the slanting roof will rise seven stories higher, and the very top of the highest story will be a small cage like a sentry house, with a railing running around it. Upon this sentry house rests a long bronze vase supporting a revolving sun. A fair idea of Mr. Price's brilliant finial may be obtained by looking at the illustration. The sphere with which he tops off his tower of steel, 442 feet from the street, is a gilt ball pivoted through a spear and working upon an anti-friction axle in the form of a cup with a sunken rim in which are agates. Upon this rim and its agates the whole weight of the ball would rest, and as the golden sphere would present no resistance whatever, the slightest movement of the wind would carry it around, and the metal flames projecting from it would flash and gleam in every sunlit hour from the highest point reached by the genius and daring of architect and builder in New York.

BLANFORD CHURCH.

[The following lines were written on the wall of the old Blanford church, Petersburg, Va., by some unknown person 40 years ago.]

> Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
> Thou art hastening to thy fall;
> And round it in thy loneliness,
> Clings the ivy to the wall.
> The worshippers are scattered now,
> Who knelt before thy shrine,
> And silence reigns where anthems rose
> In days of Auld Lang Syne.
> And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
> Where oft in years gone by,
> Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
> The highest of the high.
> The tramp of many a busy foot,
> That sought thy aisles are o'er;
> And many a weary heart around,
> Is stilled for evermore.
> How doth ambitious hope take wings,
> How droops the spirit now?
> We hear the distant city's din,
> The dead are mute below;
> The sun that shone upon their path
> Now gilds their lonely graves;
> The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
> The grass above them waves.
> Oh! could we call the many back
> Who've gathered here in rain,
> Who've careless roved where we do now,
> Who'll never meet again.
> How would our very hearts be stirred,
> To meet the earnest gaze
> Of the lovely and the beautiful,
> The lights of other days.

A STRANGER.

Gilbert Did Not See It.

The most extraordinary thing in London is the Englishman's sense of humor, says Marshall Wilder in the New York Herald. You have to search hard to find it. The American joke is lost upon him. One day I met Gilbert, the wittiest man in England, and the gruffest.

"How d' do. Wilder."

"How are you, Mr. Gilbert."

"Feeling well today?"

"Pretty well, Mr. Gilbert. But I am afraid you will not see as much of me as you have."

"Indeed, how is that?"

"I lost a tooth this morning."

"Ah, that's too bad, when did you lose it?"

And this from a man who is supposed to see a joke at the longest kind of range!

Quick Answer that Turned Away Wrath.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"My little girl, how do you wear your your dress sleeves so fast?" asked a Master st. mother when her child came home from school with a rent under her arm.

"I guess it's holding up my hand so much to let the teacher know I can answer the questions," was the quick response.

Except in Wicked St. Louis.

[Baltimore American.]

The man who complains about the old minister who preaches so long that he always misses his dinner, and of a new one because the sermon is so short that he cannot get a nap, would be hard to please in any community.

CHRISTENING A PRINCE.

An Impressive Ceremony in Emperor William's Palace—Numerous Gifts for the Sixth Little Soldier—Court Dresses.

The desire of Emperor William to be the father of "six little soldiers" was fulfilled on Dec. 17, when another son was born in the royal household. A popular song, entitled "Hurrah! the Sixth Boy Has Come," is now in everybody's mouth, says a correspondent of the Times-Democrat. The christening on Jan. 25 was the first ceremony of the kind ever celebrated in the royal castle at Berlin. For the last century all the children of the house of Hohenzollern have been born in Potsdam, and christened there.

THE EMPRESS AND THE NEW PRINCE.

The youngster was brought in on a splendid cushion of silver and white brocade by the Countess Brokdorf Oberhofmeisterin. The little fellow was attired in the christening robe which has served for all the royal christenings. It is made of silver cloth, embroidered with the family arms and emblems in white.

The train is about two metres in length, and is borne by two ladies of honor in court dress. The Empress was attired in white pe u de soie, with pearl ornaments. She has quite recovered from her illness, and has the ruddy glow of perfect health. Many of the invited godfathers and godmothers were unable to attend the ceremony, but their personal representatives were present.

Some elegant gifts were brought to the

THE SIX LITTLE SOLDIERS.

young prince from the King of Italy and the Queen of Holland. The venerable Von Moltke was present by special request of the Emperor, and took great delight in the function.

Preparations for the christening being completed, the company proceeded to the chapel of the palace. The newly nominated court chaplain, Herr Dryander, gave the address, which was highly eloquent and impressive. During the address tears of joy and gratitude were seen in the eyes of the Emperor and Empress. After the christening the Empress approached the minister and was churched, according to custom, with her child in her arms. The five little princes were gathered about her, presenting a sweet and memorable picture. They all joined in the prayers.

At the close of the ceremony their majesties repaired to the "red rooms," where the Empress sat down beside the cot in which the little prince reposed and received the congratulations of her guests. The Emperor stood beside his wife, while the company passed before her, making the court reverence. The company partook of refreshments served from buffets, while the Emperor and his family sat down to supper at a table decorated with white flowers emblematic of the festivity. In a short toast the Emperor proclaimed the health of the little prince, who by this time had been conveyed to the nursery.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Ex-President Cleveland Not Out of the Race.

Foster of Ohio for Windom's Place—Railroad Horror in New York.

Casualties and Crimes—Notes from All the States.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The Herald this morning publishes an interview, had by one of its reporters with ex-President Cleveland on an article published yesterday by the Washington Post, which stated that Mr. Cleveland would not be a candidate in the next presidential campaign. When asked if he intended to write the letter referred to in the article, he said: "I have never had such an intention. In point of fact, I am not giving very much thought to the matter stated in the despatch you show me. I have not said anything in public or private to lead any one to believe that I am anxious to obtain a renomination to the presidency. My ideas on that subject are quite well understood by all with whom I have conversed and who are at all entitled to be called my friends. If it be true that there has been a consultation of my Democratic friends at which conference my name was mentioned, I know nothing about it. I may say that I have such confidence in the unselfish democracy of my friends that whatever they may determine on I am sure will be for the good of the party. I have not expressed to them any settled determination touching my relations to the next campaign, and there has, therefore, been no occasion for them to attempt to have me change such a determination."

COLLISION AND FIRE.

The Deadly Car Stove Burns the Victims of a Railroad Smash.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The New Haven local express on the New York & New England road, which left the Grand Central depot at 7.02 this morning, was going up through the 4th av. main tunnel at a pace of 25 or 30 miles an hour, when it dashed into the rear of a train which was bound for the railroad yard at Mott Haven, and which was making six miles an hour.

The collision happened under 84th st. The rear car of the forward train telescoped the second car.

There were 10 men, two women and a boy in the rear car. The deadly car stove, with which the rear car was equipped, set fire to the wreck, and five human beings were roasted to death. The feet of a sixth were burned off, and he died in the Presbyterian Hospital.

Firemen and ambulances were soon on the spot, and the living victims were released and the dead recovered. Five of the dead were identified on Friday and the sixth on Saturday. He was a fireman on the road. Other railroad men were a car cleaner and a water boy. The rest were passengers.

How the fire was started could not be definitely ascertained up to a late hour this afternoon. One of the passengers who was the first to alight from the New Haven train, said that about two minutes after the crash he saw the flames shoot up through the roof of the wrecked cars. He could not tell whether the fire was caused by the lamps exploding or by the bursting of the heater in the dining-room car.

Engineer Lewis Fowler and William McManus, the operator at 72d st., on the New York Central, who are charged with having caused Friday's disaster in the 4th av. tunnel, were arraigned before the coroner Saturday and held in $10,000 bail each to await the inquest on Tuesday next.

MINE HORROR IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Nearly 100 Lives Lost at the Spring Hill Collieries.

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 21.—One of the most terrible calamities that ever befell Nova Scotia occurred today at the Spring Hill collieries, Cumberland county, about 150 miles from Halifax. The mines have always been considered among the safest in the world. But this opinion prevails no longer, and the knowledge is the sacrifice of scores of valuable lives.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon, without a moment's warning, an awful explosion took place in the eastern slope.

Fully 1000 men were at work at the time, but it is believed 900 of them escaped by the various outlets.

With imminent danger from fire-damp a descent was made. When the rescuers entered the pit a sight too horrible to adequately describe met their gaze. There lay ghastly heads, bloody trunks, legs, arms and parts of bodies of men and boys, indiscriminately mixed with pieces of horses blown almost to atoms, and interwoven with falling and broken timbers.

So far about 35 or 40 bodies have been recovered, most of them in an unrecognizable state. It is believed that about 40 more bodies are yet to be found. Among the missing is the manager of the mines, D. Swift. Many persons in other slopes were injured, some of them fatally.

The Spring Hill collieries were inspected by a government official yesterday, and reported to be in their usual satisfactory state.

It is now feared that at least 100 men and boys have been killed.

All hope of saving the lives of those in the mines has been abandoned.

Inquiries are pouring in from all quarters from anxious relatives of those employed in the mines.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

An Attempt to Control Manufacture of Farm Implements Frustrated.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 17.—Another severe blow was struck at trusts yesterday by the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Clipper Chilled Plough Company of this city against the National Harrow Company, a recently organized combine of the harrow manufacturers of the country. The Clipper company was one of the parties to the combine, but after a short existence in the trust sought a dissolution, and appealed to the courts for such dissolution. The case has been pending for some time, and the decision of Judge Walter Smith was handed down today.

In his opinion Judge Smith says that, under the stipulation of this contract, this defendant has assumed to fix the prices for the sale of harrows made by these manufacturers. These prices are not based upon the cost of manufacture, but are uniform with all manufacturers upon a certain style of harrows. As practically construed by the defendant, it gives the defendant absolute power to regulate the prices at which these harrows shall be sold, to raise or lower them at pleasure.

It is hard to conceive how a monopoly could be more firmly intrenched or how competition could be more effectively strangled. The judge declares the combine a conspiracy indictable at common law.

The effect of this decision is to cancel the contract of the company with the trust and to permit any individual company in the combine to sell their products at such prices as they themselves shall determine.

Foster of Ohio for Windom's Portfolio.

The name of ex-Gov. Foster of Ohio has been sent to the Senate as the new secretary of the treasury. The relations of the President with Gov. Foster are very close. Comment upon the selection is generally of a favorable character. Gov. Foster is personally popular with the Democrats as well as the Republicans, and his fitness for the position is beyond dispute. His views on financial questions are in thorough harmony with the administration, and the nomination is regarded as peculiarly strong from a party standpoint.

The New York Continent says: "It is understood that the position of secretary of the treasury was formally tendered to ex-Gov. Foster several days ago, but he did not accept it until Thursday. Mr. Foster and the President were closeted together for over an hour Thursday morning, and when they separated Mr. Foster had formally accepted the treasury portfolio.

The Agitation in Canada.

The coming elections in the Dominion are likely to be very lively. The government party is charged with all sorts of discreditable dodges to discredit the Liberals, and the former retort by charges of disloyalty and treason.

The London Morning Post says: Nobody denies the right of Canadians to advocate annexation, but this policy must emanate from themselves and not be forced upon them by intrigues with another power. Mr. Edward Farrar appears to be obliged to admit the truth of Sir John Macdonald's terrible exposure of his opponents' tactics. The nervous efforts of the opposition leaders to retrace their steps and repudiate intrigues are, however, remarkable testimony as to how conscious they are of the manliness and independence of electors.

The Chronicle says: Sir John Macdonald's revelations are likely to turn the whole course of elections in Canada. It must be admitted the Laurier party has hitherto had the best of the trade argument. If the language of the pamphlet alleged to have been written by Mr. Farrer is not treason we do not know what to call it. We hesitate to believe that Sir Richard Cartwright is a party to the conspiracy; but unless the Liberal leaders are able to disassociate themselves from these intrigues the elections are likely to lead them altogether out of reckoning.

Mexican Talk of Reciprocity.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—A City of Mexico special to the Times says: No official communications between this government and Washington on this subject of reciprocity arrangements have yet been exchanged, but the Mexican government expects, when Congress adjourns in Washington, to hear something from Mr. Blaine, and although there is a strong feeling here against special trade treaties, it is likely that Mexico will come to some understanding with the United States. There is an immense and fertile region in northeastern Mexico, wonderfully suited for growing sugar on a vast scale, where the cane yields a great quantity of juice rich in sugar, and as this region is now in direct railway connection with the United States it offers great inducements to Louisiana sugar planters to transfer themselves there.

Mexico cannot afford to take off the duties on cotton goods as Brazil has done, but there are other ways in which she can make tempting trade concessions. Minister Ryan is a firm friend of reciprocity, and has done much work preparing ground for reopening negotiations. He is much liked here, and will have great influence when reciprocity comes up, as it will in a few months.

Telegraph Despatches "Hung Up" by Sleet.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—A phenomenal sleet storm plastered great areas of the country with ice last night from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, north of Mason & Dixon's line. It began about 6 p. m. and in half an hour the telegraph wires commenced to show signs of demoralization. From Indianapolis west, near Springfield, Ill., and toward Kansas City, were the most completely wrecked sections, from a telegraphic standpoint. Thousands of words of belated newspaper despatches piled up unsent in offices on the edge of the affected district, but the operators could only look helplessly at the crowded hooks and silent sounders.

The Brazilian Treaty.

People who have been led to believe that Mr. Blaine's commercial treaty with Brazil is a settled fact will be interested to know that the treaty has not yet been ratified, and that it is not likely to be. No binding action can be taken by the Brazilian government until the constitution is adopted, and then it is safe to predict the treaty will be rejected. Brazilian exporters find that by the terms of the treaty they are no better off than they were before, so far as trade with the United States is concerned, and as they have dealt almost entirely with English houses heretofore, they can see no reason why they should not continue to do so. President Fonseca and his advisers are certainly anxious to see trade relations between Brazil and the United States developed and fostered, but they will be powerless against the hostility evinced towards Mr. Blaine's treaty by the mercantile community.

Six Burned to Death.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 22.—A disastrous fire in the cellar of a tenement house occurred here tonight and resulted in the death of six persons.

The house was the five-story double brick flat house, 129 and 131 Sands st. The building was occupied by 32 families, who are left destitute by the destruction of their homes. Most of them were rescued by the fire escapes, but six persons, Carl Benedict, an old man; Edward Benedict, his grandson, 18 months old; Miss Margaret Griffin, 50 years old; Mrs. Margaret Downey, 25 years old; Daniel Downey, 8 years old (the boy found on the roof), and Minnie Downey, 4 years old, were burned to death.

It is probable that there were more than 200 people in the two houses. Several of the tenants were invalids.

The building was a tenement house, better than the average in that part of the city.

Wrecked Against a Railroad Bridge.

The steamer Sherlock, with about 35 passengers and a crew of from 50 to 60 men on board, struck a pier of the Chesapeake & Ohio bridge at Cincinnati Tuesday night, and went to pieces. She sank at 5th st., and her cabin floated down the river. Mrs. J. McLean of Pittsburg and her granddaughter, little Margery Brown of Pittsburg, are the only registered passengers lost.

The steamer was bound for New Orleans. As she approached the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad bridge nearly all the passengers were on deck to see how near the boat's chimneys would come to the bridge. Their curiosity was soon changed to terror, as they saw the boat apparently at the mercy of the winds and the current. And in a moment, with a terrible crash in the darkness, the boat struck the stone pier of the bridge and was utterly helpless. Mrs. McLean of Pittsburg was instantly killed by falling freight at the time of the collision.

Mr. Willie Lepper, third clerk of the wrecked steamer Sherlock, who was supposed to have been drowned, made his appearance Wednesday. He says he had a fearful struggle in the river. William Mitchell of Indianapolis, employed on the steamer as a cabin boy, escaped by swimming ashore. He declares that the mate and engineer were both drunk, and that the vessel was short of hands because the officers would not pay enough money to get men to work. He will be held as a witness.

Red Men Will Go on the Warpath.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—A Chicago special to the Herald says: American Horse, an Ogallala Sioux, one of the signers of the Sioux treaty, ceding the reservation, who has just returned from Washington, swears that his people will go on the warpath in the spring. Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, Medicine Bull, White Ghost, Mad Bear and others say the same thing. Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses said they got some clothing at Washington and two weeks' rations. The rations were eaten already, while none of the clothing was fit for the squaws or pappooses. "My people will not be satisfied," said Young-Man, "and will probably go on the warpath in the spring. We have been shamefully treated by Secretary Noble. He seemed to think we had no rights."

Louis Primeau, an interpreter from Standing Rock, talked very freely. He said the reds were disgusted, and would make a very unfavorable report when they got back.

Two Men Lynched in Florida.

GAINESVILLE, Fla., Feb. 19.—Mike Kelly, alias Burns, a white man, and Tom Champion, a negro from Arradonda, were lynched in this city Tuesday night by a crowd of masked citizens. The two men were hanged on a big oak opposite Judge Ashby's residence.

On Monday a man named T. B. McPherson, who owned a store two miles from Gainesville, was shot by Kelly and his gang. The affair created great excitement, and an armed searching party was organized. Late Tuesday afternoon, when it was announced that McPherson had died from the effects of the wounds inflicted by Kelly and his gang, the excitement and indignation broke out afresh and culminated in the lynching. Both men made full confessions.

Notes.

S. C. Cobb, formerly mayor of Boston, and a grandson of Gen. David Cobb of revolutionary fame, died in Boston, Thursday, aged 65.

The Moyer mine, about three miles from Scottdale, Penn., is on fire. An employe dropped a naked lamp, which is thought to have caused an explosion. Four men are understood to have perished. The mine has been flooded.

Twenty poor families were burned out of their tenements in Peters row, Elizabeth City, N. J., on Friday night. In 10 minutes from the time it broke out the entire row was a mass of flames, and the firemen directed all their efforts successfully to save a smaller tenement adjoining, inhabited by 10 families, these also becoming panic stricken and carrying all their goods into the street.

Three explosions of natural gas took place at Pittsburg on Tuesday last. One of them wrecked a house on River av., killing two and injuring six. The other explosions wrecked houses, but injured no one.

The ranks of the 16,000 strikers in the Connellsville, Penn., coke region are still unbroken. The Scottdale Rolling Mill Company has signed the scale for its coal mine. The advance granted ranges from 5 to 7 per cent. The strike leaders are trying to induce the coal miners and coke workers of the Latrobe district to strike next week. The men of the Clearfield district, which is east of the Alleghany mountains, may for the same reason be induced to strike.

It looks very much as if there would be a strike all along the Pennsylvania system, from New York to Chicago. Officers of the engineers and firemen's unions are waiting for the final answer of the Pennsylvania company. This has been promised by next Wednesday.

The Indians, who recently visited Washington, express disgust at their treatment there and threaten to go on the warpath in the spring.

Sir John Macdonald's disclosure of the alleged intrigues of Canadian Liberals in behalf of annexation afford London papers a topic for gossip.

The Grand Opera House, Variety Theatre, owned by ex-Secretary of State Fred Cock and Jacob Gerling, and managed by John D. Hopkins, and the Windsor Hotel at Rochester, N. Y., were destroyed by fire Thursday morning. The loss on the theatre will be $62,000; insurance, $30,000. The loss on the hotel, which at present is not occupied, is $10,000.

According to a census bulletin, there were imprisoned in the various penitentiaries or State prisons in the United States on June 1, 1890, 45,239 convicts. The number reported in 1880 was 30,659. Of the number, 30,546 were white and 14,687 colored. Of the latter 14,267 were negroes, 237 Chinese, 3 Japanese and 180 Italians. Of the 30,546 white convicts, 23,094 were native born, 7267 foreign born, and the place of birth of 185 is unknown. In respect to sex, 43,442 convicts are men and 1791 are women.

The British bark Topsy recently foundered at Grand Cayman, on a voyage from Kingston to Savannah. Capt. Alexander McKenzie, both mates, one seaman and a cabin boy were drowned. The other seven of the crew got ashore on the wreckage, and were kindly treated by the inhabitants until taken off by a coaster for Jamaica.

Another effort was made Thursday to reach the victims of the Jeansville, Penn., mine, the point selected being the locality where Ward and Porter worked. Entrance was effected and considerable progress made, when the exploring party came in contact with a volume of "black damp," which extinguished their lamps and compelled a retreat. The experiment will be repeated.

George J. Gibson was indicted by the grand jury at Chicago Monday for the alleged plot to blow up the Shufeldt Distillery. He has resigned the secretaryship of the whiskey trust, but claims that he is innocent of wrong-doing.

The attempt to form a barbed-wire trust at Chicago has failed.

The British steamer Thanemore, which left Baltimore for London Nov. 26, with 30 men and 543 cattle, has been given up for lost.

The officials of the National City Bank of New York were unable to open the safe Friday morning, and had to borrow money to carry on the day's business. The fact that the bank could not make its clearances gave rise to rumors concerning its solvency, which were, however, set at rest when the facts became known. The bank is one of the strongest in the city. The safe was opened after five hours' work by experts.

Mrs. Annette Leach, aged 48, housekeeper for Henry Kimball of Ellington, Conn., died Friday morning of hydrophobia, the result of the bite of a cat on the forefinger of the right hand last November. She was taken with spasms Feb. 10, and has suffered terribly since.

A heavy rain with sleet following fell all over Kansas on Friday. Reports from many points in the State are to the effect that the winter wheat was never in as fine condition at this season as now. The acreage is slightly in excess of last year's.

Charles Wrentham, who was formerly a conductor on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, and acting express messenger on the morning of Sept. 20, 1887, when the express car was robbed of $10,000 while standing on the switch at the depot at Belton, Tex., has been arrested. He has been indicted by the grand jury for the offence. His arrest created a sensation.

The New York Assembly refused Tuesday to pass a bill appropriating $15,000 to enable a regiment or battalion from Buffalo and Albany to act as escort to the remains of Gen. Sherman on Thursday.

Capt. Richard Bennett, a Baptist preacher, shot at and killed himself at his home near Denton, Ga. He had recently been officially censured by his church.

Matilda Jerningham, aged 81 years, once the sweetheart of the son of the Duke of Norfolk, died in Bay View Asylum, the Baltimore city poorhouse, and was buried Tuesday.

Ex-State Treasurer Woodruff of Arkansas has, through his sureties, just paid State Treasurer Morrow $63,740.50, the full amount of the shortage in Woodruff's cash accounts.

Capt. Ozon of the schooner Virgesco, at Halifax, from Fortune Bay, N. F., reports bad weather in those waters and the loss of over 20 cargoes of herring, caused by a rainstorm of unprecedented violence. While the seines were moored awaiting cold weather, so that the fish could be frozen, a rainstorm set in, which lasted for five days. The seines were almost all upset and the fish lost. The American vessels which lost their seines and cargoes sailed for home and abandoned the herring fishery for the season.

Probably the most important meeting yet held by the world's fair directory concluded shortly before midnight Friday. When adjournment was taken the directors had formally voted to abandon the lake front as part of the site of the exposition. The fair will therefore be concentrated at Jackson Park.

Gen. Brooke announces the capture of the Indian slayers of Lieut. Casey and Herder Miller by Lieut. Clomah of the 1st Infantry. The arrest was effected without any disturbance. The murderers will be tried by civil authorities.

The death of Admiral Porter leaves Rear Admiral Kimberly the highest ranking officer in the naval service.

Ben Pierce, a farmer of Battlefield, Miss., was brutally murdered last week by John Bull, an Indian, who entered Pierce's house and cut his throat from ear to ear. Wednesday night neighbors took the murderer from the county jail and hanged him to a tree.

Another sensation has been caused by the action the North Dakota Senate on resubmission and capital removal. The Missouri slope members joined force with the Prohibitionists to save the capital for Bismarck and defeat resubmission. The former was defeated by a vote of 18 to 12, and the latter by 24 to 5, and both questions are settled for two years, if not forever.

The Italian bark Nicolini, from Crete, France, reports having picked up on the 30th of January, in latitude 15° 40′ north, longitude 52° 57′ west, six men in charge of the chief officer of the British bark Caribou. She was bound from Brazil for Ghent with a cargo of phosphate of lime, and abandoned Jan. 21 in a sinking condition. The captain and six men who left the ship in the lifeboat have not been heard from.

An explosion of natural gas occurred in the house of William Kuntz, at Martin's Ferry, O., Wednesday night, by which nine persons were terribly burned, two of them fatally.

The south-bound limited express, which left Chicago at 4 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, was derailed at Medina, Tenn. Three passengers, the baggage man, and a newsboy were injured.

Between 30 and 40 human skeletons have been exhumed by the workmen engaged in excavating for the foundation of the new Methodist chapel at the corner of 42d st. and Berkeley av., Chicago. These relics were taken in charge by the police. It is believed that the bones are those of a tribe of Indians who were exterminated by the whites and buried where they fell.

Three masked men entered the store of H. B. Utter at 709 Miami st., Kansas City, Kan., Tuesday night with drawn revolvers and drove three customers into a corner, and then made Mr. Utter open the safe and hand over his cash. The robbers secured $75 and escaped.

A directors' meeting of the American Loan and Trust Company of New York was held Friday afternoon, and it was announced subsequently that the outlook for the resumption of business by the suspended company is good.

The superintendent of the census has prepared a bulletin giving the centre of population of the United States as at a point in southern Indiana a little west of south of Greensburg, the county seat of Decatur county, and 20 miles east of Columbus.

Shebuya Jugiro of New York, the Japanese murderer, has failed in his appeal to the United States Supreme Court to escape the penalty of execution by electricity. The court has denied the writ of habeas corpus applied for by Lawyer Roger M Sherman.

Isadore Meyer, a drummer for Foster, Hillson & Co. of New York, entered and took a seat in the Pullman car of the Iron Mountain train at Bald Knob station, Ark., when a man who sat eating lunch suddenly drew a pistol and shot Meyer dead. Conductor E. W. Leach of St. Louis, who was on the platform, pulled the bell to stop the train and was in turn killed. All the other passengers rushed from the car. The murderer was arrested later, and proved to be an insane man named John W. Greator, from Vincennes, Ind.

Capt. Francis L. Norton, who, with his wife and niece, Miss Annie Richerby, and seven others, left New York on the 24th day of last November in his patented air-chambered lifeboat Norton for Europe, is given up for lost, and all with him. It is now 85 days since he sailed, and nothing has been heard of the little craft. Capt. Norton was the president of the Norton Naval & Shipbuilding Company, doing business at 18 Broadway. At the office it was said Tuesday that unless he and his companions had been picked up by some sailing vessel bound for Australia, nothing more would be heard of them.

The Colonel's Resolution.

[New York Weekly.]

Col. Kaintuck—I want you to make me a wine glass of a peculiar pattern. It must be shaped like an hour glass, only I want it closed in the middle and open at both ends.

Manufacturer—All right, sir. Any hurry for it?

Col. Kaintuck—I must have it by next Thursday. I am going to a banquet on that day, and I resolved last New Year's that hereafter when the wine came round to turn my glass down.

Why We Don't Listen When They Tell It.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

To let them tell it, men's failures are due to circumstances beyond human control, their successes to native ability.

Discreditable Credit.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Don—I am obliged to give Watson credit for one thing.

More—What is that?

Don—For his not paying his bills.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Battle Between the Egyptian Troops and the Arabs.

Notes of the Irish Faction Fight—An Eloquent Lord Mayor.

Parliamentary Practices—Notes From All Quarters.

AFAFITE, Egypt, Feb. 21, via Suakim, Feb. 21.—A severe engagement was fought at Tokar on Feb. 19 between the Egyptian troops, who recently left El Teb, and Osman Digna's forces. Nearly 1000 lives were lost in the battle which followed the appearance of the Egyptians at Tokar. The Egyptians made their advance from Afafite during the early dawn of the morning of Thursday last. The contest was a severe one. The Egyptians, commanded by British officers, fought with the most determined bravery. For over an hour a desperate hand-to-hand conflict occurred.

Finally the Egyptian cavalry made a brilliant charge upon the Dervishes, who retired in disorder, suffering a crushing defeat. The Dervishes numbered at least 2000 fighting men. Nearly every emir of importance who was present at the battle fell upon the field. Osman Digna did not take part in the fight, but watched its progress from a point of vantage near Afafite. After seeing that his faithful followers had suffered a disastrous defeat, Osman Digna, accompanied by about 30 horsemen, fled toward Temrin.

The losses on the part of the Egyptians are Capt. Barrow and 12 men killed, and Capt. Leech and four Egyptian officers and 42 men wounded.

THE IRISH STRUGGLE.

Points from All the Factions—A Very Pretty Quarrel.

The complications of the Irish Home Rule party seem to increase rather than lessen as time goes on. The distribution of the funds which have been collected in times past and held in reserve has occasioned fresh bickerings, so that there are now, in certain senses, three instead of two inharmonious, if not hostile, factions.

The depopulation of New Tipperary, founded by Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, and settled by tenants from the Smith and Barry estates, who decided to withhold their rents in accordance with the plan of campaign, is proceeding rapidly. Eleven or more tenants now having decided that the plan of campaign is a delusion and a snare, have in consequence made peace with their old landlord, paying their arrears to his agent.

Considerable mystery surrounds Mr. Parnell's proposed visit to America. That he has concluded to go appears to have been decided. Many communications have passed between the Parnellites here and those of the leaders in the United States who favor his cause, and all arrangements for an enthusiastic reception have been made. The only thing left to be done is to fix the date. This cannot be done yet, as the time of Mr. Parnell's departure will depend altogether upon the exigencies of the campaign in Ireland.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien have been removed from Clonmel to the ancient town of Galway, where the jail is more commodious.

It is believed that William O'Brien is strongly opposed to the policy of the Irish bishops in their treatment of Mr. Parnell. It is expected that the first act of the late editor of United Ireland, on leaving prison, will be to make public a declaration condemning the bishops for interfering in a purely political feud in which they cannot properly have any concern.

The McCarthyite mission to America has been decided upon in consequence of a communication received from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, now in the United States, in which he stated it to be his belief that the great bulk of the Irish in that country were opposed to Parnell.

The bishop of Dromore has sent a letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he warns the faithful not to attend Mr. Parnell's meeting in Newry. He hopes that the poisoned atmosphere of the divorce court and the filthy, disgusting and scandalous details of the O'Shea case have not reached his diocese.

DUBLIN, Feb. 19.—Owing to the cessation of the allowances from the National League, the tenants who were evicted from Lord Clanricarde's estate at Portumna for taking part in the plan of campaign have settled separately with the landlord of the estate, and have been reinstated in their old places.

The Earl of Zetland, lord lieutenant of Ireland, is visiting the west coast of this country with the object of personally visiting the places where the inhabitants are suffering privations from lack of food, work or seed.

Shutting the French Out of Egypt.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—The Temps, in a violent article on the Egyptian question, finds additional evidences as to the vanishing of Egyptian autonomy in the Duke of Cambridge's reviewing the combined troops at Abassiyeh and in the advance of Tokar.

The Debats, in an equally savage utterance, congratulates England upon dealing with a servile khedive, but warns her that in throwing off the mask too imprudently she might as well declare a protectorate at once, adding, however, that such violations of pledges are dearer than a victory such as Tel-el-Kebir.

Off to the North Pole.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 19.—Dr. Nanzn, the distinguished Greenland explorer, proposes to start a new polar expedition the middle of June. He will endeavor to force his way through Behring Straits to the new Siberia group of islands in the Arctic ocean. There he hopes to find open water stretching far towards the north pole. The crew will be composed only of eight persons. The vessel will be provisioned for a five years' cruise, although he hopes to reach the pole within two years. The Danish government has contributed towards the expenses £2750 ($13,750). M. Gamel still leads. The same tents used upon former expeditions will be taken to enable the party to encamp on land or ice. In case the vessel should be disabled strong boats will be provided. Dr. Nanzn expects to find undiscovered land in the neighborhood of the pole.

Notes.

A resolution to disestablish the church in Wales was defeated in the British House of Commons on Friday by a vote of 235 to 203.

Mr. Morley's motion to censure the government for its Irish policy, especially the conduct of the Tipperary trials, was defeated on the 15th inst. by a vote of 320 to 245, thus showing the government stronger than ever.

The man Sadler, arrested on suspicion of being "Jack the Ripper," appears to be innocent.

The Paris Gaulois says that Prince Bismarck's memoirs will include a number of private letters showing how Turkey, Greece and England were duped in connection with the Dreibund.

George Thomas Keppel, sixth earl of Albemarle, died on Sunday. He was born in 1799, and was a general in the army. He served at Waterloo as ensign in the 14th Regiment.

It is rumored that Maj. Wissmann has been fighting the tribes near Kilima-Njaro, on the east African coast, the result being serious losses on both sides, and that the major is now returning to the coast.

The only sure thing about the situation in Chili, to be deduced from the directly opposite reports, is that the struggle will be a prolonged one. Chili is called the New England of the Pacific, so intelligent, thrifty and self-respecting are the people. But civil war is no flash in the pan with such a nation.

Lord Salisbury's reply to Mr. Blaine's despatch of last December on the Behring sea question has been forwarded to Washington, and will be forthwith presented to Mr. Blaine by Sir Julian Pauncefote.

The Political Correspondence publishes, under reserve, a rumor that the English and United States governments have agreed to submit the Behring sea question to the arbitration of King Humbert of Italy.

The workmen's council of Brussels has issued invitations to the socialistic societies throughout Europe and the United States to send delegates to the international congress, which is to be opened in that city on Aug. 8. The congress will sit for a week.

The Rome correspondent of the London Chronicle telegraphs that Bishop Freppel, the well-known clerical member of the French Chamber of Deputies, who came to the vatican to submit to the pope the objections to the attitude of the church toward the republic which Cardinal Lavigerie advocates, has started for home, having failed to induce his holiness to disavow the cardinal's policy.

The Paris Figaro publishes an interview with Cardinal Manning on the question of Socialism. The cardinal repeated his former opinions and added that he believed the matter required to be combated more on the continent than in England, whose people were of profoundly religious purity and whose sentiments were often higher than her acts, as shown in the case of Mr. Parnell.

The Spanish cabinet has discussed Secretary Blaine's proposed basis for a commercial treaty between the United States and Cuba. The Duke of Tetuan, minister of foreign affairs, urged the adoption of the treaty. The other ministers, however, notably the minister of finance, energetically opposed the treaty, which, they contended, would flood Cuba with American goods and would ruin the Spanish export of wheaten flour and other articles.

A despatch from Celbridge, county Kildare, says that nine valuable thoroughbred race horses and hunters at Sherwin's training stable at Celbridge have been poisoned by arsenic, which was placed among the oats given them for food. The animals were owned by the Duke of Leinster's steward, Capt. Thornton and other gentlemen of the neighborhood.

Despatches received from Rangoon state that 50 insurgents have been killed in a fight which took place on the frontier of Wuntha.

The Pall Mall Gazette today publishes, in parallel columns, a sermon which Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon preached in 1864 and an address delivered by Rt. Hon. Joseph Savory, lord mayor of London, last week at the Polytechnic Institute (Young Men's Christian Institute for apprentices, artisans, etc.) in Regent st.

In an address before the London Chamber of Commerce, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, president of the board of trade, said that he believed before another generation, strikes and lockouts would be regarded as barbarous as duels in settling disputes. Tribunals of conciliation, such as the chamber had initiated, were far more effective than government action.

Arrangements for the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland early in the coming summer are being pushed rapidly forward. The visit is to be made in response to pressing invitations by the Irish viceroy, Lord Zetland, and Chief Secretary Balfour.

The colliers at the Marquis of Londonderry's Silksworth pit have been on strike for three months. The marquis, seeing that there was no likelihood of the strikers coming to terms, evicted 600 who resided in colliers' cottages. The men at 12 neighboring collieries forthwith ceased work, and now several other mines are idle.

Hon. David Dudley Field, who seems to have studied the situation of Europe writes: "Europe is dancing on a powder magazine, but every government seems to be standing ready with a fire engine to put out the first lighted fuse that comes near." Lord Salisbury does not stand alone in believing that, as soon as Russia shall have completed her military reorganization, those fire engines will be exchanged for gun carriages.

A proposition made by Mr. Vincent, the leader of the "fair trade" movement in England, to form a national zollverein of the empire was withdrawn, after having been debated in the House of Commons on Wednesday.

One of the Great Eastern Railway Company's channel mail steamers came into collision Saturday morning with the steamship Queen of the North Sea. The latter sank soon after the collision. Seven of the crew of the Queen of the North Sea were drowned.

SOME NEW MILLINERY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—As we walk the avenue and Broadway, where novelty seekers most do congregate, it is to find the florists' windows quite eclipsed—out-blossomed, if one may use the phrase—by the display at the fashionable milliners.

For, early as it is, the models of the spring millinery are nevertheless already on hand, to be studied and admired and to make womankind collectively yearn for the balmy days to come, when she may cast aside felt and feathers of the present and shine forth a radiant butterfly in straw and lace and flowers galore, a personification, at least as far as the bonnet goes, of spring itself.

From the indications of these first samples it is evident that the succeeding season will be one of flowers. This is not surprising, for no more appropriate trimming can be found and the flowers are such perfect imitations of nature that it is impossible to accord them too much praise.

The most spring-like of these artificial blossoms are the ever-charming violets, the graceful lilac sprays, and those hardy spring heralds the crocus and daffodil. And they will all be used in profusion, and in combination with lace and fancy straw braids. The following artistic sketches are from the large millinery department of Redfern's New York establishment.

Brocade and Straw.

The charming demoiselle whose fan forms a background for a pretty head, wears a dress bonnet of gold tinsel ribbon brocaded with silver, and wreathed with a chaplet of shaded green leaves and finished with clusters of forget-me-nots. Below this is a girl's hat of fine English straw, straight brimmed and with a low square crown. Brown ribbons and a cluster of daffodils form the garniture.

Snowballs and Plumes.

In this other sketch our artiste has quite distinguished himself. The large hat at the top is trimmed with snowballs and is in piquant contrast to the tiny toque beneath, which has a brim of velvet and a crown of passementerie. Shaded blue plumes and darker velvet adorn the last one.

REDFERN.

Generally Others do the Cursing.

[Life.]

Job was probably the most precocious child on record. He cursed the day that he was born.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Colored Barbers Who Work on Commission.

Adventures of an Editor Who Published a Paper in Kentucky.

Hon. Arthur P. Gorman and His Opinion of the Mugwumps.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—I went into the biggest barber shop in Washington the other day, and half a dozen barbers began to scream at me; and one fellow, who had shaved me the day before, supposed of course that I was going to sit in his chair. He was on the dark side of the room, however, and as I wanted my hair cut I preferred to sit near the entrance, whereupon this fellow was heard to say in an audible voice:

"Yes, de next time you want to git shaved I won't see you."

An insolent remark like this from a fellow who had not shaved me perhaps twice led me to say to the respectable gray-bearded colored man to whom I submitted myself:

"Do they pay wages in this shop or commissions?"

"Da pay commissions."

"Well, it is a bad system," said I, "if it leads to such ruffianism as besets a stranger coming in, everybody calling out to him to have this chair or that chair, and the proprietor being as dumb as an oyster."

The proprietor was a white man.

"Ah," said the old colored man, "de commission system, sir, is necessary. Without it two or three men would have to do de whole work of dis shop, as it is pretty hard to get some of dem to work for a commission. I was in California, and we had a barber in de bosses' shop who got $21 a week; some of de gentlemen preferred him. Well, sir, he never earned his wages; he would fuss over a man's hair an hour or two. De barbers generally got $17 a week. De proprietors find dat de commission system is de only one dat makes everybody work."

Never Had Done a Stroke.

I was speaking to a military man in Washington, who said to me: "You know the widow of Gen. Flamflam? She gave him trouble enough and got him into trouble enough. So I need not mention that. Well, I went to see her the other day, and she at once beset me with that affectation of great rank and leisure in the past which these Southern women play on you if you have time enough. She said that she had never done a stroke of work in her life, that she did not know how to make a fire, that she had no servants and that she was in despair. I listened half an hour to all that and thought to myself: 'How much of a man's life depends upon his companion. One energetic, self-helping woman is worth a thousand female reminiscences.'"

Kentucky Adventures.

Talking to Mr. Lampton, a remarkably fine-looking fellow, he described his reminiscences in Kentucky. Said he: "My father came from Ohio, but he established iron works in Kentucky. I was in an iron store in St. Louis, keeping books, when it occurred to me that I had mistaken my vocation and ought to edit a newspaper. So I went to Huntington and edited the paper which my father gave me, and got quite a reputation with the Kentucky country papers, but the end of it was I borrowed $50 to leave the town.

"I was full of glory, but lean on cash. I went up the Big Sandy river by steamboat as far as the steamer went to get subscriptions. My paper was Republican, but there was no other paper in the county. The steamer would travel sometimes 12 miles a day, and the little cabin was about as big as a kitchen, but there all night the Kentucky fellows would take off their shoes and dance on a piece of zinc where the stove had been. I went on deck and lay under a lifeboat, and was the only man who slept. The steamer was good for 12 passengers, and she had 30. The Big Sandy river, you can hardly see where it enters the Ohio, and yet it is a long, navigable stream, with a deep current, running away up into the Kentucky mountains. I stopped in one town, and a fellow took a shine to me, and said that he would get me some subscribers. I got five subscribers there; not a paper was published in the county. The jail was made of sharpened logs, and I was told that it cost $6500, and so I asked the old merchant who made the $5500, for I thought that $1000 would cover the whole cost. He smiled, and after I left the town I learned that he was the builder, and that that was just the figure he made.

"That man sold out of the county nearly $100,000 worth of ginsang, which they call there sang. It goes to China. Farther up the mountain the Singer Sewing Machine Company was paying $9 per black walnut tree for machine tops, and this old fellow was doing well at that business. The Big Sandy people, nevertheless, are worldly people compared to the mountaineers, who are found to the southward or away from the river. You go 100 miles or more from the farthest landings in the Big Sandy, and you come to the Kentucky mountain region. There the people are stunted; the men are of no account, and never will be of any account. Instead of being tall, strong fellows, they are weazened, worthless men, whilst the women, who have spiritless faces, do the best they can; but how they get along with such a God-forsaken set of men as those the Lord knows.

"I inquired where such men came from, and they told me that when Daniel Boone went from North Carolina and Kentucky through Cumberland gap, he had in his following a lot of lazy fellows who would walk no farther, though he told them that the blue grass region was the place to settle, and that it was not so far ahead. These vagrant fellows stopped and begot what I saw. After I came to Washington I concluded to go back and see the remainder of that country, so I went to Morrisville, Tenn., with a friend, and hired a wagon for $10 to take me 42 miles into Cumberland Gap. You know that a railroad has been built right to the Gap. It is a delightful ride. The first night we stopped at a place where the food was so bad that no one could tell what it was; whether it was veal, beef, pork, goat or bark; but when we got up into the Gap we came to a nice-looking house, and the young son of the owner talked to me and took a liking to me, and we went in there and had the nicest food you can think of, 25 cents a meal and 25 cents for lodging, or $1 a day. I thought I would like to stay there the rest of my life."

Arthur P. Gorman.

Mr. Gorman of Maryland, who is somewhat talked about for the presidency, was at the Gridiron Club dinner, recently, and observed: "Our mugwump friends make it appear that their opposition to me is on principle. On the contrary, they came to me to have a man kept in office. The editor of the New York Times, not Jones, but his representative, came personally to me to have me support Mr. Pearson during Cleveland's term for the postmastership of New York city. I said that I would not do so. I told him that I would favor the admission to the cabinet of Mr. Cleveland of any representative person of the mugwump feeling whom they might select and propose; that I thought they were entitled to that degree of recognition, and having an officer in the cabinet their further wishes could be known through him. But I said that Mr. Pearson had not favored Mr. Cleveland's election; that his office was a very large one, and that it was filled with Republican party workers, and that my notions of politics would not allow me to make a diversion of that kind. The next morning the New York Times attacked me, as I might have supposed. I consider the attack, however, to have come from the same motive which they deride, namely, the desire to have somebody of their own in office.

Mr. Gorman is a compact, healthy looking man, who might pass for a young Methodist bishop, and but for the Romanish form of his large nose would suggest Aaron Burr, whose nose was concave. Mr. Gorman is demure, his hair carefully, sleekly brushed, his clothes are well fitting, his address smiling and bland. If he were president I have no doubt that he would be referred to as a very handsome, dignified specimen of Anglo-Saxon presidents. He is 52 years old, and his father was of Protestant Irish stock, whilst his mother's family were of old English antecedents, and I think connections of the Browns, who were ancestors of Mr. Scott of Erie.

In lower Maryland, toward the mouth of the Potomac, once existed magnificent estates for that day, called plantations, and several noted physicians lived there, among others that Dr. Brown who attended Gen. Washington in his last illness. I think that these Browns have their blood in Arthur P. Gorman. A good many prominent men have come from around Washington city, such as Gorman, whose father was employed about the Capitol, and the son was a page in the Senate where he now sits as a senator. As late as 1866, when the Republicans were in full power, he was postmaster of the Senate.

About that time, however, the loyal element in Maryland divided into two parts, one led by Swan, and the other by Davis and Bond. Gorman made up his mind, after Andrew Johnson made him collector of internal revenue for a district of Maryland, to follow the business of politics in that State, and he soon gained control by his application and method and natural adaptability for politics, reorganized the State, much to the discomfiture of the old aristocratic Pinckney element, and he is its main controller now, though John Cowan has given him direct and bold battle in Baltimore.

The pro-slavery tendencies of the bay counties of Maryland, however, make it comparatively easy for Gorman to win, but he has apprehensions from the incursions of Northern people to Washington, who are settling the back country, and who have very little patience with old-time thoughts, though they be represented by new-time bosses. Like Gorman, David Broderick was the son of a stone-cutter around the Capitol at Washington. Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, was a druggist's clerk in Washington city.

Many of the Marylanders back of Washington have by quiet advances made large fortunes here. There died here last week an old gentleman named Beall, who left a very large fortune made in the grocery business; he and others, like the Riggses, bankers, came from Montgomery county, Maryland, where an old Scotch colony was planted after the Pretender had been beaten by persons who left their country for their country's good.

These Scotch retained the instinct for trade, and they extended along the Potomac from the Sugar Loaf mountain almost to the bay, and especially out toward Annapolis.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

LARGEST THAT FLOATS.

Palatial Quarters of the New Maine Sailing Ship That May Set Some of the Old-Time Sea-Captains to Thinking.

PROUDER than the finest old-time clipper that ever won sea glory for the stars and stripes the giant Yankee ship Shenandoah sailed out on her maiden voyage to San Francisco. Excepting a five-masted leviathan flying the French flag, she is the biggest sailing craft afloat. While she was here her colossal proportions did not excite more admiration for her than her handsome interior. Gray-bearded skippers, who looked into her cabins and clinked glasses with her veteran commander, Capt. James Murphy, said she was fit for a prince to go to sea in.

There was nothing mean about the interiors of the fleet clippers of 30 years ago, but they would appear cramped and cheerless contrasted with the spacious and bright cabins of the Shenandoah. That peerless racer, the Dreadnaught, which crossed the ocean in less than 10 days, was only about a third as large as the Shenandoah. The necessary small cabins of the old ships were, in some instances, finished in hard wood, but usually were devoid of ornamentation. The decorator had little to do with them, but he was on hand when the Shenandoah was constructed. Capt. Murphy has been sailing around the Horn for 27 years, but never in such style as he is going in now.

ALCOVE IN THE CABIN.

The dimensions of the cabin of the big ship are 54 by 28 feet. The coach house guarding its forward entrance is finished in oak, and has windows commanding a view of nearly all the horizon. The companionway from the coach house to a sort of vestibule just forward of the dining-room ends in elaborately carved newel posts, capped by dolphins with their tails twined about standards.

The dining-room, if on a transatlantic steamship, would be euphemistically termed a saloon. It is finished in quartered oak, and has a large oaken table at which 30 persons may sit. The reader may get a pretty clear conception of the dining-room from the accompanying picture.

On the starboard side of the dining-room, forward, is the pantry, which is also finished in oak, and fills the colored steward, T. G. Northey, with admiration next to ecstacy. There are two cosy staterooms opening from the port side of the dining-room that could not fail to please the most fastidious voyager. The two entrances from the dining-room to the cabin are doorless, and are draped with rich portieres. On either side of the cabin is an alcove in which is a finely upholstered lounge. The floor is oiled and furnished with Turkish rugs. The centre of the forward end of the cabin is adorned with a prettily carved cabinet, above which is a large oblong mirror. The captain's bedroom, a picture of a part of which is herewith presented, is more spacious than any that ever the skipper of a sailing vessel slept

CABINET AND MIRROR IN THE CABIN.

in before. It is 14 feet wide and 16 feet long, and contains, besides the articles appearing in the illustration, a sofa, a library and an antique writing desk. The massive bedstead is, as may be observed, also a chest of drawers. Like all the other furniture of the cabin, it is of oak. There are two spare rooms opening off the cabin, 12 by 15 feet, carpeted with brussels, and containing beds and sofas. The ship can comfortably accommodate 20 cabin passengers. She carried only four on the voyage she began last Monday. They are Messrs. Tefft, Mull, Morris and Royden, all young men of this city.

THE CAPTAIN'S BEDROOM.

The Shenandoah carries 5000 tons of cargo, a larger quantity than which has seldom gone from this port, even on the biggest freight steamships. Her officers are: First Mate Frank Mason, Second Mate Weber and Third Mate Martin, all of Maine. She spreads, when the wind is astern, 11,000 yards of canvas. Her three forward lower masts are 90 feet long and 38 inches in diameter. The topmasts are 56 feet long, and the topgallants 68 feet long, making a total height to the truck from the deck of 217 feet. Her lower main yard is 93 feet long, and 22 inches in diameter in the centre. When the studding-sail booms are attached to the yard the entire length of boom will be 186 feet, or about the length of a clipper ship of the past.

The record to San Francisco is 90 days, and was made by the Flying Cloud. Capt. Murphy's friends, when they bade him goodby last Monday, hoped he would beat the record.

COACHMAN'S SUIT COSTS $75.

For Style He Throws the Wealthiest Master in the Shade.

An important item, this of coachmen's liveries, says the World. They are not only a subject of much thought in selection, but they run into a tidy sum in the year's total of stable expenses.

A suit costs $75, and overcoat—perfectly plain—as much more; robes come high; $30 may be paid for top boots. The special coachman's hat, with an extra curl brim made by a fashionable hatter, $7; gloves, $4; bearskin capes, $50, and with buckskin underjackets besides it is less a matter of wonder how they manage to keep warm on cold days.

His showy and withal becoming accoutrements makes the coachman an imposing figure indeed beside his more sombre-garbed and decidedly less expensively apparelled master, who sits back upon the cushions inside and views with pride the well-appointed driver in front of him.

High-Priced Fun for the Sick.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt pays me a regular salary, says Marshall Wilder, to go around to hospitals and asylums and newsboys' homes and entertain the inmates. The world little knows all the good work done by that noble man, who spends a million every year in charity.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, Feb. 23.

BUTTER—The receipts of butter have been even lighter than last week, and, there being a good demand, choice stock commands full prices. The low grades are also in good request at higher prices.

Northern creamery, extra, 27@28; Western creamery, extra, 27@28; do, extra 1st, 24@25; do, 1st, 21@23; Franklin Co. (Mass.) creamery, extra, box, 27@28; do, extra dairy, ..@25; Vermont extra dairy 24@25; do, extra New York, 23@24; New York and Vermont extra 1st, 20@22; do, 1st, 17@19; Western dairy, 1st, 16@18; do, extra 1st, 12@15; Western imitation creamery, 22@23; do, ladle-packed extra 1st, 19@21; do, 1st, 14@17; trunk butter, ¼ or ½ lb. prints, extra, 26@27; extra 1st, 22@24c ℔ lb.

OLEOMARGARINE—No. 4—10, 13c; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12½c.

Fort Washington—10, 14c; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Prints, 13½c.

CHEESE—There is a fair demand for cheese at firm prices, although the receipts were heavier than the previous week.

We quote: New York extra, 10¾ @ 11c ℔ lb; do, 1st, 9½@10½; do, 2ds, 7@9; Vermont extra, 10½@10¾; do, 1st, 9½@10½; do, 2ds, 7@9; sage, 11@11½; part skims, 6@8; skims, 3@5; Ohio flat, extra, .. @10; do 1st, 8@9.

Liverpool quotations, white, new, 53s.

EGGS—The demand for eggs continues quiet and prices have declined somewhat on account of the increased receipts.

We quote: Near-by and cape, f'cy, ..@17c ℔ doz; Eastern extra, 16½@17; do, 1st, ..@16; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 16½@17; Michigan extras, 16½@17; Western 1st, 16@16½; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 1st, ..@..; P. E. Island 1st, ..@..; Southern 1st, ..@16; Held stock, nomn'l; Limed, nomn'l.

BEANS—The demand is steady and quiet for beans and the market is well supplied. Prices are unchanged and easy.

We quote the current prices as follows: Choice Northern, hand picked, $2.60 @ 2.75 per bushel; New York, small, hand picked, $2.40@2.45; do, marrow, $2.30@2.35; do, screened, $2.00@2.20; do, 2ds, $1.60@1.85; medium choice hand picked, $2.25@2.30; do, screened, $2.00@2.20; yellow eyes, extra, $3.00@3.25; do, 2ds, $2.00 @2.75; red kidneys, $3.10@3.30. Foreign Beans—Pea, $2.15@2.25; Mediums, $1.90@2.10.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—There is a fair demand for Apples at steady prices. Dried apple is also steady and unchanged. Cranberries are selling in a small way at $12 per barrel. We quote: Apples, King, choice, $5.00@5.50 per bbl; No. 1, Maine, Baldwins, $4.50@5.00 ℔ bbl; No 1. N. H. & Mass., $4.25@4.75; No. 1. Maine Greenings, $4.50@5.00; No 1. N. H. & Mass., $4.00@4.50 ℔ bbl; common, $2.00@2.50.

Evaporated apple, fancy, 15@16c; fair to good, 12@14; sun-dried, sliced and quartered, 8@10c.

Cranberries, $....@ 12.00 ℔ bbl; do, fancy, $11.00@12.00 ℔ bbl.

Grapes—Catawbas, 30@33c per 10 lbs; 17@18c per 5-lb. basket.

VEGETABLES—The demand for potatoes continues moderate and prices are firm as the supply is rather light. Sweets are dull. Kale and Spinach are in good request. Onions are dull and receipts have fallen off considerably since last report. The market is well supplied with turnips and prices are steady. We quote:

Potatoes—Hebron, $2.75@2.87 per bbl; Rose, $3.00 per bbl.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey, extra, $2.00@2.25.

Cabbage, $1.00@1.12 per bbl.

Kale, Norfolk, per bbl., 75c@$1.00.

Spinach, Norfolk, per bbl., $1.50@2.00.

Native onions, $4.50 per bbl; Ohio, yellow, $4.00 per bbl.

Squash, Hubbard, $30@35 per ton.

Turnips—White Cape, per bbl., $1.25@1.50; St. Andrews, $1.00@1.10; Canadian, 75c@$1.00.

HAY AND STRAW—Stocks of hay continue to accumulate and prices are in favor of the buyer. We quote:

Fancy hay, $13.00@14.00 per ton; do, fair to good, $12.00@12.50; ordinary, $10.00@11.00; hay and clover, mixed, $10.00@11.00; swale, $9.00; poor to ordinary, $8.00@12.00.

Rye straw, $17.50 @18.00 per ton; oat straw, $9.00 per ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE—We quote: Java pa'gs, pale, 24¾@..; do, medium brown, 25½c; do do, fancy brown, 25¾@..c; do, Timor, 23½@..c; do, Buitenzorg, .. @ ..c; do, Malang, ...@....c; do, Tagals, 26¼@27¼c; do, Ankola, 23 @ ....c; do Holland bags, 23c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 26¾ @ 28c; Mocha, 24½@25c; Rios prime, 20c; do fair, 20c; do, ordinary, 18½c; low ordinary, 17⅝c; Maracaibo, 21½@22½c; do ordinary, 20½@21c; Bucramanger, 21¾@22¾c; Caracas, 20½@23c; Languayra, ...@20c; Costa Rica, 20½@22¾c; Jamaica, 18½@20c; Guatemala, 21½@23¼c; Mexican, 21½@22½c; Hayti, 18½@19c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 20@25; Eleme, 6½; Valencia, new, 7⅝@7¾; do, Ondara, 8@8½. Currants, $5.00@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 17@22. Dates—Persian, new, 5@5½; do, fard, new, .@8. Figs—Layers, 12@25; do, keg, 8@10. Prunes, French, case, 10@15; do, Turk, new, 7@8c; do bag, 5 @ 6c. Lemons—Palermo, $2.50@4.50; Messina, $2.50@4.50. Oranges—Jamaica bxs, $2.50@3.00; Sicily, $2 00 @ 3.00; Florida, $2.50@5.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do, Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50; 8 hands, $1.10; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 16@17c; Castinas, 12½@@13c; Pecans, 10@15c; Filberts, 10@12c; Almonds, 15@16c; Peanuts, hand-picked, 6@6½c; do, Fms, 5½@6c.

REFINED SUGAR—We quote: Cut-loaf, 7⅛c; crushed, 7⅛c; pulverized, 7⅛c; cubes, 6¾c; powdered, 6¾c; granulated, 6½@6 9-16c; Confectioners' Standard A, 6⅜c; Extra C, 5¾ @ 6c; Yellow, ...@5⅜c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—Following are the current prices for car-load lots of flour:

Fine flour, $2.65@2.90; Superfine, $2.90@3.65; Common extras, $4.95@5.05; Choice extras, $4.05@4.30; Minnesota bakers, $4.35@4.75; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $4.85@5.10; New York, do, $4.85@5.10; Ohio and Indiana, $4.80@5.10; do, do, straight, $5.10@5.25; do, do, patent, $5.50@5.60; St. Louis and Illinois clear, $4.80@5.10; do, straight, $5.10@5.25; do, do, patent, $5.50@5.60; Spring wheat patents, $5.50@5.75 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 67½@..c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 67¼c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 65c ℔ bush; ordinary, ..@63c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 58 @ ..c ℔ bush; standard, do, 57½c; No. 2, white, 56½c ℔ bush; No. 3, do, 55½c ℔ bush; rejected white, ..@..c; No 2, mixed, 55½c.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra bloater mess, $33.00@34.00; No. 1, do, $30.00@31.00; No. 1 shore, $24.00@25.00; No. 1 Bay, $22.00@23.00; No. 2 Bay, $....@21.00; No. 3, large, $17.00@17.50; No. 3, small, $12.00@12.50; No. 3, medium, $14.50@15.00; No. 2, large, $21.00@22.00; No. 1 large, $23.00@24.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $6.00@6.50; do, do, medium, $5.50@5.75; Pickled Bank, $5.25@5.75; Georges, $6.00@6.25; Shore, $....@6.00; Hake, $2.75@3.00; Haddock, $3.25@3.50; Pollock, pickl'd $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.50; Boneless Hake, 4½@5c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4¾@5c; Boneless Cod, 7@8c.

Herring—Nova Scotia Splits, large, 7.00@7.50; do, medium, $4.75@5.00; Labrador, $6.50@7; Round Shore, large, $4.50@4.75; domestic Alewives, $3.00@4.00.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, .@8½c; New England steers, green, 5¾@6; do, cow, ..@4c; do, do, bulls, .@3½; Salted steers, 7½ @ 8; do, cows, 6@6¼; bulls, 5½. Calfskins—deacons, 25@35c; 5@7 lbs, ..@80; 7@9 lbs, ..@85; 9@12 lbs, ..c @ $1.00; 12@18 lbs, $1.10 @1.15; Texas, dry-salted, 7½@8; Tex flint rough, 9½@10; Texas kips, 10@..; Buenos Ayres hides, 18; Rio Grande, ...@11; Montevideo, 13 @ ..; Cordova, 13½@..; Rio Grande kips, .@12; Sierra Leone, 12½@13; Bissao&Gambia, 9; Zanzibar hides, 9@8½; Tamative, 8@ ..; Majungas, 7 @ 7¼; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SALT—Quotations: Liverpool, in bond, ℔ hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1 55; Bostonian, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½; Trapani, in bond, $2.00; Turks Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato starch at 4½@4⅝c; Corn, 3c; Wheat, 5@6c.

SEEDS—Quotations: Clover, West, 7½@9 ℔ lb; do, North, .. @ ..; do, white, 18@20; do, Alsike, 18@20; do, Lucerne, ..@17; Redtop, West, ℔ sack, $2.00@2.30; do, Jersey, $2.40@2.45; Rhode Island Bent, ℔ bush, $1.90@2.00; Hungarian, ..@..; Golden Millet, ..@..; Common Millet, ..@..; Orchard, $1.90@2.25; Blue Grass, $3.00@3.50; Timothy, West, $1.45@1.50; do, North, $1.85@2.00; American Flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4¾@5; Country, 4½@4¾; Bone, .@4¼; house grease, 3¾@4; grease, tanners, 2¼@2¾; do, chip, 2½@2¾; do, naphtha, 1½@2; do, hard, 2@5.

TOBACCO—We quote: Havana wrappers, $5.00@7.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 80@95c; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 70@85; fair, 60@75; Kentucky lugs, 3½@5c; do, leaf, 6½@10½c; Havana s'd wr's, 40@60; do, 2ds, 20@35; do, binders, 12@18; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 8@10; do, binders, 12@17; do, 2ds, 18@25; do, fair wrappers, 25@30; do, fine wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, $2.00@3.25.

WOOL—The receipts of wool the past week were 6838 bales domestic and 3946 bales foreign, against 7787 bales domestic and 3048 bales foreign last week, and 4814 bales domestic and 364 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1890.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week past:

Cattle, 3614; sheep and lambs, 5544; swine, 38,301; veals, 771; horses, 1194.

Western cattle, 2952; Eastern, 662.

Western sheep and lambs, 4607; Eastern, 937; Northern, ...

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides..6	@6½	Sheepskins ..	50@$1.00
Brighton tall'w.2½	@3½	Lambskins..	75@$1.40
Country hides..	4@5½	Dairyskins...	25@40c
Country tall'w..2	@.	Calfskins ...$	6@8

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

[Wide Awake.]

She is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow—
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsive;
Now advancing and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all the arts,
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow—all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out!
She can lure and catch and play you
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty;
Who have grown so bold and wise;
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love looks in your eyes;
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall;
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

LITTLE MISS DOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY GLOBE

BY LILLIAN M. LESLIE.

"Miss Dorothy! Miss Dorothy!"

Sharply, shrilly, the voice pierced the still, warm air. It was plainly evident that the tall, middle-aged woman who called was very angry at not receiving an answer, for she snatched up a large sun hat and with long, rapid strides strode down the broad driveway.

At the gate she paused, and with uplifted hand shielding her face from the hot, glaring sun, she eagerly scanned the acres of green lawn that stretched before her.

"Miss Dor-o-thy!"

"Yes, yes! I'm coming. Wait a minute, please," and, with swift, flying footsteps, a young girl came bounding across the lawn. A noble hound and a skye terrier followed, leaping on her at every step she took.

"Down, Ponto! Fritz, you bad dog! See what you have done to my dress," and she looked rather ruefully at the large rent in the white muslin—white once, but now torn and bedraggled with mud.

"Well, I never?" and the elder woman held up both hands in amazement. "Never saw such a sight! Is that it?" It was a sweet, laughing voice that asked the question. But the warm, flushed face was more so—round and piquant, sparkling with life and animation. Her head was uncovered, but the short, brown hair clustered about it in soft, loving tendrils.

"I have been romping with the dogs, Mrs. Grey. It was warm work, though, and I do wish I had a fan. Oh, may I have your hat?" and, merrily laughing, the tempestuous girl ruthlessly snatched the hat from the astonished woman.

"Well, I never!"

At this second amazed ejaculation the dimpling sprite threw back her head, sending out peal after peal of clear, irresistible laughter.

"There, Mrs. Grey, I feel more comfortable," and she placed the hat back carefully. "Thanks—but oh, I forgot; you called me. For what am I wanted, please?"

"Mr. Wellman wishes to see you, but you can't go to him with your dress in that condition."

"Guardy!" and the hot, vivid color rushed o'er cheek and brow, "but I cannot help it if I do look so—so wild. He knows that I never look and act like other girls. Down, Ponto! Fritz, come on!" and without stopping, she bounded up the massive stone steps, both dogs following; a pretty picture of innocent girlish grace and abandon. With a quick, impetuous movement she threw open the study door, glancing half doubtfully and a trifle timidly at the figure reclining in the large easy chair.

"Ah, little Miss Dot, you have returned. Been romping as usual. Now, confess," and an amused, playful smile curved Earle Wellman's lips.

"You are right, Guardy. Look!" and she held out the torn gown.

"Oh, Dot!" laughing softly, "what a wild-flower you are! I heard Mrs. Grey call you 'Miss Dorothy,' and as I saw you tearing across the lawn, the dogs at your heels, I could not help smiling. Such a grand name for a little hoiden, brimful of life and mischief. Miss Dorothy, indeed! Nothing but 'Little Miss Dot' will suit you. It is short, just like—"

"Stop!" and a tiny foot came down angrily. "I know I'm short, but you need not tell me, and as for my name, what's in a name, anyway?" and she tossed back one awry curl in angry impatience.

"A great deal, Miss Dot," and Dot Baker looked up in surprise, wondering at the cold hauteur she saw pictured in the strong, manly face bending over her—a face that could be chillingly cold or irresistibly winning.

"Little Dot, see what I have here!" and his face softened visibly, as he stepped to the sofa and threw back a white coverlid, revealing the sweet, dimpled face of a sleeping child.

With a low cry of delight, Dot fell on her knees before it.

"Where did she come from, Guardy?" and Dot hid her face in the mass of soft flannel.

"I do not know, Dot. I found this basket in the hall. In it was this child, quietly sleeping, as she is now. And not a word of explanation. I cannot understand. Can you lift this veil of mystery the least bit, Miss Dot?"

"I! How I?"

"Well, then, what are we going to do?"

"Do?" She lifted her head, vague alarm and distress in her face. Then she sprang up, clasping the sleeping child to her.

"Let me keep the child, Guardy. You could not send the poor innocent away, could you?" and she gazed at him pleadingly.

"Miss Dot, you surprise me. Why are you so interested in the little stranger?"

"Stranger!" Then, as if recollecting herself, she bent and kissed the little face, thus hiding the deep color that had suffused her own.

"I am interested because I love little ones; and see, she is awake." And she held up the baby girl to his view. "Isn't she pretty?" And the tender-hearted, impulsive girl covered the little face with warm, loving carsses.

"Oh, Guardy, say that I may keep her. I have always loved her. I—"

"What!"

"I—I mean I have always loved children. Now please don't look so cross."

It was true that Earle Wellman did look thoroughly angry—bewildered.

"Dorothy Baker!" laying one hand heavily on her shoulder, "Do you know anything about this child?"

"Yes," throwing him a look of mingled fear and defiance; "I know that I love her."

"Love her! You love everything and every one."

"Do I?"

"Yes, with one exception, Miss Dot. But that is not answering my question directly. What do you know about this stranger?"

"I said I knew that I loved her.

"Oh, Miss Dot, why can you not be sensible one moment?" and an amused smile chased away the look of anxious inquiry. "Why won't you think of how I am placed, with a baby—a mere infant, on my hands, and—"

"She is a year old, Guardy."

"A year old! How do you know that, Miss Dot?"

"I—oh well, I should judge so. Wouldn't you?"

She looked so innocently demure that it was with difficulty that her questioner refrained from smiling.

"Yes, I think you are right," and he looked more earnestly at the baby face, nestling so contentedly against Dot.

The eyes, a pretty blue, were wide open and gazing at him in pretty wonder. Involuntarily he held out his hands, at which the baby crowed in delight. Its little dress was neat and prettily made, and, evidently, careful, loving hands had robed the little one.

"Well, Miss Dot."

"Yes, Guardy."

"I am sorely puzzled. Let your woman's wit advise me."

"Woman's wit!" laughingly. "And you are always begging me to try to be sensible."

"Well, then, try to tell me where I can find a home for this child. If I cannot find some good, motherly soul to take it we shall have to send it into the city to the orphan asylum, where it will be cared for. Why, Dot! What is the trouble?" and he sprang forward in alarm.

With a face from which every particle of color had fled, eyes fastened on his in wild, dilated terror, clinging to the child as if fearful that it would be torn from her, she faced him.

"No! no!" Slowly the words fell from her blanched lips. "Don't do that, Guardy! It would be cruel, cruel! Baby was sent to you. Some one wants you to care for it; some one knew that you were pitiful and tender hearted. Don't, don't send her away."

"Some one! Do you know who that some one is?" he sternly demanded.

"Why, how should I know?" and she looked at him in blank astonishment. "Only some one must have thought so, or they would not have left her here. Don't you see? And," she timidly added, "it must be that God wished you to care for baby."

He smiled at her childish explanation.

"Miss Dot, what a queer girl you are. Will I ever understand your strange moods? All terror one moment, tearfully entreating the next, but always determined to have your own unruly way."

"And may I this time? May I keep baby?" she asked eagerly.

"Do you realize, child, what a strange predicament this places me in? What would our neighbors say if I adopted a baby?"

"Who cares what people say? I don't."

"No, I know you do not, but I do."

"Then I know what we can do, Guardy. You can tell Mrs. Grundy that Mrs. Grey, your housekeeper, has adopted a child. She will consent if I ask her. May I?"

Earle Wellman tugged viciously at his dark moustache, looking thoughtfully at the uplifted face.

"You know, Guardy, that I am so lonesome some times. Just think how this little one would amuse me. Do not refuse me, Guardy."

"No, I will not. Have your own way, little Miss Dot. That is, if Mrs. Grey will consent."

"Oh, she will. Now kiss your little protege," and Dot, laughingly held up the cooing baby. With deeper color, Earle Wellman bent his dark head and did as she bade him.

"That's right!" and, laughing merrily, the happy, triumphant girl fled from the room.

It was at college that Earle Wellman met Howard Baker. They were classmates, and soon became close friends. A long time had elapsed since the day they graduated, when Earle received a letter from Howard, written on his dying bed. In it he implored Earle to become guardian to his motherless 10-year-old girl. "She is rich in worldly goods," he wrote, "but without a home." Earle accepted the charge, and placed Dorothy Baker under his mother's loving care. This was eight years ago.

Dorothy, or little Miss Dot, as she was generally called, owing to her petite form and childish ways at 10, wilful, yet loving, a sparkling bit of fun and cheer, was changed but little at the age of 18. While Earle Wellman, still handsome at 39, had lost the frank, merry-hearted way that had once characterized him, and had grown coldly stern and repelling to all, excepting the irresistible Dot.

It was true, as the servants said—that Dot could win a smile, even a snatch of true, ringing laughter from Earle Wellman, while others failed. Her childish winsomeness unconsciously compelled all to love her. Her irrepressible impulsiveness was forever causing her trouble, yet she was always ready to soothe and cheer others with her soft, caressing ways. Wilfully defiant one moment, strangely quiet and lovingly docile the next she had woven herself around Mrs. Wellman's heart until she seemed like an own daughter.

It had been a happy household of four, till the discovery that Lucie Wellman had eloped with a struggling artist robbed it of all its sunshine, crushing out the life of the gentle mother, for the sudden blow was too heavy. Then it was that Earle Wellman changed—a change so quick and complete that it was difficult to realize and believe. He opened one letter from the erring girl, pleading for forgiveness, thus obtaining her address, so that he could forward one-half the fortune bequeathed him at his mother's death, and forbade her ever to let him see her face again. Then he asked Dot to refrain from uttering her name in his presence, laying his mother's sudden death at her door.

"True, Lucie had pleaded with her brother to allow her to marry the artist, whom, she declared, she loved. All to no avail. Had appealed to the mother, but the son ruled, and the young girl left them. Since then Earle had not seen her, and her numerous letters were thrown on the burning coals unopened.

Dot still remained, and the active housekeeper and servants were all the companions she had in the large, roomy mansion Earle spent most of his time in the city, and Dot was left to amuse herself the best she could. She missed Lucie sorely, and had attempted to broach the subject many times, but Earle's chilling hauteur had silenced her.

She found no chance now to be lonesome. Baby, as she continued to call her, claimed all her time and the child clung to her with passionate fondness.

Leading the child, Dot went into Earle's study one day. He was, as on the day the little stranger had fallen into his hands so mysteriously, just one year ago, lazily reclining in the same chair. He arose as she entered, welcoming her with a warm, pleased smile.

"Ah, Miss Dot, you have Baby, as usual."

"Why, of course! We are inseparable, and I love her so."

He saw the wistful, yearning look that she cast on the child, so full of anxiety, too, that he felt something was amiss.

"What is the trouble, Miss Dot? Isn't Baby well?" and he took the curly-headed fairy up in his arms. He, too, had learned to care for the blue-eyed stranger.

"Yes," hesitatingly, "Baby is well; but, oh, Guardy! I want to talk to you. May I?" and she looked at him anxiously, entreatingly.

"Why, child! What do you mean? Why ask if you may? Am I not always willing?"

"Yes, Guardy, yes! But it is about—Lucie. Oh, don't! and she grasped his arm with both hands, as she saw the look of mingled rage and consternation that had swept over his face.

"Dorothy!"

"Oh, Guardy, don't look so! Be pitiful," and the tears welled up into her brown eyes, while his face softened slightly.

"Think of all these years, and not a word from Lucie. Don't you want to see her?"

"No!" Distinctly and harshly the word fell, and he threw off her hands and walked to the window.

One moment the girl looked after him, irresolute and doubtful, then she followed. This time she did not touch him, but laid one hand on the head of the child clinging to her dress.

"Guardy, I do not believe you. I know you do want to see her."

"Miss Dorothy!" and Earle looked at her in amazement.

"I mean it. Since baby came you have relented toward you sister. O, Guardy, forgive her fully."

"Dot, I cannot. Think of mother. You know and I know that it was Lucie's disgraceful conduct that killed her. Forgive her! Never."

"Think of your mother in heaven—pleading for her homeless child. She loved and would have forgiven her, in spite of all. Guardy, for her sake, call her back."

With a stifled groan he staggered to a chair, burying his face in both hands. Dot cast herself down at his feet, laying one hand on his bowed head.

"Guardy!" There was a depth of pitying tenderness in her young voice. "Let me tell you what I know of Lucie. She is in B— alone. Her husband is dead, and she is longing to return home. I long to have her. Her husband was true, Guardy, and she loved him to the end. Think of that. Oh, say something to me! This awful silence frightens me so."

He lifted his head slowly.

"Let me think, Dot. I am bewildered," and he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Yes, think, Guardy! Think of the long years that have rolled by since she last saw her home—her brother! And, oh, Guardy, think of the long, heart-broken year that has passed since she held her baby in her arms. Think how she is yearning to feel the touch of warm, baby lips once more. Knowing all this, can you refuse to allow her to return home?"

"Her baby!"

"Yes, baby! This is hers. Her own Alice, named after your mother. Oh, don't send her away!" and the girl sprang up, clasping both arms closely around the child.

"This—Lucie's child? Am I dreaming?"

"No, it is true," and she placed the baby girl in his arms. Without a word he dropped his head over that of the wandering child.

"And you knew it, Miss Dot?"

"Yes, I knew it," she repeated, humbly, "I hoped you would learn to love baby, then, for her sake, would forgive Lucie. Will you do so, Guardy?"

"Let me think. Leave me for a minute, Dot."

He kissed the child, gently replacing her in Dot's outstretched arms. And her heart ached as she saw the pained, worn expression on his face.

"Will you forgive me for my deceit and intrigue first?"

"I have nothing to forgive, little Miss Dot," and her eyes brightened as the old pet name fell on her ear.

She closed the door gently, throwing one backward glance at him as he sat with bowed head.

A few minutes later the door was pushed open. He did not look up, thinking it was Dot, and he half expected to feel her light hand laid on his head. The silence oppressed him. He lifted his head.

"Lucie!" he sprang from the chair, took two steps towards the slight, black-robed figure, then turned from her.

"No, Guardy! Not that!" and another form flew across the room, grasping his arm, and Dot's tearful, pleading face looked up into his. "For baby's sake; for mother's—for mine—forgive her."

"Lucie!"

"Earle!"

The long-parted brother and sister were in each others' arms.

"Little Miss Dot."

"Yes, Guardy."

"I want a little payment for all this skilful stratagem on your part. Can I have it?"

"Tell me what you want first," and once more the roguish dimples danced about in merry glee.

"I want little Miss Dot for my own—my wife. Even though I am old and—" A soft hand was laid over his mouth.

"But I shall be Mrs. Dorothy then," and her sweet, ringing laughter rang through the room. And Earle Wellman was content.

An Explanation Needed.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"See here, sir!" she said, as she entered a sewing machine office the other day, "your agent has imposed upon me."

"Is it possible, ma'am? In what respect?"

"Yes, sir; he has lied to me, and I don't want your machine!"

"How has he deceived you?"

"Why, he came into my house and told me that your machine was the best in the world; told it right before witnesses, and I can prove every word of it!"

"But that was not deceiving you, ma'am."

"Yes, it was. I hadn't the machine two days before another agent called and said his was the best, and he had a circular to back it up. He had hardly got out of doors when another called and said his machine had taken 10 medals."

"But we have taken 15, ma'am."

"Oh, have you?"

"And are sure to get the premium at the next world's fair."

"Indeed!"

"And we have issued a challenge for a public trial which no other machene dare accept."

"Is that so? Then your machine is the best after all?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will please excuse me. I thought I had been imposed upon, and I guess I was a little hasty. The other agents must have been the liars."

Disappointment.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"Bronson must have lived an uneventful life."

"Why do you think so?"

"He left me his diaries for 10 years when he died, and he hadn't written a line in any of 'em."

CHINESE SQUEEZES.

Not the Hug of Affection or Friendship's Grasp.

A Pressure on Money Which Makes it Stick to the Fingers.

Sufferers Call it Stealing—Those Who Get it Call it a Commission.

[Chester Holcombe in Youth's Companion.]

The Chinese squeeze is not exactly the "hug" of affection nor the close grasp of hands joined in friendship. It is a commercial term and refers to a pressure exerted upon money in any form by the fingers of every man through whose hands it may pass and to whom it does not belong—a pressure which causes a portion of the money to remain in his possession.

It is the x in the algebraic formula of every purchase you make, the value of which you can never discover. The problem is something like this: "If my cook buys 10 pounds of beef and charges me 12 cents a pound for it, how much does it cost him, and what is the amount of his squeeze?"

Or perhaps it takes another form, somewhat like the following: "If I go to a store and buy 10 yards of silk, which I bring home under my coat, when my butler discovers the fact of the purchase and goes to the store, how large a squeeze does he extort from the merchant?"

Again, perhaps it takes another form and reads as follows: "I sent $5 the other day to a Chinese woman who is very poor. How much did the servant who carried my gift actually hand to her, and how much did he keep as a squeeze?"

The sufferers by this system call it stealing, while those who practise it regard it as a sort of commission.

The Chinese, in their dealings with one another, all suffer from it and all practise it. The system is as old as the empire, and is said to have had its origin in an ancient custom under which household servants were paid no regular wages, but received food, one suit of clothes a year, and in addition a sum of money raised in this manner:

From the price paid for every article, of whatever sort, used in the family, the gatekeeper or porter retained one piece of "cash" in every fifty. At the end of each year the sum was distributed among the servants in proportion to their positions in the service of the family.

Whether this explanation is correct or not, it certainly is a fact that, in paying out or receiving cash, one gets or gives only 49 pieces for every nominal 50 unless there is an agreement to the contrary.

The servants in China are the best in the world. They are quiet, prompt, faithful and affectionate. They seldom complain of late hours or hard work.

As a class they are exceedingly honest. Table linen and silver-ware, and even money may be left in their charge, with assurance that every piece will be faithfully accounted for. In 15 years, with a large establishment of servants, I never had occasion to charge one of them with theft, or with even the loss through carelessness of any article.

It is commonly and truly remarked that ladies who have lived in China are spoiled for housekeeping at home, with all its difficulties, by the excellent service to which they have become accustomed.

But, honest and faithful as the servants are in every other respect, Chinese servants will squeeze, and, curiously enough, much of their very diligence and promptness, much of their good nature and patience under hard work and late hours, is due to this very practice. They are amiable under late hours and extra service. Why? Because they "charge it in the bill."

The cook remembers the daily reckoning of accounts at 9 o'clock in the morning, and in the extra cash which he puts on the price of each article purchased, you pay him for extra labor caused. The other servants share with him in the proceeds of the squeeze.

While Chinese servants never complain because of much company and consequent hard work, they have been known to leave situations because the family live too plainly, and had too small a grocer's bill.

All sorts of expedients and devices have been resorted to by foreign housekeepers in China to put an end to this system, and all have failed.

If one does his own marketing, he discovers presently that his servants have followed him up, and quietly levied a squeeze upon every person with whom he has dealt. He also discovers that, allowing nothing for time spent in marketing, his servants can buy more cheaply than he can, even when their squeeze is added to the actual market price. So he has lost not only time but money in his efforts at reform.

If one takes pains to inform himself as to the proper prices of all articles used, the servant cheats him in the weight or measure, charging for five pounds when he has actually bought four.

At last, perhaps, the master provides himself with Chinese scales and measures, and weighs and measures every article. He is happy until he discovers that his scales weigh only 14 ounces for a pound, and that consequently his servant has had a squeeze of 12½ per cent.

Determined not to be beaten, the employer procures a pair of scales that have been tested and found to be full weight. These he keeps under lock and key and thinks that at last he has circumvented the squeezer.

Not at all. He has weighed his pound of mutton, found it full weight and has paid only the market price. But after all this is done and the master's back is turned, the cook cuts off a quarter of a pound from the joint, carries it to the butcher and is paid for it.

If the master remarks upon the small quantity that appears upon the table, he is gravely informed that "In a dry climate, like that of Pekin, mutton shrinks much more in roasting than it does in the master's honorable country!"

A friend of mine who made the experiment of paying his servant a regular commission of 10 per cent. on purchases in lieu of the squeeze found that his expenses were increased by more than that proportion. The servant took the commission and continued his squeeze as before. The Chinaman had reasoned that since his master was able to pay him an open commission of 10 per cent. he could safely be bled secretly a little more than before.

The dismissal of a servant found guilty of this practice rarely serves any good purpose. Indeed, it may be found at a later period that his successor is even worse, and is not only making his own profit, but also paying a pension to the one whom he has supplanted.

In one of the legations in Pekin years the minister determined to suppress the practice and dismissed the porter, or gatekeeper, who is always a prominent actor in the system.

Long afterward it was discovered that the other servants, headed by the new gatekeeper, had regularly paid the discharged servant his usual wages up to the day of his death, and then had buried him with much ceremony.

In many of the larger establishments the servants are formed into what may be be termed a "co-operative establishment." Under this system each servant deposits his squeezes in a bank, where an account is kept, and at certain fixed periods the sum total is divided.

Large Chinese houses are invariably built in a square and surrounded by a high wall, having, as a rule, but one gate, which is always kept closed, and a gatekeeper is in attendance day and night.

It is easy for this man to know all the purchases made in the "compound," as it is called. If a merchant declines to pay the squeeze demanded, he is refused admission.

The illustration shows a group of Chinese servants, with the head, or, as he might well be termed, "The President of the Jolly Squeezers," in the chair.

With all the expressions of jollity frankness and honesty found on their faces they are shrewd students of human nature, and each one could tell, if he would, all the foibles of his master, and especially just how far he can be safely bled, and just at what point the squeezing process must stop.

A foreigner, no matter what his official rank, does not hesitate to enter a market or a store and inquire the price of any article on which he believes his servants are levying too large a squeeze.

But even a small Chinese mandarin would consider it beneath his dignity to make such an inquiry. Hence all Chinese officials are in these matters hopelessly at the mercy of their servants. The worst victim to squeezes in China is the most powerful of all the Chinese, his imperial majesty, the emperor.

Probably not more than 25 per cent. of the money collected in his name ever reaches his treasury. For every article purchased for his use he pays four times the proper value.

The Chinese say, regarding the milk brought into the city each morning for his use, that each mandarin through whose hands it passes takes out a cupful and puts in a cup of water, with the result that when it reaches his majesty not even the color of milk remains.

It All Depends.

[Washington Post.]

"No, Sam," said a Washington business man to an old servant who had shown a disposition to make him a confidant concerning some of his affairs. "No, Sam; I never played cards. I couldn't tell you how many aces there are in a pack of cards."

"Well," said the old man, reflectively, "dat am a pooty hard question sometimes. Ef yoh wus playin' to my house, dah wouldn't be on'y foh, but ef you wus play at Sim Jenkins' dah might be six oh sebben 'foh yoh knowed it."

THROWING THE SLIPPER.

How the Custom Originated and What It Means—Why It is Less Popular in Chicago Than Anywhere Else.

[St. Louis Star-Sayings.]

The origin of the custom of throwing the slipper after the bride seems to be much engulfed in mystery. It is a very ancient practice, and is said to be a relic of the old custom of opposition to the capture of the bride. By others it is said to have indicated renunciation on the part of the parents and relatives. The plucking off of the shoe was significant of renunciation among the ancient Jews.

Our present slipper, with its high heels and tendency toward rosettes and buckle garnishment and embroidery, has the touch of the Louis XIV. and Louis XV. fashions. With the scant ball gown of 1810 and 1815, slippers were worn low, without heels, in accordance with the general classic character of dress then adopted, and which went so far as to make the wearing of sandals the mode among some of the great dames of France.

The slipper for dancing at that period was cut low, made of very yielding material, and was fastened to the ankle by means of ligaments, which were crossed fancifully and carried high above the ankle. Some of the slippers were cut in a point at the base of the instep, the point directed toward the toe. This cut is becoming to a broad foot, and by means of a fancy facing may be rendered very much stronger, and be quite as effective by extending the lappets at the instep higher over the foot. We may choose our dress slippers from every style of every age today, and the shape of a slipper has much to do with the comeliness of the foot.

A very amusing custom prevailed in western Asia of leaving shoes or slippers outside of the door to denote that the master or mistress of the house was engaged, and not to be intruded upon, a practice altogether too highly and delicately civilized to have remained lost to us moderns all these centuries. How much fib-telling would such a quiet custom spare us at the present day!

The Turkish slipper is a very popular fancy with our ladies just now. Thousands of them are selling, many of them finding place upon my lady's feet in her boudoir, and others for fancy costumes, while as favors for the german they are very comme il faut. Made wholly of leather—red, yellow, white, tan, brown, blue, heelless, with that charming feature peculiar to East Indian foot gear, the sharp pointed little turned up toe, it is irresistible to the feminine fancy. These slippers come garnished with tinsel embroidery in gold and silver, and fluffy silk pompons.

The Turkish slipper worn by the high class ladies, the Fatimas of Turkey, the sultanas in the harems, has been described as made of white satin and embroidered in gold thread.

But why are we not cultivating a home industry for this fancy chassure? What has become of our ancient moccasin? Oh, no, our ancestors did not wear it, to be sure, but it was worn by those who were, perhaps, not so far removed from the Turks after all. Let us cultivate the slipper of Pocahontas, and with it a home industry which may be the means of saving some of our brave boys their scalps this winter, if report speaks truly, for the Indians are said to be starving, and, if their hands have not forgot their cunning, the making of moccasins may save them. The moccasin is a pretty affair, with its round toes and zigzag borderings and Indian bead work.

In boudoir slippers mademoiselle may be as unique as she chooses; although the conventional slipper is low and perfectly plain, it has always been in the boudoir that fine dames have indulged in individual caprice. The low shoe, with its fanciful lining of fur, is a very comfortable little article for chamber use, and reminds one of the "One, two, buckle my shoe" period. It is also like a shoe worn by Grecian ladies, which was laced before and lined with fur of some animal of the cat tribe, whose claws hung pendant from the top.

It seems, indeed, quite manifest, from the variety of style and garnishment peculiar to fashionable chassure today, that the American girl is quite as devoted to her pantoufles as ever a French woman was, and the latter's passions for balls and ball slippers is proverbial.

THINGS THE HOTEL CLERK SEES.

The Curious Habits of Guests in the Hostelries.

[New York Times.]

There are few things within ordinary eyesight and earshot which escape the attention of the average hotel clerk. The clerk within the range of his powers is virtually omnipresent. He is ambidextrous, manytongued, greeting the guests in a thousand varied tones of cordial interest.

One of the many observations of the hotel clerk is the almost momentary study of the guests who pass before him. He learns their ways and their idiosyncrasies, while the tones of their voices grow as familiar to his ear as their faces to his eye.

In speaking of different characteristics of the guests, a well-known clerk in one of the big hotels of the city mentioned the habits of some of them, formed of extended strolls about the corridors. "There was one gentleman here last winter," he said, "whom we used to call 'Wet Weather.'

"He used to walk outside the hotel every clear day regularly, but when the weather was bad he used to take to the corridors and walk by the hour. Last winter was pretty wet, and he kept to the corridors very steadily for a time. By the time the grip came he had begun to go up stairs and tramp around the whole house.

"He had a queer freak of 'walking mathematically,' as he called it, and he would trace triangles and quadrilaterals over the mosaics by the hour. I used to watch him start over there by the far corner and make a bee line across for the pillars, then make a tack over to the opposite corner, and then take a leg back to the start, making the triangle.

"He had a good many paths, and it got so that on every rainy morning as regularly as the clock got around to 9.30, 'Wet Weather' would issue from the far passageway and begin his triangular or quadrilateral course.

"There comes one of our corridor hour walkers," the clerk added, pointing to a fine-looking gentleman of fully 60 years, coming slowly along the hallway, with his hands locked behind him and his silk hat just slightly tipped forward over his forehead. With steady gait he moved along his course, up and down, up and down, without a moment's break.

"Yes, we get to know the very step of our guests," the clerk continued. "Why, time and again when I have had my back to the hallway and heard footfalls coming up to the desk, I have known, without turning that it was Mr. Blank or Mr. Double Blank about to ask for his key or mail.

"Other guests have the standing habit. We have several who stand before the big window there by the hour. Others take to the corridor seats, and some of these have pet corners, where they sit for hours at a time."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

[New York Weekly.]

If a man iz very anxious tew kultivate a good opinyun ov human natur, he mustn't know too mutch ov it.

A phool iz not necessarily a man without enny sense, but one without the right kind ov sense

When a man gits tew talking about himself, he seldum fails tew be eloquent, and often reaches the sublime.

Excellence in enny direction iz rare—even good clowns are skarse.

Love generally changes coquetry to sense, and pradery to sillyness.

It iz only a step from cunning tew dishonesty, and it iz a step that a man iz liable at enny time tew take.

Old age haz its privileges—one iz tew find fault with everything.

Weak and wicked are the two worst things that ennyboddy can be charged with.

He who iz willing tew trust everyboddy iz willing tew be cheated by everyboddy.

Whenever yu find a man with an excentricity ov enny kind, which he brags ov, yu kan put that man down az a "beat," and charge it tew mi account.

A wize man iz never less alone than when alone.

A man may mistake hiz tallents, but he kan't mistake hiz genius. Tallent must hav memory, genius doesn't require it.

I don't beleave thare iz a human being on the face ov the earth, nor an angel in heaven, who iz posatively proof against temptashun.

Plausible.

[Life.]

Auntie—Katie, you must not cut out dolls on Sunday. Remember the fourth commandment. God made this beautiful world in six days and rested on the seventh.

Katie (after a little reflection)—Auntie, did He make everything in six days?

"Yes, my dear, everything."

"Well, I reckon He did rest, 'cause He didn't have anything else to do."

For Her Brother's Welfare.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Miss Winthrop—Poor Jack has now been a full-fledged architect for six months, and he hasn't had a single commission. He designs beautiful houses.

Mr. Townes—Miss Winthrop—Rosalie—can't I persuade you to let your brother design a nice country house for—for us?

HOW TO DREAM.

Science of the Art Lucidly Set Forth.

If You Dream of Your Creditors it Means You Are in Debt.

Dreaming of Marriage is Dangerous, When You Are Wide Awake.

[Chicago Herald.]

To dream in path both straight and fair,
Your work doth happiness declare;
But crooked ways denote much ill
To those who have a headstrong will.

Of course if you happen to dream about crooked paths you can get out of it on the ground that you are not possessed of a headstrong will; and that it is as near as dreams ever come true. If the sign is right, it was the dream that did it; if the thing comes out as you had no reason to expect, you can change it to one of the many exceptions that are required to prove the rule that dreams are reliable.

There used to be an old woman down in Illinois who had implicit faith in anything she saw printed. If there were any question of the accuracy of a statement, and one could bring her a newspaper declaration on the subject, she was convinced, and never again had a doubt. Now, it would be highly improper for the skeptical reader to ask what she would have done had she happened to find counter statements on any subject. Questions of that kind would knock the sentiment out of any old woman or old theory either, for that matter. And if that ancient lady or any of her kin should be living let them be informed that dreams do come true. This cannot be denied, for a book has been printed setting forth all sorts of dreams and what they mean, and all any one need do if he wants a war map of his future is to eat mince pies and doughnuts and go to bed.

Should he in the early watches of the night find himself in the midst of what the police reporter calls a conflagration, let him be admonished that—

To dream of burning doth imply
A sudden danger ripe and nigh.
Of all escapes you then beware,
For though fate threatens she may spare.

It will be noticed that Fate is a person in this case, and not a glittering generality. And like many another person she has provided herself with an ample way of escape if the dream do not come true. In that case she may tell you she threatened all right enough, but on mature consideration concluded to spare you for future midnight lunches.

Lovers should never dream of beggars. It portends disaster of some sort or another; and the man who finds himself in the act of beginning to dream about a beggar—himself or any other—and cannot wake up, must go to see his love with an accident policy in his inside pocket after that. For fate is on his track, and will not be switched off. But if you must dream of beggars, please be persuaded in time and give them something. Else you will never know peace.

If you dream of soldiers it means that your lady love—or your fellow, if the dreamer be one of the fairer, weaker sex—will have to quit his or her present residence by paternal order on your account. Now, if you know he or she is comfortable there, do not—let me implore you—do not dream of soldiers.

To dream that you are cutting hay indicates that you will have great influence in society—cut quite a swath, as it were. And if you dream of raking the hay together you are fated to stand at the head of assemblies. Now what would be more proper than to dream of raking the hay after you have once dreamed of cutting it. The additional labor is trivial and the difference in recompense is quite worth the trial.

When, in the slumbers of midnight, a man or a woman dreams that he or she is swimming it makes all the difference in the world—or the water—whether his or her head is under or above the surface. If under, then look out for troubles, and plenty of them, but if you are navigating all right, with the placid element beneath you, flatter yourself that you will live to make all or most of your enemies your footstool.

To dream you wade in mire and stubble
Foretelleth surely toil and trouble;
Yet perseverance will not fail
O'er toil and trouble to prevail.

Another chance to get out, you see. But there is one dream that admits of exception. If you should so far forget yourself as to dream of legacy, get up in the early morning and go about collecting all your available assets, for what you have in the hands of "another" will be wasted and dissipated without doing you any sort of good. To dream about fighting at single combat signifies lawsuits and marriages, the book says. This is probably a misprint. Marriages and lawsuits is what the editor meant. Suits for divorce always come after and never before marriage.

If you should get into the habit of dreaming, and in that pitiable condition should find yourself dreaming of a man with a lighted lantern, try to kill him off or otherwise attract his attention, for if he goes on without interruption and puts it out it signifies trouble for you and plenty of it. If you should dream that you hear a hen cackle it is a pretty good sign, but you can make it a heap better by catching the fowl. That clinches the sign, as it were, and after that fate can no more go back on you than if you slept with the scissors under your pillow to make your lover come back.

No married man should dream of eating garlic. In the first place, garlic is not a pleasant thing for any man outside of Gaul to put upon his table; and in the second—though that is a minor consideration—he will surely find out that his wife does not love him. And if you want to do the whole business at one fell swoop, then dream of eating dinner just after having concluded the dream about garlic. The dream about eating will never be fulfilled till the family of which you are now so valuable a member shall have been divided and scattered to the four winds or the three winds or the two, if there should not happen to be enough persons in the family.

The man who wastes his time dreaming about fish is in a pretty bad way, but he may fix things all right by adding a sort of supplement and dreaming he has caught some of the finny tribe. That means he will have fun and fortune until the end of time. But if the fish be eels, and they escape, then, depend upon it, your sweetheart will quit you, and never, never again accept soda water and caramels at your hands.

To dream of eating onions means
Much strife in thy domestic scenes;
Secrets found out, or else betrayed,
And many falsehoods made and said.

Young ladies who received fine manicure sets for Christmas presents a little while ago may wake up all in a cold sweat at the thought that their finger nails have grown long and will not be cut off. Let all such be comforted. It is a good sign, and means that you will suddenly receive a large sum of money which will come very handy. Any one in hard luck and troubled about dodging creditors should be sure to dream about long nails—the longer the better.

And then here is another illustration of the fact that dreams are uncertain unless properly foreshadowed. Let it be known that to dream of laughing means that the laugher, or the dreamer, will have trouble, and that the very thing on which he has set his heart most fondly will escape him and never again be caught. On the other hand to dream of sleeping is a sure sign of joy. You may have to wait a good while for it, but be assured when it comes it is the fulfilment of the dream.

Don't be afraid to dream of rags. It means that you will shortly rise in the social scale, and that you will be honored; the raggeder the rags, and the more of them, the greater will your felicity be. The man or woman who dreams of tombs, and particularly of being among them, will speedily be married, or there is no virtue in fortune telling. Of course if the dreamer be already married that will argue the incidental death or divorce of the present partner, and perhaps one or two other trivial delays like that; but in the end the dream will be fulfilled.

To dream of drinking gin forebodes short life and many changes. If the gin have sugar in it the worse for the dreamer. If it have none it is bad enough, but if a man wants to get all the horror there is in the future let him dream he is drinking old Medford gin and black molasses. From that hour melancholy marks him for her own. But a man may save himself even then by dreaming of children. That is a certain harbinger of good, and the man who dreams right steadily of children—nice, fat, healthy little boys and girls—can always laugh at fate and Medford gin.

Pope Leo's Simple Life.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

It seems there is no foundation for a rumor, a very picturesque rumor, that circulated far and wide a short time ago. The pope had written to the president of the French Republic to announce that he was going to send Mme. Carnot the much-coveted distinction of the golden rose. The pope wrote no such letter, nor is this the season when this order is conferred.

The truth is that Leo. XIII., a pontiff singularly unostentatious, and in his manner of livelihood almost frugal, is reducing as far as he can the great and growing expenditure at the Vatican. Thus it is announced that at the forthcoming consistory no new cardinals will be created. The golden rose, at all times highly valued as a distinction, costs the Pope on each occasion of its presentation close upon 1000. Leo XIII.'s life at the Vatican is simplicity itself. It is stated officially that his table expenses do not exceed 160 lire a month.

The figure seems incredible, but the statement is definitely made. The pope in his cardinal days used to keep a chef and an under cook, and when he moved into the Vatican these members of his household followed him. In the lapse of years the chef died, and Leo XIII. has never replaced him.

STRAIGHT TO THE GLASS.

Where a Woman Always Goes When She Has an Opportunity, and Why She Does It.

[Kate Thorn in New York Weekly.]

That is where she always goes on entering an apartment—straight to the looking-glass.

People do not expect anything else.

If she should fail to do so, suspicion would be excited, and observers would be apt to mistrust that there was something wrong about her.

Why does she do this? Who can answer the query satisfactorily?

In railway depots, where is the oil-cloth, in the ladies room, worn to rags before it shows signs of breaking anywhere else? Why, before the looking-glass, of course.

A lady will enter the waiting room on the coldest day you ever experienced, and she will ignore the stove entirely until after she has been to the looking-glass. She will take off her veil, and give a good look at herself before she does anything. Then she will draw her hat up a little, and settle it back again with evident satisfaction, sure that it is occupying the proper place on her head; and she will pull the little curls down on her forehead, and then brush them back a trifle; and she will repin her necktie, and brush some dust from her shoulders, and wipe her mouth lightly with her handkerchief, and turn away reluctantly to make way for another anxious one. After she has got warm and has observed the dress and bonnet of every other lady in the room, she will return to the charge and go through with just about the same performance again before she goes out.

What is it the scripture says in this regard?

"Man looketh in the glass and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is."

We may not have got the quotation verbatim, but that is the gist of it, and we think it must have been intended to read woman instead of man, for if appearances may be trusted woman is continually forgetting, and her memory needs constant refreshing.

How does a man do it? Why, he feels none of a woman's self-possessed assurance when he looks in the glass. He knows it is not just what people are expecting him to do. He knows he will be stared at while he does it.

He approaches the glass circuitously, and tries to give the affair the appearance of accident. He tips his beaver a little on one side, pulls the ends of his side-whiskers, and wipes an imaginary cinder from his eye, to show the observer that it was necessary he should look in the glass.

Sometimes he adjusts his neck-tie and whistles softly to himself to cover the transaction.

Not that we would insinuate that men do not "primp" quite as much as we do, but they do it in private, and are embarrassed if caught at it, while women do it everywhere openly, and quite unmindful of observation.

We lived a fortnight, once, down in the wilds of Maine, in a house where there was no such thing as a looking-glass. It was a desert. It was worse than an open boat in mid ocean. Our companion was a lady of fashion, and her trials were heart-breaking. She was never certain whether the powder shone on her forehead, and she was afraid to "do" her eyebrows, lest the pencil should encroach on territory not covered by the original contract.

We had with us a young man, who was just glorying in the first flush of a very soft mustache of a nearly invisible shade, and the agonies of that youth were severe.

When Sunday came, and we were all going to "the schoolhouse meetin'," something had to be done. It was an emergency which must be met.

We put a black shawl outside one of the windows, and made our toilets with doubting hearts and grave apprehensions, though with much outward show of gayety.

And when we were through, our fashionable companion remarked with emphasis that "she would rather go with one meal a day and have a looking-glass, so there!"

And we have no doubt the majority of her sex would agree with her.

The Way it Goes.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

She—Oh, *don't* you think Miss Browne is the nicest girl in the world?

He—Why, yes, of course, if you think so.

She—And her *eyes*; oh, don't you think they are *splendid*?

He—Very.

She—And hasn't she the cutest little mouth and the kindest, dearest face?

He—Yes, indeed.

She—And such beautiful complexion; and *what hair!*

He—Very beautiful.

She—And then, isn't she graceful, and doesn't she waltz divinely?

He—My, yes.

She—And isn't she the sweetest, *sweetest* girl?

He—Yes, indeed.

She—And don't you think she knows an awful lot; and don't you-oo-ooo-ooo t-h-i-n-k—?

He—Why, what's the matter, Mabel?

She—O-oh! I t-h-o-u-g-h-t y-o-u l-o-v-e-d me, Tom.

He—Why, so I do.

She—W-e-l-l, then how can you bear to talk so a-b-o-u-t t-h-a-t h-o-r-r-i-b-l-e o-l-d u-g-l-y Browne girl?

Work and Wages.

[New York Weekly.]

Housekeeper—Lookee here! You are charging me $2 for that whitewashing job, and yet it isn't six months since you did the same job for half that.

Colored artist—Yes'm, but you know cheap wo'k is po' wo'k, an' I did dat job so bad de las' time dat it done took me twice as long ter do it dis time.

Peculiarities of English.

[St. John Globe.]

Count de Binques—I fear zat your daughter, Miss Alice, ees a vairy delicate girl, Mrs. Lenox.

Mrs. Lenox—Oh, no; she is the very opposite of that!

Count de Binques—Ah! she is, aftair all, indelicate. Zat is charmant!

Her First Attempt.

[Puck.]

Miss Maguire—Any letter for me?

Postmaster—What name, please.

Miss Maguire—Must I tell?

Postmaster—Certainly.

Miss Maguire—Well, Tom Dolan; but he'd be mad if he knew I told on him.

A Rude Fellow.

[New York Weekly.]

Pretty girl—Did you see the way that man looked at me? It was positively insulting.

Big brother—Did he stare?

Pretty girl—Stare? Why, no. He ran his eyes over me, and then glanced off at some one else, just as if I wasn't worth a second thought.

Honesty the Best Policy.

[Street & Smith's Good News.]

He (trying to play a trump card)—As I passed your house last evening I thought I heard an angel sing.

She (stiffly)—I was at the theatre last evening. Mrs. Mulhooly and her twins were at our house visiting the cook.

Confiding.

[Continent.]

Clayton—How do you like that typewriter I sent you? Is she accurate and careful enough for you?

Rawley—No doubt about her being careful. She stops and asks me how to spell every word.

To Suit Her Husband.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Young housekeeper (to butcher)—You may send a nice piece of roast beef.

Butcher—Yes, ma'am.

Young housekeeper—And have it very rare, please; my husband prefers it that way.

A Safe Rule.

[New York Weekly.]

New cook—Do ye put pertaties on to boil in cold water er hot?

Old cook (trained by her mistress)—Phwich iver way is th' most throuble do be th' roight way.

Slightly Different.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

She—You were at college, were you not?

He—Yes.

She—A. B.?

He—No; G. B.

IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

Where Toothaches Vanish Only to Reappear.

Why Dentists Have All the Comic Papers—Awful Associations.

Queer Place for a Lovers' Reconciliation, but Queer Things Happen.

[Manley H. Pike in Puck.]

Dr. Cuspid Grinder's ante-chamber. Pauline sitting at table covered with the usual periodicals and stereoscopic views.

Pauline (shivering)—What a pokerish place! Although I know that there isn't a thing to be done to my teeth, I feel as if I were to have them all pulled without delay—or anæsthetics. (Groans from within.) Just hear that! Why do dentists always have all the comic papers? I'm sure I can never look at Cap-and-Bells again without associating it with lamentations and the odor of carbolic acied.

Dr. Grinder (within)—Now, then, my dear sir—

The patient (within)—Yah! O, doctor! Don't!

Pauline (irritably)—What a fuss a man makes if anything hurts him! But a woman—(sighs). I don't believe Bertie—Mr. Bangs—suffered half so much as I did when our engagement was broken, for all the agonies he pretended; and by this time he's probably consoled himself with that Cousin Clara of his—while I—(sighs again)—am p-p-perfectly miser—(starts up). No, I'm not! and he may marry his Cousin Clara, if he likes, and be happy with her—if he can—

(Enter abruptly, clasping both hands to his swollen face, scowling, dishevelled, unshaven young man, who assaults door of operating room.)

The young man—Doctor! Doctor!

Pauline (agitated—apart)—It's B-B-Ber—Mr. Bangs!

The doctor (within)—Kindly wait a few minutes, sir. I'm about to administer gas—

Bertie (eagerly)—Gas! That's just what I want—quick, doctor!

The doctor—You must wait, please.

Bertie—But I've a most infernal tooth—oh, oh!

The doctor—The patient in the chair has three of them.

Bertie—And it's kept me awake all the night.

The doctor—The patient in the chair hasn't slept for a week.

Bertie—And I'm almost crazy.

The doctor—The patient in the chair is entirely so. You really must wait. (To patient.) Now, open your mouth wide and breathe long.

Bertie (desperate)—Confound the patient in the chair—confound the doctor—curse my tooth—everything be hanged! (Stumbles blindly across room and plumps upon sofa, face downward.)

Pauline (much perturbed)—He hasn't seen me! What a temper he has! I'm a fortunate girl to have escaped marriage with a person who has so little self-command—who uses such improper language—

Bertie (thrashing about)—Great Scott!

Pauline (tremulously)—He does suffer terribly! Why isn't that Cousin Clara of his here to soothe him?—He certainly needs it.

Bertie (writhing)—O-O-O-Oh! O-O-O-Oh!

Pauline (half crying)—Poor fellow—poor, poor boy! I won't go near him—it wouldn't be proper—no, I won't—no, no! (Darts to sofa.) I beg your pardon—sir—but your tooth seems painful—

Bertie (without looking up)—Devil—extremely painful.

Pauline (apart)—Even if he doesn't know me, that's no reason why he should kick when I speak to him. (Aloud.) Permit me to apply this cologne. It may relieve you.

Bertie (still face downward)—Thank you, madam. Oh, Jupiter!

Pauline (apart)—Madam! Does my voice sound as old as that?

The doctor (within)—A little more gas, sir.

The patient (within)—Woo-ah! Whuh!

Pauline (tenderly)—How does this feel?

Bertie (gratefully)—Oh, delicious, thank you. Pray excuse me—not rising—but—Jerusalem, that tooth! Oh!

Pauline (more tenderly)—Let me arrange the pillow. There, that's better' This is the painful cheek, isn't it?

Bertie—Yes—uh!—yes. Your hand makes it easier, madam.

Pauline (apart)—Madam again! Does my hand feel as old as that?

The doctor (within)—Only one left. Breathe long.

The patient (within)—Huh! Wooh!

Bertie (in fresh paroxysm)—Oh, Moses! Oh, my tooth!

Pauline (sobbing)—It's too bad—you poor, dear, blessed darling!

Bertie (looking up, amazed)—What's that? What is she saying?

Pauline (apart)—Oh, what will I do—or he?

Bertie (springing to feet)—Pauline!

Pauline (retreating behind table)—Sir!

The doctor (within)—It'll soon be over. One more wrench.

Bertie (rushing upon her)—Pauline! How good you are! I hadn't the least idea it was you!

Pauline (waving him back)—So I perceived.

Bertie—You'll pardon me for lying there, instead of—

Pauline (coldly)—Instead of what, Mr. Bangs? I did only what any humane person would do for any suffering—creature.

Bertie (regaining his wits a trifle)—Then you are willing to relieve suffering creatures?

Pauline (stiffly)—Of course.

Bertie (all ardor)—Relieve me, then; for I'm one—I don't mean toothache, but heartache—ever since we broke off—I've been wretched!

Pauline (enchanted)—Have you, really?

Bertie (seizing her)—Yes, indeed, I have—but it's all right now, isn't it, dear? Here's the old ring. I've always kept it with me.

Pauline (irresolute)—But—but—your cousin Clara?

Bertie (persisting)—Will be the wife of my Counsin Jack next week. And they were engaged—when—when we were!

Pauline (surrendering)—O Bertie!

The doctor (within)—Not quite through. One little dig more.

Pauline (very earnestly)—But—Bertie, do you think it quite right to let yourself be fussed over by a woman—a perfect stranger?

Bertie (puzzled)—Why—I—But you weren't a perfect stranger.

Pauline—No; but you didn't know that.

Bertie—You wouldn't have had me say: "Go away!" would you?

Pauline (laughing and crying)—Oh, don't ask questions, Bertie. What is the matter with me? It's what was and always will be the matter with me as long as I live, you simple old boy—being a woman, that's all. You never could understand. But I—yes, I do love you, Bertie, and you may put the ring on again—so!

The doctor (within)—There, you'll never have any trouble, rest assured. It's all gone. (Entering.) Now, if you please, sir.

Bertie (surprised)—What is it, doctor? What do you want?

The doctor (equally surprised)—To attend to that terrific toothache, of course.

Bertie—Toothache? Why, did I have one?

A Rainy Day in Camp.

[Forest and Stream.]

The next day it rained; but as we were up at 4 in the morning, we had a chance before the rain began to see the day break, the white-footed mice that live in the cedar by the "taking out place," the red squirrel which was clipping "cedar buds," as we call the fruit of the arbor vitæ, and all our neighbors save the ravens, who were not early birds.

The white-footed mouse is so strictly nocturnal that although I have felt it hop over me in its nightly explorations through the tent I had never before seen it alive. It is a dainty little creature, slender in shape, clear gray above and pure white below, even to the inner sides of the legs and the under side of its long tail. One which drowned itself in our wash basin last year in Ripogenus measured 7½ inches, of which the tail was 3¾ inches. These had a little house in the heart of the cedar which had been laid open by some one removing a chip, opening a crack wide enough for them and leaving a little balcony in front of their door. Here they sat gazing at me through the morning dusk like little gray shadows, until they took alarm and scudded up the tree. Apparently they were living on cedar buds; but I could not prove it.

The day passed quietly. The men got into their rubber coats and fished, more for occupation than in any hope of success. Father performed his great box-splitting feat to a small but select audience; Jot enticed a colony of shiners who lived under the rocks at the end of the carry to come and nibble his fingers; I wrote up the journal, in which I find it noted that Jot brought me two kinds of everlasting (G. decurrens and G. polycephalum), explaining that the former is excellent for colds, while the latter has no medicinal value. It was one of the facts which are often of prime importance to the woodsman. Rock polypod, we learned later, is good for diarrhœa; yellow ash bark to produce sweating; and father once saved his own life by compounding a medicine of pine bark, the inner bark of wild cherry and lungwort (the rough lichen which grows on swamp maples), steeped together and sweetened with honey. I myself can testify to the many virtues and the bad taste of the last compound.

Trout were not abundant at the dam and, though the place was faithfully fished both up stream and down, only three were caught for the day. The largest of these, a fine 14-inch fish, was given us by our ravens whose kindness is remembered even though their names are not. In the afternoon two salmon about 11 and 14 inches in length took their fly and a large one broke their rigging. These differed in color from all the young salmon I had ever seen, being of a fine green bronze with silvery bellies and with dark almost black spots on the sides, so mottled that at a little distance they resembled mackerel more than trout. Salmon appear to be abundant in Nicatowis, whether sea salmon or land locked I do not know, though I am informed that the sea salmon introduced by the game commissioners have become landlocked, refusing to migrate. While father was fishing just above the sluice a great blue heron lighted on the gate not 10 feet away, looking "for all the world," so those who saw him say, like a great mosquito as he settled with long legs outstretched and his neck bent down almost between them.

These are the events of the day, so few and unimportant that it seems time lost to chronicle them, and yet of what are most of our days made up? We had pleasant company; enough to eat of the best there was, though it was given us; more to see than ordinarily falls into one day's limits, for besides the mice, squirrels, shiners, trout, salmon and heron, various small birds sought the tent and gossiped with us—chicadees, Maryland yellow-throats and a beautiful black and white creeper; the place was pretty, too, with the tall pine and big, mossy granites behind, the carry path fringed with alders leading down to the pool and clear sky over the hill in front; it had, moreover, pleasant associations for father, who, 16 years or more ago, cut out the present carry, shortening the old carrying place by about one-half and thereby benefiting all who have followed; with all these aids to contentment, and with minds that were free from worries for a time and willing to rest from labor, it is no wonder that the time passed pleasantly. If the next one who goes there finds it forlorn and uncomfortable, sees nothing praiseworthy, that, too, need not be wondered at; for it is the small things which make the difference in our days.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Woman's Thought.

[Mrs. W. Scott.]

The women have many faults,
The men have only two.
There's nothing right they say,
There's nothing right they do;
But if the men do nothing right,
Say nothing that is true;
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do.

Fidelity.

[Emily Dickinson.]

Alter? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew;
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!

His Lenten Sacrifice.

[Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.]

Gently they paced the busy street,
With its windows all a-glow;
"I have given up candy for Lent," she said,
In a tone intense and low.

He could have capered and danced for joy,
But he curbed himself in time,
And softly whispered, "You little saint,
Your courage is just sublime."

"But flowers," she said, "I may still accept;"
Then he shivered with speechless fright,
For flowers are dearer than candy, far,
And he saw himself beggared, quite.

But a sudden thought to his brain brought peace,
"How strange," he sighed, "are the powers
That mould our will, for it happens, dear,
I have given up buying flowers."

La Mort D'Amour.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]

When was it that love died? We were so fond,
So very fond a little while ago.
With leaping pulses, and blood all aglow,
We dreamed about a fairer life beyond,

When we should dwell together as one heart,
And scarce could wait that happy time to come.
Now side by side we sit, with lips quite dumb,
And feel ourselves a thousand miles apart.

How was it that love died? I do not know,
I only know that all its grace untold
Has faded into gray! I miss the gold
From our dull skies, but did not see it go.

Why should love die? We prized it, I am sure;
We thought of nothing else when it was ours;
We cherished it in smiling sunlit bowers;
It was our all; why could it not endure?

Alas! we know not how, or when, or why
This dear thing died. We only know it went,
And left us dull, cold and indifferent—
We who found heaven once in each other's sigh.

How pitiful it is, and yet how true,
That half the lovers in the world one day
Look questioning in each other's eyes this way,
And know love's gone forever, as we do!

Sometimes I cannot help but think, dear heart,
As I look out o'er all the wide, sad earth
And see love's flame gone out on many a hearth,
That those who would keep love must dwell apart.

"My Ruthers."

[James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.]

I tell you what I'd ruther do—
Ef I only had my ruthers—
I'd ruther work when I wanted to
Than be bossed round by others;
I'd want to kind o' git the swing,
O' what was needed, first, by jing!
Afore I sweat at anything!
Ef I only had my ruthers.
In fact I'd aim to be the same
With all men as my brothers.
And they'd be all the same with me,
Ef I only had my ruthers.

I wouldn't like to know it all—
Ef I only had my ruthers;
I'd know some sense, and some base ball,
Some old jokes, and, some others;
I'd know some politics, and 'low
Some tariff speeches, same as now,
Then go near Nye on "Brains and how
To detect their presence." T' others
'At stayed away, I'd let 'em stay—
All my dissentin' brothers
Could choose as shore a kill er k yore,
Ef I only had my ruthers.

The poor 'ud git their dues sometimes—
Ef I only had my ruthers—
And be paid dollars 'stid o' dimes,
Fer children, wives an' mothers;
Their boy 'at stokes; their girl 'at sews—
Fer others, not herself, God knows!
The grave her only change of clothes!
Ef I only had my ruthers.
They'd all have "stuff" and time enough
To answer one another's
Appealin' prayer fer "lovin' care"—
Ef I only had my ruthers.
They'd be few folks 'ud ast fer trust—
Ef I only had my ruthers—
And blame few business men to bu'st
Theirselves or hearts of others;
Big guns 'at come here durin' fair-
Week could put up jest anywhere
And find a-full-and-plenty there,
Ef I only had my ruthers:
The rich and great 'ud sociate
With all their lowly brothers
Feelin' we done the honorun'—
Ef I only had my ruthers,

The Modest Maid and the Mammoth Mouse.

[Harry B. Smith in America.]

There once was a more than modest maid
Of masculinity much afraid,
Whose charm was in being demure and staid.
She had flaxen ringlets and eyes of blue,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

Of suitors this modest maid had none,
Though men by her girlish grace were won;
They considered her modesty overdone.
She never made eyes with her orbs of blue,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

Full oft, when a man she was gazing at,
Her bashful heart would go pit-a-pat,
And she artlessly ask: "Mamma, what's that?"—
With wonderment in her eyes of blue,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

One day there dawned on her azure eyes
A mouse of the most gigantic size;
She jumped on a chair in demure surprise,
As big as saucers her eyes of blue,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

As she stood there frightened she looked so sweet,
She displayed her diminutive mites of feet,
With the usual allowance of ankles neat,
To which no sculptor could justice do,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

Just then she was seen by a suitor old,
With one foot in the grave but a power of gold,
Her grace and her terror they made him bold.
He ferociously cried to the mousie, "Shoo!"
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

They were wedded soon, as you may suppose;
In a month he turned up his aged toes,
And left her a widow with stocks of beaux
And the same old innocent eyes of blue,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

Ever since this episode, 'tis said
A mouse fills a maidenly heart with dread,
And to many a match have such panics led.
Now, that's why young girls this course pursue,
So they say, so they say,
But I cannot tell if the tale be true.

VALUES OF FERTILIZERS.

More About the Injustice of Experiment Stations.

The Materials, Composition and Cost of Fertilizers That Farmers Can Make.

The Second of a Series of Papers to Tell Farmers How to Help Themselves.

Comparative value of trade, or estimated values and cost prices to the farmers of commercial fertilizers:

The farmer cannot tire of the manure question, for he knows that the manure heap is his bank account, and to that his thoughts are constantly directed.

A consideration of bulletin No. 75 of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station will furnish much food for reflection.

In one column is given the estimated value, in the other the cost per ton.

	Estimated value.	Cost per ton.
Bowker's Brighton phosphate	$26.78	$40.00
Bradley's superphosphate	36.88	42.00
Chittenden's universal superphosphate	32.26	42.00
Russell Coes' superphosphat	30.26	40.00
Russell Coes' superphosphate	28.69	40.00
Soluble Pacific Guano	34.59	42.00
George W. Miles & Co.	33.11	40.00
New Haven Fertilizer Co.'s superphosphate	27.83	42.00
Quinnipiac phosphate	33.30	40.00
Paul Thompson's mineral manure	10.56	25.00
Baker's potato manure	41.55	50.00
Stockbridge's potato and vegetable manure	35.45	50.00
Buffalo potato, hop and tobacco fertilizer	32.30	45.00
Chittenden's complete fertilizer for roots	40.24	50.00
Chittenden's manure for grain	40.11	50.00
Baker's corn manure	42.84	50.00
Stockbridge's corn manure	38.44	50.00
Stockbridge's forage crop manure	36.46	50.00
	$601.65	$788.00

If we take the average cost of these manures we find it to be $43.78, and the estimated value is only $33.43 per ton, so that the farmer who buys a ton of each of these fertilizers is paying a profit of 30.9 per cent. to the manufacturers, and this, mark, on estimated or trade value, which is 20 per cent. above market value.

It is estimated that at least 1,000,000 tons of commercial fertilizers are sold in the United States annually. If this estimate is not too large, then the farmers are paying $10,000,000 or more yearly for profit to the seller or dealer in these articles. It would, of course, be too much to say that so large a sum of money is lost; but we may ask ourselves whether the price we pay is not too great and the profit extortionate. What other legitimate business yields such disproportionate profits, and what other class of men consents to be so victimized?

In the report of the directors of the Connecticut agricultural experiment station it is stated:

"These trade values of the elements of fertilizers are not fixed, but vary with the state of the market, and are from time to time subject to revision. They are not exact to the cent or its fraction, because the same article sells cheaper at commercial or manufacturing centres than in country towns, cheaper in large lots than small, cheaper for cash than on time. These values are high enough (no doubt of it) to do no injustice to the dealer, and, properly interpreted (are they), are accurate enough to serve the object of the consumer."

The market values of the "elements of fertilizers," and of fertilizers themselves, vary from time to time, like other merchandise; other merchandise price lists are revised weekly, but those of fertilizers the experimental stations revise only yearly, and then the values given to the farmer are based on the prices of the previous year, and not for the present season, and are of as much value as to giving an accurate knowledge to the farmer of the prices of the elements of fertilizers as a last year's almanac.

The successful farmer must know the prices of today; last year's are of no interest, as they do not govern him, and are of no more value than those of 40 years ago.

Why do not the experiment stations, if they desire to aid the farmer to a correct knowledge of the price of the principal ingredients entering into the manufacture of commercial fertilizers, give the market prices of the same in the bulletins they issue; of the prices in New York and Boston. When the consumer knows the present market values, he is in condition to properly interpret the present value of the article he proposes to buy, provided the latitude given in the analysis does not admit of a variation in the value of the articles used of from 50 to 100 per cent.; in addition to this, some of the articles used, such as leather scraps, are said to be valueless, so far as their agricultural value is concerned, but to the manufacturer of fertilizers they bring as much money as nitrogen from other sources, and appear as well in the analysis.

The fertilizer laws which we have in many of the States were passed ostensibly for the protection of the farmers, but, in reality, when the farmer relies upon them they serve to mislead him, and help the manufacturer of fertilizers to the farmers' cost. The directors of the Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey experiment stations combine upon the prices to be used in their computations, and say further:

"The uses of the valuation are, first, to show whether a given lot or brand of fertilizer is worth as a commodity of trade what it costs. If the selling price is no higher than the estimated value, the purchaser may be quite sure the price is reasonable. If the selling price is but $2 or $3 more than the estimated value, it may be still a fair price; but if the cost per ton is $5 or more over the estimated value it would be well to look further."

Is it not a little singular that the estimates are all made too high, which, while it works to the advantage of the manufacturer of fertilizers, is correspondingly to the disadvantage of the farmer? If the agricultural experiment stations desire to retain the confidence of the agricultural community they must call things by their right names, particularly those articles which enter into the manufacture of fertilizers, and which, it is not to be supposed, farmers generally would be well informed upon.

While they do want to know actual, not estimated, values, they are more desirous of knowing in what form the ammonia is in the fertilizer than in what form the phosphoric acid is, as ammonia is estimated at from 10 to 25 cents per pound, and phosphoric acid from three to twelve cents.

This wide range of values, with the large margin in the statement of the analyses by the manufacturers, varying as much as 30 per cent. in some cases, and the cost value to the farmers averaging a profit of over 30 per cent. above the so-called "trade value" of the experiment stations, and their estimated or trade value ranging from 25 to over 90 per cent. above the market values, leads to a universal distrust among educated farmers, of commercial fertilizers, and is a great bar to their use, which has become a necessity in the New England, Middle and Southern States, and will in time, if the present methods of cultivation are pursued, in all of the others.

The remedy for this state of things is in the farmer's own hands, for he can purchase the elements of the fertilizers he needs; nitrogen in nitrate of soda, phosphoric acid in fine ground phosphate of lime, alkali in muriate or sulphate of potash, or soda ash, whichever he may prefer. These articles the farmer can purchase separately in all the large markets of the country, and can be mixed by him on any floor in such proportions and quantities as his soil and crops to be grown require.

Valuations of fertilizers by experiment stations, comparison of trade values with wholesale market prices and percentage of difference; also the average valuation and cost and the percentage of difference in compounded fertilizers:

	Trade value. Cents ⅌ lb.	Wholesale market price.	Percentage of difference.
1884.			
Nitrogen in blood	18.00	13.20	36.3
Nitrogen in azotine	18.00	13.40	26.8
Nitrogen in nitrate of soda	18.00	14.30	25.9
Nitrogen in sulphate of ammonia	18.00	15.00	20.0
Nitrogen in fish scrap	10.00	....	....
Potash in muriate	4.25	3.37	26.1
Potash in sulphate	7.25	4.67	55.2
Phosphoric acid available in South Carolina rock	9.00	....	....
Phosphoric acid insoluble in South Carolina rock	2.25	....	....
1885.			
Nitrogen in blood	18.00	13.60	32.3
Nitrogen in azotine	18.00	13.60	32.3
Nitrogen in nitrate of soda	18.00	14.00	28.9
Nitrogen in sulphate of ammonia	18.00	15.00	20.0
Nitrogen in fish scrap	10.00	....	....
Potash in muriate	4.25	3.39	25.4
Potash in sulphate	4.75	4.26	61.0
Phosphoric acid available in South Carolina rock	9.00	....	....
Phosphoric acid insoluble in South Carolina rock	2.00	....	....
1886.			
Nitrogen in blood	17.00	14.00	21.4
Nitrogen in azotine	18.00	14.40	25.0
Nitrogen in nitrate of soda	18.50	13.60	36.0
Nitrogen in sulphate of ammonia	18.50	14.60	26.7
Nitrogen in fish scrap	9.00	....	....
Potash in muriate	4.25	3.36	26.5
Potash in sulphate	5.50	4.26	29.1
Phosphoric acid available in South Carolina rock	8.00	....	....
Phosphoric acid insoluble in South Carolina rock	2.00	....	....
1887.			
Nitrogen in blood	17.50	12.80	36.7
Nitrogen in azotine	17.50	13.50	29.6
Nitrogen in nitrate of soda	16.00	13.30	20.3
Nitrogen in sulphate of ammonia	17.50	14.10	24.1
Nitrogen in fish scrap	8.00	....	....
Potash in muriate	4.25	3.43	23.9
Potash in sulphate	5.50	4.26	29.1
Phosphoric acid available in South Carolina rock	8.00	....	....
Phosphoric acid insoluble in South Carolina rock	2.00	....	....
1888.			
Nitrogen in blood	16.50	14.00	17.8
Nitrogen in azotine	16.50	14.00	17.8
Nitrogen in nitrate of soda	16.00	13.60	17.6
Nitrogen in sulphate of ammonia	17.50	15.30	14.4
Nitrogen in fish scrap	8.00	....	....
Potash in muriate	4.25	3.55	19.6
Potash in sulphate	5.50	4.26	29.1
Phosphoric acid available in South Carolina rock	8.00	3.89	105.6
Phosphoric acid insoluble in South Carolina rock	2.00	....	....
1889.			
Nitrogen in blood	19.00	14.90	27.5
Nitrogen in azotine	19.00	15.00	26.6
Nitrogen in nitrate of soda	17.00	13.30	20.2
Nitrogen in sulphate of ammonia	19.00	15.60	21.8
Nitrogen in fish scrap	8.00	....	....
Potash in muriate	4.50	3.64	23.6
Potash in sulphate	6.00	4.76	26.5
Phosphoric acid available in South Carolina rock	8.00	4.12	94.2
Phosphoric acid insoluble in South Carolina rock	2.00	....	....

A comparison of the average wholesale market prices, with the "trade" values of the experiment stations show higher trade values than wholesale market prices on an average for six years, 1884 to 1889, inclusive, on nitrogen in the form of blood of 28.6 per cent.; in the form of azotine, of 26.3 per cent.; in the form of nitrate of soda, of 24 per cent.; in the form of sulphate of ammonia, 21.1 per cent.

On potash, in the form of muriate of potash, 24.2 per cent.; in the form of sulphate of potash, 38.3 per cent.; on available phosphoric acid from South Carolina Rock for years 1888-1889, 99.9 per cent.; phosphoric acid, insoluble in South Carolina Rock, no wholesale market prices have been given in comparison with trade values, of 2 cents per pound. These tables are computed from tables in the Connecticut Experiment Station reports and are assumed to be correct. The following table is also taken from the same reports, and gives the average cost of fertilizers to the consumer, the average valuation and the difference in percentage from 1884 to 1889, inclusive:

	Average cost.	Average valuation.	Per Cent. difference.
1884	40.73	33.13	22.9
1885	37.60	30.47	23.4
1886	36.58	29.42	24.3
1887	35.74	28.44	25.6
1888	34.55	28.79	20.2
1889	34.10	29.10	17.1

Averaging for the six years 22.2 per cent. higher cost to the farmer than the valuation based on trade values, which are supposed to be 20 per cent. higher than wholesale market prices.

In addition to the excess of prices on the so-called "trade values" over wholesale market prices, there is also to be taken into consideration the assumption of the experiment stations in regard to the value of organic nitrogen and insoluble phosphoric acid, as stated by them:

"The organic nitrogen in superphosphates, special manures and mixed fertilizers of a high grade is usually valued at the highest figures laid down in the 'trade' value of fertilizing ingredients in raw materials, namely, 19 cents per pound, it being 'assumed' that the organic nitrogen is derived from the best sources, viz., animal matter, as meat, blood, bones, fish scraps, or other equally good forms, and not from leather, shoddy, hair or any low-priced, inferior form of vegetable matter, unless the contrary is ascertained. (Is it ever ascertained?)

"For similar reasons, the insoluble phosphoric acid is valued in this connection at three cents, it being 'assumed' unless found otherwise, that it is from bone or similar source, and not from rock phosphate. In this latter form the insoluble phosphoric acid is worth but two cents per pound." Probably more than four-fifths of the phosphoric acid in commercial fertilizers is derived from rock phosphate, and as such should be rated at two cents per pound. The average price of nitrogen in fish for the years 1884-1889 has been only 8.8 cents per pound, and the assumption of reckoning nitrogen at 19 cents per pound (this for 1889) seems unwarrantable, particularly so in view of the statement made in the commissioners' report for 1889. "But the valuation is not to be too literally construed, for analysis cannot always decide accurately what is the form of nitrogen, etc., while the mechanical condition of a fertilizer is an item whose influence cannot always be rightly expressed or appreciated."

Estimating the trade value of fertilizing ingredients in one ton of average fertilizer at only 70 per cent. over the wholesale market prices, and this would appear to be much too low, as will be seen by a comparison of the nitrogen ingredients, including fish scrap, which enters more largely than any other one nitrogenous article into the composition of fertilizers.

Potash is used in fertilizers to but a limited extent as compared with organic nitrogen and phosphoric acid. On the latter the trade values over the wholesale market prices are very near 100 per cent.

The Connecticut station report for 1879 says:

"Fish scrap, dried blood, dried meat and tankings (the latter sometimes termed azotine), are produced in immense quantities and consumed for fertilizing purposes.

"They do not, however, pass to any considerable extent directly into the hands of farmers, and are not largely applied to the land in the state in which they are first produced, but they are mostly sold from the menhaden works and slaughter-houses to the compounders of superphosphates and other artificial fertilizers, where they are used to supply nitrogen to these articles, being mixed with various phosphates, treated with oil of vitrol, with potash salts, etc.

"The first wholesale cost of organic nitrogen is but a little more than one-half what the station valuation allows as the fair retail price.

"Fish scraps, dried blood, meat and tankings are sold at wholesale at so much per "unit of ammonia," without regard to the phosphoric acid, which in dried fish amounts to 6.7 per cent., and in blood, meat, etc., ranges from less than 1 up to 10 per cent., according as more or less bone happens to be included.

"During the past summer the unit of ammonia in fish, blood, etc., has been worth in New York but from $2.50 to $2.60. At $2.50 per unit of ammonia, the wholesale price of nitrogen would be 10½ cents per pound, with, in general, several per cent. of phosphoric acid thrown in.

"Now, what justifies the station in valuing this same nitrogen when it comes into our retail markets at 20 cents per pound, and at the same time allowing several cents per pound for the accompanying phosphoric acid?

"The station only can answer that the retail market justifies the trade values it employs, and would, so far as many of the superphosphates and all the guanos, other than Peruvian, are concerned, justify trade values higher than it has employed."

Reckoning, then, on this basis, the higher the manufacturers of fertilizers can force their retail prices, the stations are justified in raising still higher the "trade values" even now to the extent of nearly 100 per cent., as is mentioned above.

It has been supposed that the agricultural stations were established for the benefit of the farmers, and to protect them in the purchase of fertilizers, to see that they had good articles and at fair valuations.

From this report of the Connecticut experimental station, it seems that this is merely a supposition, an inference not warranted by the facts in the case, according to the Connecticut station's own report.

Possibly they were created for the purpose of experimenting on the farmers to ascertain how much they will stand.

Let us see to what extent they have succeeded. Here is a fertilizer, containing one ton, costing, at wholesale market price, as follows:

2.30 per cent. nitrogen, or pounds 47.6	8.8	$4.19
8.00 per cent. soluble phos. acid 160.0	4.12	6.59
3.00 per cent. reverted phos. acid 60.0	4.12	2.47
2.00 per cent. insoluble phos. acid 40.0	2.00	.80
2.00 per cent. potash 40.00	3.64	1.45
Cost of material at wholesale market price for one ton		$15.50

The majority of the manufacturers agree that this arrangement of mixing, bagging, handling and cartage ranges from $3 to $4.50 per ton—say $4.50—or a total cost of one ton fertilizer of better quality than the average on the market of $20.

The same at average trade values in fertilizers is as follows:

47.6 pounds nitrogen at 17.7 cents is	$8.42
160.0 pounds soluble phosphoric acid at 8.3 cents is	13.28
60.0 reverted phosphoric acid at 8.3 cents is	4.98
40.0 pounds insoluble phosphoric acid at 3 cents is	1.20
40.0 pounds potash at 4.20 cents is	1.71
	$29.59
Add for mixing, etc., as before	4.50
Or a total cost of one ton fertilizer at trade values of	$34.09

a difference between wholesale market prices and trade values of $14.09 per ton, or 70.4 per cent. The stations reports say:

"The difference between the two figures represents the manufacturers' charges for converting raw materials into manufactured articles and selling them.

"These charges are for grinding and mixing, bagging or barrelling, storage and transportation, commission to agents and dealers, long credits, interest on investments, bad debts and finally profits." Most of these charges the farmer can save by purchasing the raw materials and mixing them to suit his wants and at his leisure time.

With pure ground phosphate as the basis of operations, we can now obtain complete manure for every culture, made according to any formula, and containing in a readily available and assimilable form all the ingredients called for.

Nitrogen can be furnished in nitrate of soda; the usual guarantee on which it is sold is 96 per cent., equivalent to 15.8 per cent. nitrogen and 35.25 per cent. soda.

Phosphoric acid in fine ground phosphate rock is insoluble in distilled water, but is soluble in the water of the soil when combined with alkalies and nitrates. Potash, in the form of muriate, is usually sold on a guarantee of 80 per cent. muriate, which is equivalent to 50.5 of actual potash. To compound a fertilizer from these on the basis of the two previous illustrations, excepting prices:

	Retail prices.
300 lbs. nitrate of soda = 47.4 lbs. nitrogen; 106.0 lbs. soda, at 2½c. per lb.	$7.50
1,000 lbs. fine ground phos. rock, 26 per cent. = 260 lbs. phos. acid, at $10.50 per ton	5.20
80 lbs. muriate potash, 80 per cent., = 40 lbs. potash, at 2¼c. per lb.	1.80
1,380 lbs., costing for the materials	$14.50

And containing all the equivalents, in as good if not better form for the crops than the two fertilizers referred to, this last has in addition to its fertilizing powers over the others of 106 pounds of soda, which is found in all plants, and is a more powerful alkali than potash, and, it is claimed by some, can be substituted for it. To recapitulate:

1 ton fertilizer, at wholesale market prices, costs	$20.00
1 ton fertilizer, at trade value prices, costs	34.09

1380 pounds fertilizer from chemicals containing an equal number of pounds of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash as the ton of fertilizer at wholesale market prices and trade values, costs for materials are but $14.50, and has, in addition to the other fertilizers mentioned, 106 pounds of soda.

Home Mixing of Fertilizers.

This has been strongly advocated and is considerably practiced. Some of the advantages claimed, are the following: The buyer gets exactly what he prefers to use, in the way of fertilizing materials. The detection of inferior forms of nitrogen, or phosphoric acid is much easier and more certain in a single article than if mixed goods are bought; the plant food can be found in concentrated form, and expense and labor saved in freight and hauling to the farm. The cost of the factory work is saved, or rather replaced by the farm labor, which has no long string of charges to be added to cost of materials.

The home-mixed fertilizer can be varied in composition, in any quantity, to suit the wants of a particular field or crop.

The same quantity and quality of plant food costs much less in home mixtures than in ready-made mixtures, because the cash purchaser of fertilizer chemicals deals directly with the importer or dealer in chemicals and can purchase without reference to the prices asked in his neighborhood by retailers in the same goods. On a tight barn floor, or on an earth floor under cover, if smooth, hard and dry, different fertilizing materials, such as are in our makets, can be mixed just as well as at the factories; mixtures can be made on the farm which are uniform in quality, fine and dry and equal in all respects to the best ready-made fertilizers.

The tools needed are platform scales, a shovel and an iron hand rake or light hoe; sometimes a sand screen is useful also.

The reducing of bones and rock phosphates on the farm has been recommended, but this is questionable advice. The process is not so simple as represented, and concentrated sulphuric acid, or oil of vitroil, which must be bought, transported and used in considerable quantity, is a decidedly dangerous thing to handle for persons unfamiliar with it. Home-making had better stop short of superphosphate making, and be confined to the compounding of materials needing no further chemical treatment. The mechanical part of it alone is comparatively simple.

ANDREW H. WARD.
Consulting Agricultural Chemist, 85 Devonshire st., Boston, Mass. Fodder and fertilizer formulas furnished, based on required conditions.

A New Use for the Telephone.

[New York Sun.]

The telephone is put to a new use in the great hotel at Tampa, which Millionnaire Plan has just built to rival those of Millionnaire Flagler at St. Augustine. Instead of an electric press button every room will have a telephone connected with the office. Guests will be able to communicate, not only with the office, but with their friends in other rooms at will. The great orchestrion which was one of the marvels of the Paris Exposition, is to be placed in the large music-room of the hotel.

It has been arranged that any guest in his room can, by merely telephoning to the office, be connected with the orchestrion and have the music transmitted to him in full volume. In fact, he can put in actual practice one of the most wonderful of Bellamy's conceptions, and every night, if he likes, go to sleep listening to the finest of harmonies.

They Recognized the Mayor.

[Philadelphia Press.]

When Edwin H. Fitler was elected mayor one of the morning papers published a good cut of him. He was riding in a car on the way to his office. In the same car were two ladies, one of whom bought a paper of a newsboy and began to criticise the cut. The ladies made several remarks which were in no way derogatory to Mr. Fitler.

When the car had nearly reached 2d st. one of the ladies happened to glance across the car, and she met the gaze of the new mayor. She could not for a moment take her eyes off him, but when she did she grabbed the paper and began to compare the cut with the original. She then confided the discovery to her friend, and by the time the car reached Front st, the mayor was glad to get away from their gaze.

Jealous Because She's Not in It.

With hooks and fastenings under cover and buttons not tolerated at all, the question that puzzles the woman who does not wear the French-made costume is, how did she get into it? says the World.

A PRETTY GIRL'S DESTINY.

Continued from the First Page.

respects, yet I would like to know what led up to it. Has Tyrone been found?"

"No; she hasn't," answered Fanny.

Jack's heart fell within him.

"Who carried her off?" he asked.

Fanny made no reply, but he saw the swift changes in her face.

"Fanny, you know, and I want you to tell me," Jack sternly said.

She hesitated for a second and then answered:

"They blame Kale Canning."

"Kale Canning!" echoed Jack, with a fierceness that startled Fanny. "How did he manage it?"

Fanny knew, for she had aided him, and she was at a loss to know whether she should answer Jack's question.

"He decoyed her to the old paper mill," she said, at last.

"How?" demanded Jack, every muscle quivering with excitement.

"By a letter."

"Oh, girl, you're guessing! Tyrone wasn't to be caught by any chaff like that."

"Anyhow, she went," rejoined Fanny.

Jack looked at her keenly.

"You don't mean to say that she went willingly with him?" he asked.

"Why, bless you, no! If she had it wouldn't have caused the disturbance it did. Great gangs have been out hunting her, but all was of no use. Kale Canning was a little 'gone' on Tyrone. She snubbed him; then a stranger came, and that aggravated the matter."

"A stranger came where?" asked Jack.

"Into the neighborhood," replied Fanny. "To the house of your father. A handsome, intelligent, honest-looking fellow, to whom your father took quite a liking, I hear. Whether Tyrone fancied him or not, I am unable to say."

"Well, go on," impatiently cried Jack.

"He went with Tyrone to the church one rainy, dismal night," resumed Fanny, freely volunteering her information, since Jack showed such intense interest. "He went to examine the church register, it was said. He and Tyrone had hardly left the church when some one fired at them and wounded the stranger. He lay sick at the cottage for three or four days. Dr. Vanleer prescribing for him and Tyrone nursing him. The shot came from the graveyard, and it isn't just known whether it was intended for Tyrone or the stranger."

Jack gave a little gasp.

"Kale Canning fired the shot?" he asked.

"He is suspected," Fanny said. "Rollo sprang upon him and would have killed him if he hadn't fought him off."

"It served him right," exclaimed Jack, with a quick gesture. "It is a pity the dog did not kill him. What was the stranger's name?"

"Arthur Douglass."

"Is he gone?"

"Yes, Jack. He must be rich, for the reward will be paid by him, and it is no small sum."

"It is a startling story," Jack said. "I am much obliged to you for telling me. Good-by."

He turned to go.

"Jack," said she, "you will be looking for Tyrone, eh?"

"Why, you can just bet your life on that!" exclaimed Jack.

Fanny thought a moment and then asked:

"Do you know where Fenwich Forge is?"

"Yes," answered Jack; "10 miles or so northwest from here."

"Well, a rumor came to me that Tyrone is around there."

"Came to you!" cried Jack. "How?"

"It doesn't matter how," replied Fanny.

"You seem to know a good deal about the affair," Jack said, suspectfully.

"If so I am not holding it back from you," retorted Fanny.

"And did rumor say that she was well?" asked Jack.

"It said that she was alive," was Fanny's answer. "Why not look for her at Fenwich Forge?"

"I intend to," Jack said.

"And you'll get the reward?"

"That's no inducement to me," replied Jack.

"If you do accept the reward, don't you think you ought to give me a part of it?" the girl asked. "I've put you on the track."

"That sounds no more than fair," Jack said. "If I find Tyrone near where you say, I'll see that you are sufficiently compensated."

Fanny walked away from the hedge, and then came back, stopping where there was a gap in it.

"Jack!" she called.

He turned and rejoined her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Why, home, girl! Where else?"

"And—and—you have heard all the news?" she gasped.

"All the news!" repeated he, with a dazed look. "There isn't any worse news?"

"Oh, Jack!" Fanny said.

She wrung her hands and began to cry. Jack's face grew ghastly white.

"Fanny, what is it?" he asked, with a broken voice. "My father—"

"Poor, poor Jack!" sobbed Fanny. "The shock killed your father. He's been buried in the old churchyard for a week. Don't go home, Jack. It isn't home to you any more."

CHAPTER XXI.

LED BY A DOG.

It was a dreadful blow to Jack Trevallian to learn that his father was dead. He pressed his hand against his forehead, his big chest heaving. For a moment it seemed to him as if the blackness of night had settled down upon him. He groaned aloud, his eyes full of sad, regretful, self-criminating tears, for it wouldn't have happened if he had remained at home.

Fanny Bardwell pressed through the gap in the hedge. Though she was a giddy, frivolous girl, she had a kind, tender heart, and she pitied him sincerely.

"Don't cry, Jack," she said, as she caught his hand, her voice and frame trembling. "Don't mind it, Jack. Some one had to tell you, and surely it is all for the best."

She was so much in earnest that her sympathy comforted him. He dashed away his tears and regained his self-possession.

"Yes, Fanny," he said, in a sad, grave tone. "Some one had to tell me, and why not you? Of course, everything that God does is for the best. But I tell you, Fanny, it's taken nearly all the life out of me."

Fanny had released his hand, and was crying bitterly.

"Don't do that, Fanny," he said. "It unnerves me still more. It makes me feel as if I ought to comfort you. There's a heavy weight pressing me down, and I guess it's because I blame myself so much, for I had no need to run away. I can't go home, and yet I must. I want to see the cottage again, the old church, the—the—grave in which father's buried."

He broke down again, but it did not last long. He picked up his staff, for he had dropped it in his agony of mind.

"It will almost break Tyrone's heart if she's alive to hear it," he said, his voice husky. "If she isn't alive it will not matter, for then she knows it already and is with him up yonder, I am sure. I thank you, Fanny, for your sympathy. I suspect that you have some trouble of your own, and we all have, you know. If I ever can serve you in any way I'll do it."

They separated, Jack leaving the highway and taking a short route to the cottage. When he reached it, he found the shutters closed and the doors locked. It had to him a cold, cheerless, deserted look. Dead leaves lay on the porches; the gate was off its hinges; weeds were growing in the path.

"If only Rollo was here to welcome me," groaned Jack. "There would be some relief," even in that."

He stood at the empty kennel, and then called and whistled, but the dog did not come bounding to meet him.

With a sad heart he turned from the cottage, walked to the little church and entered the graveyard.

There was but one newly made grave in it, and he knew whose it was. He stood and looked down at it, his head uncovered, his chest heaving, the afternoon shadows lengthening around him. He was communing in the bitterness of his heart, and it was not without profit.

"Jack, you've come back too late," a masculine voice said, in a tone of rebuke.

The young prodigal looked up and saw Dr. Vanleer in his buggy, just beyond the low stone wall.

"And your repentance is too late," the doctor added.

Jack strode over to him, and said, every muscle of his face twitching:

"Don't taunt me, please. Don't strike a man when he's down. I need heavenly grace and human sympathy. You are a Christian—you held up father's hands during his ministry here; I am yearning for your pity, and you withhold it from me."

"No, Jack," the doctor replied. "I sympathize with you, but of what avail is it? There is nothing that you can do."

"Oh, yes there is!" cried Jack, flinging up his head. "There is much that I can do for myself—there is something that I can do for others. I cannot bring my dear father back, but I can find Tyrone."

"I hope you may, but I cannot inspire you with much hope," replied the doctor.

"Doctor, if you knew everything you would not blame me," Jack said, after a short silence. "I went away to help father; I wanted to earn money so that I could give it to him; I have the money, but he isn't here."

"Jack, you never wrote to him," reminded the doctor.

"No, I didn't," admitted Jack, his countenance falling. "That will be the one long regret of my life. But let that go, since I cannot make atonement. I met Fanny Bardwell and she told me a good deal, but I could not tell how much of it was fact and how much rumor. Doctor, give me a detailed account of the occurrence."

The doctor complied with his request. What he said corroborated Fanny Bardwell's statement, and was more explicit.

"This Arthur Douglass?" asked Jack. "Is he a worthy fellow?"

"He's every inch a gentleman," declared the doctor. "Handsome, sturdy, frank, rich, intelligent."

"Did Tyrone love him?"

"I know that he was fond of Tyrone," replied the doctor.

He did not tell him about the duty delegated to Arthur Douglass—about the letter found in Dr. Trevallian's desk—and that Tyrone was not his sister. He did not think it wise to tell him just then, if at all. He would find it out through some other source.

"Doctor, I'm obliged to you," Jack said. "Was there a sale of father's effects?"

"No, Jack. There is time for that. I suppose you will have to attend to it now that you have returned."

"One question more, doctor. Where is Rollo, the dog?"

"I don't know, Jack. The quartet disappeared on the same day and have not been heard from since."

"The quartet?" repeated Jack, with a puzzled look. "Tyrone, Kale Canning, the dog and—"

"Gypsy Madge," completed the doctor.

"Ah!" ejaculated Jack. "Well, she is Tyrone's friend, I am sure—and so is Rollo. Mr. Douglass offered the reward?"

"Yes."

"And if I find Tyrone?"

"Eh, Jack? You wouldn't want the reward?"

"No; not from Tyrone's lover, if such he is. But there is a party who might be entitled to some of it."

"What do you mean, Jack?" quickly asked the doctor.

"That I've got information, sir."

"Reliable information?"

"I hope so, doctor. I think so."

"From Fanny Bardswell?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Then it is worth considering," decided Dr. Vanleer. "I could not get a word out of her, though I tried my best. She it was who wrote the forged note at Kale Canning's dictation."

"Ah!" ejaculated Jack. "Well she has gone back on him now. I'll find Tyrone before the dawn of tomorrow."

"God speed you," the doctor earnestly said.

"So can you, if you drive me part way," suggested Jack.

"Why—willingly and—now. Whither?"

"Toward Fenwich Forge."

"Tumble into the buggy," was the doctor's crisp reply.

Two minutes later the doctor's sturdy pony was hurrying briskly in the direction named.

It was almost dusk when they halted. The place was almost as lonely as the vicinity of the ruined paper mill, only the land was not swampy. Fenwich Forge was on the same stream as the paper mill, and the stream was open to rowboats between the two points.

Bidding the doctor adieu, Jack stood alone in the gathering gloom, the rattling of the wheels of the buggy dying away in the distance.

There were no houses in sight, and Jack scarcely knew whither to bend his steps. He soon, however, began to reconnoitre.

He heard a dog growl, and a minute later the animal came out of the bushes. He was a large dog, quite wasted, his shaggy coat covered with mud. He was savage, and Jack saw the gleam of his white teeth in the shadows.

"Rollo!" cried Jack, "Rollo, old boy!"

The growling ceased, and the dog came nearer, his head uplifted, his eyes growing brighter.

"Rollo, old fellow!" Jack softly said, as he snapped his fingers. "I'm Jack! Don't you know me?"

Yes, Rollo knew him, after an absence of three years. He whined, and went up to Jack, as if he wanted to be petted, as if he was glad that he had found an old friend.

"Where's your mistress, Rollo?" Jack asked. "Where is Tyrone?"

Possibly the dog understood. He barked, ran forward, and then came back.

"You want to show me where she is, eh?" Jack said. "Well, that's all right. Go ahead, and I'll follow."

CHAPTER XXII.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW HIS NAME.

After tea, Arthur Douglass and his father went to the library, which was a large well-furnished and luxurious apartment, for Malcolm Douglass was very rich. The elegant carpet glowed with warm, bright colors, and a thousand polished surfaces reflected the light from the chandelier.

Miriam Montcalm joined them almost immediately. She welcomed Arthur Douglass in a quiet, lady-like way, though she was more glad to see him than she cared to have him know.

She was elegantly dressed, self-possessed in her manner and graceful in her movements. Her face showed no traces of the terrible suffering she had endured while lashed to the cross tree of the mast on that cold, desolate night, the rain beating spitefully overhead, and the ocean yawning to engulf her beneath.

Arthur Douglass was conscious of her worth and loveliness, and his eyes now and then sought her face in an appreciative way. Perhaps, had he not met Tyrone, he eventually would have offered her his hand in marriage, so fondly had he learned to regard her.

He gave a detailed and graphic account of his adventure at Thorndale—a detailed account, because his father constantly plied him with questions, and a graphic account because he was so full of the subject.

Miriam asked no questions, but was an attentive and deeply interested listener, her face changing color now and then, her eyes occasionally lifted from her embroidery. Several times she was a trifle disturbed, which happened whenever Arthur Douglass, quite unconsciously, of course, extolled Tyrone's loveliness and force of character.

"My dear boy, it is a wonder that you got back alive," his father said. "You are sure that your wound is no longer dangerous?"

"Oh, yes," replied Arthur. "Of course, I'll be cautious for a week or two."

"You spoke of some documents," reminded his father.

For the first time during the interview Arthur Douglass weighed his words. He became guarded because Miriam was present, and because he was aware of her preference for him. It was not necessary, then and there, to speak about the promise he had made to Dr. Trevallian in connection with Tyrone.

"Tyrone," he said, "is not the rector's daughter, though everybody supposed that she was. He placed great confidence in me because of the letter of introduction which I showed him, but more so because you had been a classmate of his. A secret enveloped the sweet girl's life, and he saw fit to trust me with it. After his death a letter was found in his desk. It was sealed, and was directed to me. When I opened it and read it I discovered, to my great astonishment, that the young lady is, beyond all peradventure, the heir you have sought for with so much persistency."

"Can that be possible!" exclaimed his father, in amazement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OATMEAL MUFFINS

And Coffee Cake Among the Many Dainty Dishes Made.

At the Boston cooking school last week the following dishes were served:

Pork Tenderloins.

Split nearly in two, flatten, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook in a frying pan with a little lard. Cook slowly after they are brown, and be careful not to burn them. Serve with sauce piquante. Brown 2 tablespoonfuls butter, add 2 tablespoonfuls flour and brown. Pour on slowly 1 pint hot brown stock, add ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ saltspoonful pepper, 1 tablespoonful chopped pickles, 1 tablespoonful capers and 1 tablespoonful vinegar.

Sweet Potato Souffles.

Pare and cut potatoes into ¼-inch slices; fry in moderately heated deep fat 8 minutes, drain; reheat the fat till very hot; plunge in the potatoes and cook 1 minute; drain and sprinkle with salt.

Oatmeal Muffins.

Scald a scant ½ pint milk, add 1 tablespoonful sugar and 1 tablespoonful salt. When cool add ¼ yeast cake dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water; then 1 generous pint flour mixed with 1 cup cooked oatmeal; beat thoroughly; let rise; beat again; fill gem pan ⅔ full, set on the back of the stove, let stand 20 minutes, and bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Chicken Hash with Rice Toast.

Cook 1 cup of rice till tender, pack into a mould and when cold slice, brown with melted butter and toast a delicate brown. Melt 1 tablespoonful butter in a saucepan and 1 heaping teaspoonful flour and pour on slowly 1 cup chicken stock, add ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ saltspoon pepper, 1 teaspoonful lemon

HOWARD'S LETTER.

The Bernhardt Physique is Much Improved,

But Her Interpretation of Cleopatra is Rather Disappointing.

A Lesson from the Astor Crest—Also One from Cleveland's Democracy.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21. Bernhardt's chief charm, in my view, is her individuality, her personality. People writing of her say, "You don't see Bernhardt, you see Cleopatra." I prefer to look at her representation as that of an intelligent artist, who says, "This is Cleopatra as interpreted, as pictured by Bernhardt," for it is Bernhardt's face, Bernhardt's figure, Bernhardt's voice, Bernhardt's mental and physical peculiarities utilized intelligently as interpreters.

Her Cleopatra is disappointing to me.

I wrote, the night of "Cleopatra's" first production, at the close of the third act. It was impossible to wait until the final fall of the curtain, as it was quite 1 o'clock before people reached their carriages. Down to that point, and indeed thereafter, there was the genius, the artist, but not the play. Cleopatra, as presented in this version, is simply a talker from Talkville. There is no opportunity for action. There are several beautiful tableaux, but even in this the representation was faulty by reason of the limitations, the physical limitations of the stage itself, and Mr. Abbey was unable to utilize much of the pictorial advantages by reason of this purely physical ungetoverability. In "La Tosca" Bernhardt has opportunity for constant action, and other people in the cast are also provided with fine scenes in which something beside mere declamation is possible. It isn't the fault of the player, but of the play. Aside from the

One Passionate Development

of rage and physical unrestraint when Cleopatra stamps upon the prostrate messenger who brings news of Mark Antony's infidelity, there isn't a single situation of dramatic intensity affording opportunity for that prime necessity on the stage, action. Cleopatra's death scene is singularly tame, yet you will be interested to know that not only was every seat sold for the week's performances, but the accommodations for an extra matinee given on Wednesday last were exhausted within an hour after the opening of the box office, and I understand that every seat for every night during this coming week is also sold.

This shows two things.

First, Bernhardt's popularity. There can be no question of her marvellous vannic pre-eminence in that view. There has been no extraneous unusual effort to advertise this woman. You might as well advertise the sun, or the stars, or the silvery moon. She simply came, took her place at the head of the dramatic table, and rules Queen MacGregor, whether her name be La Tosca, Cleopatra or Frou-Frou.

She is vastly improved physically.

Her face you remember, when she was here before, was rather death-heady, with high cheek bones and pinched features, while her limbs and general physique were so attenuated as to be flippantly spoken of as interrogation points or exclamation suggestions. Time, or change of diet, or whatever has improved all this, and the proverb is certainly correct in this instance that advancing age doesn't wither.

The Bernhardt Physique.

Her face has rounded out somewhat. The sharp lines are softened entirely, and the body is more generously provided with adipose layers, so that swathed in oriental costume the genius presents a picture positively pleasing.

She is a wonderful woman.

All women are wonderful, but she is a wonder among her sex. You can't sit watching her during an entire play without being struck by the quickness of her intuition, the marvellous command she has of passion play of feature. No studied pose does she affect. Her attitude is born of the situation and the phrase. The French habit in declamation is monotonous to a degree, exasperatingly unpleasant, and it has occurred to me that Bernhardt and her associates carry that habit to an extent unusual. They have reduced stage rhetoric to a very commonplace condition save at certain exceptional moments. In other words, the conversational tone is, to my thinking, too well preserved. It seems to me as though art concealed art a little too much. Bernhardt on the street is quiet, unobtrusive, modest; yet no man, certainly no woman who had ever been favored with a steady look at her upon the stage, would mistake her for other than herself. In her rooms at the hotel she is unrestrained freedom personified. She enjoys the good things of life, but rules her taste with a rod of iron, subordinating everything at all time and under all circumstances to the conditions of her contract.

She is a business woman.

She understands the petty details of the tour as thoroughly as she comprehends the terms of her individual contract.

She is Conscientious

to a degree in all matters pertaining to her life work. Within the week her hand was near the knob of the door which, opened, would put her face to face with the everlasting. Canned mushrooms gave her a fit of illness so sudden, so painful, so extremely dangerous as to cause grave apprehensions in the minds of the medical men attending as to the result. Fortunately the remedies applied were effective, but she was left in a condition of weakness which many a minor artist would have pleaded as sufficient excuse for non-appearance.

Not so Bernhardt.

"It is my duty, not alone to the public who have paid, but to my contract," were her words, and she meant it. So thoroughly convinced are her managers of her conscientious recognition of obligation that they would take her word as against that of a million. If she said, "It is necessary," or "I can't play," or in any way showed her inability to do what was expected of her, there wouldn't be a moment's hesitancy on the part of those nearest her. They would know that with her, in business, two and two make four, and nothing over and nothing under.

Extravagant?

Well, that depends. Would it be extravagant for Mr Astor to build a $500,000 yacht? Is it extravagant for a woman with an income of $500,000 a year to spend it in jewels, in houses, in what many would consider excessive dissipations? Extravagance, it seems to me, is a senseless spending of money—and, by the way, I think

This is Very Funny:

For weeks preceding the wedding of Mr. Jack Astor and a Philadelphia lady, the papers of this city, and presumably of others, were absolutely showered, deluged, as it were, with carefully prepared press matter sent out from a press bureau giving details of the forthcoming marriage, the presents received, with the names of donors, and very often with the cost of the presents. Precisely how much was to be spent for flowers, and how much for the collation, was told with a degree of familiarity which disclosed the source of the information beyond a question, and with an idiocy, it would almost seem an insanity, of disregard of the impression necessarily produced upon intelligent minds by such exposure. There was a long discussion as to the "crest," "the Astor crest," which was to be printed on the ribbon tied about the wedding cake boxes.

Well, now, when you consider who John Jacob Astor, senior, was, and that it is but 43 years since he died, a perfectly well-known man to hundreds still living, how perfectly ridiculous is the talk concerning the Astor crest! Mr. John Jacob Astor, Sr., died in this city in 1848. His father was a butcher in Germany, with no more idea of a coat of arms or a crest than a right to such insignia. Had he in the good old times, the butcher father I mean, talked about the Astor crest he would have been laughed out of his shop or hung with his beef in his own shambles. His father was not only a butcher, a drunken butcher, but, as has been told by men who knew him in his slaughter house, where young John Jacob was brought up,

Poorly Clad and Badly Fed;

he was a ne'er-do-weel. I ran across by curious accident only yesterday a book called "Great Fortunes," printed 20 odd years ago, in which, among other things, I find that while the original Astor, John Jacob's father, was a butcher by trade, his chief occupation was that of going from house to house at a special season of the year for the purpose of slaughtering calf, pig or bullock, or whatever the farmer might have fattened and prepared, curing its flesh or making sausage meat of it according to the will of his employers. His name was Jacob, and he spent much of his time in the village beer-house. Between the beer-house and the slaughter-house John Jacob, Jacob's son, passed the greater part of his time until he was 17 years of age, when, with $2 in his pocket, he left his home and with serious resolution faced the world. From that time on, aided much by his brother Henry, a butcher in this city, but chiefly by himself, young Astor, with his $2 a week and board, laid the foundations of a fortune which has in time become the fortune of the new country, enabling his great-grandson to hold such position in the silly-billy world of fashion as to warrant the impertinencies of a press agent, and on the occasion of his marriage to secure for him a stupendous advertisement as to his wealth, the beauty of his bride and the extraordinary "crest" with which the ribbons of his wedding cake boxes are stamped.

Why tell this?

"Because the duty of a public teacher is to seize the topic of the hour and make it the

Lesson of the Day.

The industry of John Jacob Astor, senior, in his father's butchering business, his frugality in the early days of his struggle, his determination to succeed, and by success he meant to get rich, and his triumph in this free country over the elements of his early surroundings, debased, dirty, vulgar as can be conceived, and his subsequent walk and conversation among contemporaneous merchants, are a something which teach a lesson to every poor boy, whether he was born in a slaughter-house, in a poorhouse, in the slums, in the streets of New York, in the crowded tenements across the water. It is a lesson of encouragement, of promise, of hope and of certain fulfillment, the conditions at first being adhered to, maintained, for, if it be possible for a John Jacob Astor reared amid squalor, degradation, obscurity, his eyes more familiar with the drippings of a slaughter-house than with any of the developments of art or nature, how much more significant the lesson to the boys and girls of New England poor born, but not born dirty, reared in obscurity, but not in a slaughter-house? And if for them, how much more significant the lesson to the boys and girls of New England born amid the surroundings of farm life, where common school education is a certainty, where early teachings, moral, elevated, are a commonplace, everyday occurrence? Rising in the social scale, doesn't the same lesson offer itself to boys and girls better born, reared amid the surroundings of culture, of intelligence, of education, of wealth, such as are to be found in the tens of thousands of homes, not only in New England, but in these great Middle States and far out through the growing and the booming West?

The Astor of 1848 was

An Example to be Proud Of.

The Astor of 1891 is an object to be pitied.

I know nothing of the young man's mental endowments, but I am told he dances well. He has the Astor face, which means phlegmaticism. His habits are those of the young men of the time whose pockets were full of dollars the day they were born. The contrast between the education given by the late William H. Vanderbilt to his boys and the Astors to this boy is very marked. Old man Vanderbilt was a tough customer, no doubt about that; but he had a big head, a firm hand and a very much better heart than most people imagine. His son, William H., through all the early years of his life, seemed a failure, but the developments of his middle life proved him to be a worthy son of an extraordinary father. I know no better test of a man than the way in which he brings up his children, and it must be admitted, it must be conceded even by Vanderbilt's most bitter, most acrid critics, that the race of men he brought into the world and up to the plane of wide horizoned endeavor, is a race of which his fellows may well be proud. No men stand higher among their business associates, with their personal friends, and in the estimation of the general public, than the sons of the late William H. Vanderbilt. It is useless to waste time imagining what this much written of young man could do if he were to try. The difficulty with him is, he doesn't try. He seems to me to be an apt tool in the hands of the present set, whose absurd

Squabbling About Coats of Arms,

social precedence, family crests and all that, is about as vulgar as was the occupation of the man from whose loins the founder of the family originally sprung.

The Astors have done much in many ways.

The late William B. Astor was a gentleman, a man of affairs and at times a giver. His wife was one of nature's happiest outworkings. She had a clear head and a good heart and a liberal hand. Together the Astors did a great deal of good in a quiet way, and some in a more public and general mode. William Waldorf Astor, the heir of John Jacob, is a peculiar compound. He has enough to do to attend to the affairs of his estate, but he has indicated abilities, traits of character and a degree of independence to be admired. The other branch of the family is represented by William, the brother of William Waldorf's father, who lives in Paris, his wife, who lives here, and young Jack Astor, who is just married. Without entering into offensive details at all, the fact remains that they are a very different class of individuals from the others, and have yet to earn their spurs as benefactors, public or private.

The individuality of Sarah Bernhardt and the individuality of the original John Jacob Astor, as, indeed, that of the original Vanderbilt and of Jay Gould, are a something to be studied and enjoyed, appreciated and learned from. No man or woman ever lived in leading strings who amounted to anything. Flippant criticism would suggest that the Emperor William was foolish in cutting apart from the great and only Bismarck.

Nonsense.

The Emperor William is ruler over millions of men and women. He alone is responsible, and having learned his lesson why should he take hold of the hand of his old preceptor in order that he might be supported upon the road pointed out to him, a road he understands unmistakably? Bismarck's services to the great William, his services to the unfortunate Frederick, can never be exaggerated in eulogy. The present Emperor has learned much from him, more probably by observation than by precept, and now prefers to stand alone. Surely every admirer of individuality, every understander of personality, every believer in self-reliance and independence, will applaud the young man's decision.

Americans admire individuality above all things.

What is it that makes the name of Blaine—Blaine, James G. Blaine, so potent? Is it because he is everlastingly wiser and greater and more potent than everybody else? On the other hand, is it not because he has proven himself a man among men, independent in thought, fearless in action, reckless of himself so long as his ends are attained? Thousands of Democrats take exception to Grover Cleveland's recent utterance on the silver question, yet has that utterance freshly photographed

Grover Cleveland as a Man

of independent thought, of fearless bearing, undaunted courage. And whether his views are in line with those of the great majority of his party or not, when his name is placed, as doubtless it will be in 1892, upon the Democratic banner, you will find—now mark my words—that this very utterance of his will make his friends stick closer to him than the traditional brother, and will bring even his opponents into the line of his support, because they believe him honest and courageous.

There are different kinds of individuality. Bernhardt's is in the direction of personality alone. I don't know that she is an original thinker. I know nothing of her in that respect. I do not know that, as a personality, she has, outside of the realm of her profession, where she is notably industrious and intelligently active, ever done anything to make herself unique, but there she stands. As Webster said of Massachusetts, "Look at her," and when she goes to Boston, and you, as New Yorkers have, crowd the theatre, and sit spellbound beneath the magic of her witchery, absolutely dominated by her personality, diagnose yourself, and see if after all it is not Sarah herself whom you are admiring as an intelligent instructor, an expert photographer, a marvellous delineator of human nature.

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THE INDEPENDENT WIFE.

Brides Should Have Means, Says Mrs. Sherman.

Mrs. McPherson Says the Dowry is a Relic of Barbarism.

Views of Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Wanamaker.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Should American girls have dowries? Should we settle a portion upon our daughters at marriage? These questions I have asked some of our most noted society ladies during the past week, and I find their answers interesting in the extreme. I first called upon Senator Sherman's wife. She said:

"I am in favor of dowries for our daughters, though I do not think the matter should be a compulsory one, as it is in France. I believe, however, that both husband and wife are all the happier from the possession of means of their own, and every parent who values his daughter's best happiness will not hesitate to endow her upon the event of her marriage. I have often expressed this sentiment in our family, and I believe that no father, should he possess sufficient means, is justified in placing his child in a position where she will be entirely dependent upon the whims of another. It is a wise regulation of the French government to provide by the settlement of a marriage portion for the permanent support of the wife, so that she can never be left in want, no matter how improvident the husband may be."

How One Count Got $1000 a Year.

"Nevertheless I know," continued Mrs. Sherman, "of any number of instances in which the system has proved rather disastrous. You may probably have heard of the marriage of Miss Gordon of Cleveland, O., to Count Vilain of Belgium. The affair created quite a sensation at the time, as Miss Gordon was a beautiful girl, and the only child of a millionnaire, who was violently opposed to his daughter wedding a foreigner. The parents opposed the match for a while, and made every effort to draw their child out of the way of temptation. The lover, however, was not to be thwarted, and when the affair became unavoidable, the parents determined to make the best of it. A meeting was arranged with the lover for the purpose of signing the settlements, and when the preliminaries were being discussed the amount of the "dot" became a subject of considerable controversy. At length the father asked what money the count's family intended to bestow upon him. This question rather staggered the young man, who hastened to explain that no such custom prevailed in his country so far as the husband was concerned.

"Very well, then," added Mr. Gordon, "unless you can show an equal amount either in money or lands you cannot have my daughter."

"After considerable cabling and much discussion the question was finally settled by the consent of the count's father to transfer to his son property valued at $100,000. Not until then would the millionnaire agree to the demand, and he immediately settled a life interest upon the young couple of $10,000 a year, 10 per cent of the amount conferred upon the groom. Three years afterwards the wife died, and today the widower continues to receive the annual allowance agreed upon from his father-in-law, notwithstanding the fact of his second marriage. I might quote other instances of a similar character."

She Loved Another.

"You are doubtless familiar," continued Mrs. Sherman, "with Lucy Hooper's advice to her countrywomen. In one of her letters written from abroad after her marriage she thus forcibly puts the case: 'My dear young American sisters, if you must have a pet, purchase a spaniel, but never buy a French count.' Miss Hooper's father, as consul at Paris, had many curious experiences brought to his notice in his official capacity, not the least original of which was the case of a young wife whose fancy had been enthralled, like many another American girl's, by the glitter of a title.

"One day while seated at his desk he was interrupted by the entrance of a lady who feelingly explained that her husband, a Frenchman, had informed her that by the laws of France, which require the presence of the resident foreign minister, or at least the consul, at the ceremony to insure the legality of the contract, their marriage did not hold good in his own country, and that in consequence of the absence of such a representative at the church, she could no longer claim his allegiance as a husband.

"Sympathizing with the woman in her trying and questionable position, Mr. Hooper very gently explained that unfortunately there did exist such a law, and that he was powerless to help her. To his astonishment his visitor delightedly exclaimed: 'Then it is all true as he said, and I am free to marry whom I choose! I am so glad, for there is another whom I love very dearly!'"

Mrs. Wanamaker.

Mrs. Wanamaker is a woman of culture and rare common sense, and having spent several years in foreign travel is fitted to express intelligent views on this subject. I called upon her one morning, not long since, and found her luxuriously ensconced in her pretty boudoir, in the midst of her regular daily work of correspondence. She was answering dozens of private notes and letters of charitable appeals. She said:

"I think that the question of bestowing a 'dot,' or wedding portion, should be entirely optional, not compulsory, as it is abroad. Such arrangements are in many instances productive of much evil and of considerable financial embarrassment. As an illustration of this I recall the case of a wealthy Frenchman who had three wedded daughters, upon each of whom he had bestowed a 'dot' far in excess of his private means. Two of his sons-in-law had been taken into partnership with him, and in consequence he had impoverished himself, when otherwise he would have been rich in this world's goods. Many American girls possess independent means, and their future is provided for without additional endowment. As to girls not so situated, I hardly think that any man of means would care to permit his daughter to leave her home unendowed, and thereby place her in a position of comparative dependence."

Secretary Noble's Wife.

Mrs. Noble says: "I do not like the idea of giving dowries. I think them degrading and the relic of a barbaric age. When the subject is looked at in its true light it degenerates into a mere question of 'barter.' Among Indian tribes the habit is always to pay down a bounty or purchase money, either in lands or an equal value in beads, skins or wampum, upon the choice of a bride from among the dusky daughters of the nation. If the maiden be well favored and possessed of superior attractions, the money is paid over by the groom into the hands of the father, and the young girl becomes a wife with all the show and ceremony of early barbaric custom. Should the maid be ill-favored or devoid of personal charms, a handsome sum is paid by the parent as a bonus thrown in after the manner of a chromo to equalize the bargain."

"There is to me," Mrs. Noble went on, "something repulsive in the bare consideration of dowry giving in a civilized community and in an age of Christian advancement. On the other hand, a father possessed of any means would be unreasonable to permit his child to enter into the matrimonial state empty-handed, more especially should the man of her choice be possessed of a moderate income and steady business habits. A fair start in life is the secret of a successful future, and many men are too often hampered in their youth by the burden of family expenses that cripple their best efforts, at a time when a little discreet financial aid would set them afloat upon the sea of success with favorable winds to waft their bark. There is a wise clause in English jurisprudence that provides for the support of a wife from an endowment contained in the marriage settlement. Such a 'dot' belongs unconditionally to the wife, and she can withhold it, notwithstanding the demands of the husband."

Mrs. Carlisle on Happy Marriages.

Mrs. Carlisle expresses short but decided views in favor of the dowry. Said she:

"A woman should always possess means of her own if she expects to enjoy a perfectly congenial wedded life. Even the most generous of husbands often overlooks the smaller needs of a household that form so important a factor in the general comfort and happiness, and very few women care to be constantly making petty demands upon their husbands, preferring more often to go without a necessity rather than annoy a man by little importunities of this kind; until at length a lack of mutual confidence engenders misunderstandings that prove the beginning of serious estrangement.

"It is the same thing over again as that brought out in the allowance system, and if the wife possesses independent means the wheels of domestic machinery run smoothly forward without jar or hindrance. By all means give your daughters a wedding portion should your fortune permit, and do not thrust her from the parental nest unsupplied with necessary protection from future want."

Mrs. McPherson Approves.

Mrs. McPherson, wife of the senator from New Jersey, has spent much of her life in oreign travel, and probably there are few corners of the world which at one time or another she has not visited. A woman of keen intelligence and considerable literary taste, she has made a careful study of the various customs and national peculiarities. I asked her whether she approved of the giving of dowries.

"I do, most emphatically," she answered. "For the sake of a woman's individual happiness, if for no other reason, it is a wise provision, and I believe that every parent who has his child's best welfare at heart would not neglect so important a duty. I mean, of course, in case he can afford to do so. Abroad the custom is universally observed, and a foreigner seldom, if ever, seeks an American wife from among those less blessed by fortune.

"The recent marriage of Miss Audenreid and Count Devonne of France is yet another instance of title allying with solid American gold. Every one of course knows that the count was head over ears in love with his bride, but the main chance was not overlooked and the dowry was satisfactorily settled in compliance with the French law before the contract was sealed at the altar. The amount of Miss Audenreid's income is variously estimated from $4000 to $8000, to which her mother has added a 'dot' of several thousand more out of her handsome fortune that will in all probability revert eventually to her daughter."

Mrs. Wolcott Disapproves.

Mrs. Wolcott, wife of the senator from Colorado, was at first rather disinclined to express her views, as she had never seriously considered the question, but she soon warmed up to the subject in reply to one or two leading questions and ardently espoused the opposite view. Mrs. Wolcott went on to explain that she considered domestic happiness better secured by total dependence on the part of the wife. She said:

"In every male breast there lives a spark of latent chivalry that is sure to be called forth by the demand for protection on the part of the weaker vessel, and his manly pride is roused by the demand upon his rightful sovereignty over those who are dependent upon his strength, just as the very dependency of an infant claims our natural love and care. We Americans are far too apt to indulge in a habit of imitating foreign customs instead of preserving that boasted independence so hardly won by our forefathers, and the worst of it is that we by no means adopt the best of them.

"We usually follow some foolish, brief fancy, originating in distant lands by a class of people possessing totally opposite requirements. The French, as well as many other Europeans who observe this law of dowry giving, live very happily to all appearances, but the truth is that the women of other countries expect less from their husbands than we Americans enjoy. One thing, however, I have noticed among foreigners is, that the wife of a Frenchman is far more respected in the light of counsellor to her husband than with us, and is consulted upon every and any emergency, whether of public or private demands, and the wisdom of her advice generally followed. The trouble with us lies in the fact that we have developed into such a money-getting, money-loving race that in following the practical we lose the joy of the ideal, and the sweet romance of love is destroyed in the effort."

"Do you not think that much depends upon the character of the man whether or not such total dependence results in happiness?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Wolcott, "where a man is a tyrant by nature no domestic congeniality or wedded joy can be expected under any consideration; but every true man will guard his wife from a feeling of dependence and treat her with consideration, whether she possesses private means or comes to him empty-handed. By all means let us avoid the adoption of any custom, but preserve our individuality as a nation, and let circumstances guide our action in this question as in every other event of life."

Mrs. Carey Tells How it is in Wyoming.

The wife of Senator Carey of Wyoming is one of the handsomest among the ladies of the senatorial circle, a typical Western woman, possessed of all the independence and self-reliant spirit engendered by a life spent in an atmosphere of progressive suffrage, that in no way detracts from the dignity and tenderness of her nature as wife and mother.

She holds independent views, differing materially from those held by Mrs. Wolcott. She advocates equality of individual rights in the matter of fortune, as in all other respects. I dropped in upon her one morning not long since, at her handsome suite of apartments at the Arlington, and found her a keen advocate of the superior advantages resulting from the system of dower-giving. She said:

"I am firmly convinced that married life is always the happier for the possession of means on the side of the wife. No matter how thoughtful and generous the husband may be, no matter how lavishly the head of the house provides for the domestic comfort, there are always little unexpected demands cropping up that no woman cares to be forever asking to supply. Then, too, there are occasional small charities or pet acts of kindness that one likes to indulge in, and if she be possessed of even a limited allowance of her own she feels a truer pleasure in the dispensing of the funds than in giving double the sum supplied through the generosity of her husband. No one has a happier or more congenial wedded life than mine or a more lavishly indulgent partner, yet, for that very reason, I often refrain from making demands upon his purse.

"I believe in the fact that the pleasure derived from some little act of personal generosity out of a private purse far outweighs any mutual gift. In no State in the Union are women more highly honored or more connubially happy than in Wyoming, simply for the reason that the laws of universal suffrage there prevail in a perfected state, and as a rule men hold their wives in a higher degree of respect and look upon them as their equals in all things.

"There are fewer cases of divorce and fewer domestic discords, besides which the laws of woman's suffrage are productive of greater fairness in regard to wages. The pay of a woman in every trade and profession is the same as that of a man performing equal labor. This law also extends to the right of inheritance. Should a man die intestate, worth less than $10,000, the entire amount goes to his widow. Should his fortune be larger, the half of the sum to any amount is hers, the remaining half to be divided among the children. The same rule holding good when the money comes through the woman."

"Speaking of the advantages of independent means," Mrs. Carey continued, "recalls the case of a friend out West who married a man of a terribly jealous nature, and who illy concealed his dislike of the spirit of independence engendered in his wife by the possession of an annual allowance from her father. At length he determined to settle the matter, and called upon his father-in-law with the request that the allowance be discontinued, in order that upon him alone must his wife learn to depend. Such instances are however of rare occurrence, and the majority of husbands are far better satisfied to feel that their helpmeet possesses a protection from sudden reverses of fortune should a financial crash occur or sudden death remove their lawful protection."

Another Western View.

Mrs. Warren, wife of the new senator from Wyoming, was present during our conversation, having only the night previous arrived in the city to join her husband. In reply to my request for her personal views upon the question, she laughingly responded:

"I indorse Mrs. Carey in all that she has said, and am sure that every woman within the boundaries of the free State of Wyoming will agree with me; for nearly 20 years I have cast my vote at the polls, and I feel none the less the right to claim the respect accorded the weakest of my sex from every true man, and am happy in the love and esteem of one of the best husbands in the world."

The Vice-President's Wife.

Mrs. Morton preferred to express no decided views in reference to publicly discussed questions without more time for their serious consideration than my present demand would permit, yet she added that she did not realize the necessity for the introduction of any such marriage settlement in this country as prevails abroad.

"Come and see me in a few years, when my daughters are old enough to seriously force the consideration from me, and I will be better prepared to answer you," she said, and turned the conversation with her natural tact.

I regretted her decision all the more, coming from a woman whose sound common sense would bear all the more forcibly upon our topic.

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

To Dispel Colds,

headaches and fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

MAKING A LAWYER.

Oratory Not a Requisite, Says Cleveland.

"Work! Work! Work!" is Depew's Advice.

To Win Success, Senator Ingalls Says, "Succeed."

If I were to tender any advice to young men in the legal profession or contemplating such a career, I think I could not refrain from asking them to dismiss from their minds the idea that the practice of the law is made up in an important degree of oratory and eloquent addresses before courts and juries.

No one should enter this profession who is not prepared to do very hard, continuous, and often irksome work. I shall follow this advice by saying that there is no mistake about another fact, to wit: In the practice of the law, as in everything else, honesty and frank, fair dealing is not only enjoined by good morals, but is the best policy.

It is a delusion to suppose that the noble profession of the law can be faithfully pursued or successfully practiced by trickery and overreaching subterfuges.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

No Room for Quacks or Charlatans.

There is no calling in which charlatanism and quackery or anything merely adventitious counts for as little as in the legal profession, or in which real merit is surer in the end to find its reward. No young man of fair natural ability, possessing good health, sound principles, a willingness to work and the faculty for availing of opportunity need be alarmed at the number of lawyers with whom he must compete. If the requirements are severe the chance of success is so much the better to the aspirant who can meet them. There is, however, a tendency to overestimate the legal profession as a means of acquisition, and greatly to exaggerate the gains of lawyers. They are given a financial rating for which there is no warrant. A professional income may be the equivalent in figures of the interest on a very considerable sum of money, but in reality it is all capital, largely consumed in the expense of earning it, and in the support it affords to the earner and his family, if he has one.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

The South's Foremost Lawyer.

Nothing is more dangerous in a young lawyer than to find him drifting into the habits of "a case" lawyer; it is a method sure to dwarf the reasoning powers, sure to narrow the perceptions and sure to hamper the expansive power of the growing intellect. I do not believe that the best results are attained as a rule by beginning practice before one is grounded in theory. Upon the other hand, I do believe that nothing is more injurious than acquiring by years of abstract study the habit of dreaming.

Love of the practice is indispensable. A man who finds himself a lawyer to please some one else, and who feels that it is not the profession of his heart, may rest assured that he will never be successful.

JOHN S. WISE.

Ingalls is as Terse as Usual.

So far as I know there is no prescription for fame or fortune. A man may deserve both and obtain neither, or he may deserve neither and obtain both. The only way to be successful, so far as my observation goes, is to succeed.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

New York's Famous French Lawyer.

The lawyer who starts with the idea that honesty is the best policy, and who is therefore honest, is unworthy to take high rank in his profession. Honesty may or may not be the best policy, but he will certainly find instances where he thinks it is not. I entertain real compassion for the youth who practices law on that theory. He was intended for something else. He should try the business of—I shall not make invidious distinctions by specifying.

Do not allow yourself to be handicapped at the start. Competition will not permit the extra weight. You are handicapped if you think you are a genius, hence not bound to drudgery; or if you have a habit that you cannot control, overcome, stamp out and laugh at. If you need a cigar after your lunch or a cocktail before your dinner; if you cannot reach your office betimes in the morning or retire at a respectable hour in the evening; if you love some other business better than your own and find irresistible music in the ticker of the stock exchange, close your office and consult a phrenologist—you will never take a front rank.

That shock-headed, rough-looking little fellow who sweeps out your office and plods at a Blackstone at night carries lighter weight than you do, and will go by the winning post while you are tightening your saddle-girths.

F. R. COUDERT.

Senator Call Epitomizes.

Certainly there is only one thing for a young lawyer to do, and that is, to continue his studies and discipline his mind thoroughly by thought and analysis; to be perfectly upright in his business transactions and carefully attentive to every employment he accepts.

WILLIAM CALL.

Ex-Gov. Hoadly.

Every young lawyer has at his command two things which can ensure for him success—that is, as much success as his natural gifts entitle him to—and that is absolute integrity to his clients and to himself. The successful lawyer depends much upon his true courage and absolute integrity in dealing with his adversaries. Nor can he succeed without industry, for unremitting labor is required until he has given evidence of his talents and integrity.

The young lawyer must patiently await his time, and he who is a faithful and diligent laborer in acquiring knowledge, and adds to this fidelity to his clients, will eventually succeed. A great many lawyers of only moderate ability, having in early life adopted this course of action, have been very successful in their profession.

GEORGE HOADLY.

Advice to a Young Lawyer.

My advice to a young lawyer about entering the profession of the law would be to resolve never to forget his professional honor, and to aid in the administration of the laws so as to promote justice and in maintaining his rights in the courts in such a manner as never to bring the administration of justice into the contempt of the people. The lawyer's duty to his client should never permit neglect on his part of his own obligations to the laws and their proper administration. A great deal that tends to destroy and does largely impair the usefulness and character of the legal profession is the haste to get rich in the practice of law, out of which grows enormous and ofttimes outrageous charges for fees and services, and speculations with the interests of clients to the lawyer's own advantage. In olden times these things used to be termed as abuses, and sometimes as criminal abuses, of his official trust.

NOAH DAVIS

From Silver-Tongued Dougherty.

Eminence at the bar may be aided by natural gifts or severe training, a legal mind, self-denial, incessant study, absorbing devotion to science. The student, not the business man, makes the eminent lawyer. The lawyer may aspire to fame by a seat on the bench. If he succeeds, then away go the possibilities of fortune—even of a competency. Sheriffs and county clerks may become rich, judges cannot. If the lawyer be eminent he will doubtless enjoy a handsome income, and, dying, may leave his family a competence, but not what in these days is called a fortune. A great lawyer never speculates.

Very few of the really famous lawyers of our country have, dying, left large fortunes. I venture to say that the lawyer should confine himself exclusively to his profession. To combine the practice of the law with any other calling, however important, respectable or lucrative, is derogatory to the administration of justice.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

A New York Lawyer's View.

I am prepared to say, almost cruel as it may seem, that the best thing that can befall a young man who is really fit for the profession, and who has the pluck and tenacity of purpose which characterize true manhood, is that in early life he should have hard work to get on, and be forced, in order to make use of his time, to employ it in study. Dig into the foundations of legal science, dig to the very bottom and work upward. Imbue your minds with legal principles, study natural law, civil law, and, above all, sound every depth of the common law. Study English history, and especially the history of the law. Do everything you have to do thoroughly and with faith, never flagging, that one day your labor may be rewarded.

CORTLANDT PARKER.

Gen. Roger Pryor's Counsel.

A good lawyer requires incessant, lifelong study. I think that one obstacle to attaining professional success is the eagerness of the young lawyer to get into practice. The lawyer who gets early into full practice can never be a great lawyer. To be a great lawyer he must become such substantially before he is engrossed by practice. Of course, practice gives him familiarity with the law involved in the cases in hand, but prevents a complete scientific knowledge of the profession.

The young lawyer must by no means deplore the years of inaction which he endures before getting into practice, because these years of inaction afford him the opportunity of laying a foundation for future fame and fortune. But a lawyer should not be content with the learning of his profession, but he should be conversant, more or less, in general science, art and literature; particularly should he acquire the richness of the sources of diction imparted to him by familiar converse with the best authors.

ROGER A. PRYOR.

Ex-Attorney-General Garland.

A young lawyer should continue his professional studies with as much care and unremitting attention as when he was a student proper; making and preserving notes of his reading; attending, when possible, proceedings of an important character in the courts; his reading outside the law should be mainly in aid of it; adhering to the law for itself, and not as an object secondary or auxiliary to something else, and making his client's cause his own, without reservation, and rendering his first and last duty to him. Punctuality to the moment in all engagements should be observed; it is an essential to any great success in the law. A kind respect and regard should be studiously cultivated toward his brothers in the profession, the officers of the courts, before which he seeks to appear, as well as the judges of those courts.

An even temper should be preserved in his bearing before the courts, and in no case should he endeavor to argue a question after the court has decided it; and in all instances short, close and terse arguments should be made, and this done submit the matter to the court without further talk.

A. H. GARLAND.

America's Greatest Legal Writer.

One of the most important points for a young lawyer is the improvement of his own mental habits or methods. Much of the young lawyer's work is necessarily broken and desultory. It is of great importance to his ultimate success that he should not allow this circumstance to interfere with the system and thoroughness of the knowledge which he acquires in the course of his experience.

The most useful suggestion I could make upon this point is that he should make it a rule to learn at least one thing thoroughly every day, and if passing time does not afford opportunity, reserve the question until the most convenient occasion, so that as he goes on with month after month of experience, he will not leave behind him a fog of doubts and uncertainties, and having in his mind the illusory form of supposed knowledge.

He should read constantly, though not much, the best authorities, and to learn to discriminate between those which command respect and those which do not.

AUSTIN ABBOTT.

Belva Lockwood's Practical Words.

Do not attempt to take any unfair advantage of your adversary—treat him kindly, courteously; be respectful to the court; do not browbeat or attempt to warp the testimony of witnesses, nor on any account lose your own temper or uniform gentlemanly bearing. Trickery is no portion of the honorable practice of the law. You have sworn to be true to your client and the court, and you must on no account forget the obligation.

Begin at the lowest round of the ladder and accept the first case presented that appears to need adjudication by the usual process of the law. If you should take it upon you to redress the wrongs of some poor woman or man who has nothing to pay, or if the court should, as it often does, appoint you to defend in open court a pauper case, put forth your best efforts, for herein may lie your future reputation. It will certainly give you experience, which the young lawyer most needs. Do not let the amount of your retainer influence you in the prosecution of a case, but prosecute the claim of a beggar with as much zeal as you would that of a king.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Senator Gordon of Georgia.

I should say, in the first place, that a large share of common sense, thorough knowledge of the great principles that underlie all laws, and absolute fidelity to the trusts reposed were the prime bases for ultimate success. I should add to this an appreciation of natural equity and justice. It seems to me that a lawyer, to make a great success, must himself be imbued with the spirit that is supposed to actuate all courts of justice. Of course to say he must be thoroughly versed in the law books is too well recognized a truth to require any argument.

JOHN B. GORDON.

Chauncey M. Depew's Sound Advice.

A very eminent lawyer in the country, with whom I had a great many cases when I was a young lawyer, said to me one day, pointing to a farmer's son who was making fires, sweeping out the office, serving papers and copying for the privilege of the instruction which he received: "That young man makes me very unhappy. I have two sons who have graduated at one of the best colleges in the country, who are expected to receive from me this business at my death, and in twenty-five years from now that young man will be at the head of this firm and my two sons will be his clerks."

A young man who hopes to succeed at the bar must first dismiss all nonsense from his head. He must eschew politics and society. Whether he has genius or is a plodder, the only rule of success is work! work! work! Most young men always fail by neglecting to pay over immediately on collection their clients' money, and others by too exorbitant charges at the start. When nobody wants a young lawyer's service he must be content to live on less money than any mechanic in his town.

When everybody believes the success of their suit depends upon his being in it, then he can select his clients and charge what he pleases. When he is earning enough to live comfortably he has already made a success. The rest is a matter of degree. Sharp practice, trickery, chicanery, and appearance of extraordinary cunning, which many affect, may enable a man to get on for awhile, but always upon a low plane, and may finally ruin him. Be frank and open with your client, the jury, and the judge. Most young men fail by being unwilling to do the drudgery of the office, and filling the part they are asked to do and working at some other desk than their own.

I have known many a young man rise to a position in the firm over the heads of those who had been years in the same office, because of a cheerful willingness and enthusiasm to find out what he could do, no matter whether it was his to do or not, and an utter recklessness about his own time by day or night, if he could benefit his employers by sacrificing his personal arrangements and pleasures and devoting it to their interests.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The Ex-Minister to Turkey.

I remember when I was a student-at-law hearing Charles O'Conor say at the time a very distinguished lawyer was nominated as chief justice of the United States, and when asked regarding his qualifications for the position, that the appointee, though very learned in the law, would never make a good chief justice, because he was lacking in moral qualities.

That in the higher branches of the law, where precedents could not always be found to apply, it was necessary to draw upon one's consciousness for justice, and that the appointee would in all such cases be entirely at sea. I should further add that this man failed of being confirmed.

It is a popular error that the law is a profession dependent chiefly upon oratory. In primitive communities oratory at the bar was of much more consequence. Clear reason, industrious preparation, and a knowledge of the fundamental principles will ultimately win. Especially is this the case where the jury is eliminated and on appeal. Many lawyers finding that their rise at the bar is not sufficiently rapid dabble in politics, hoping thereby to leap over ground which they are unwilling to toil through. The result is, in many cases, a poor lawyer and an unsuccessful politician. The maxim laid down by Blackstone still applies: "The law is a jealous mistress." No man can hope to win substantial success in the profession without consecrating his whole self to his work.

OSCAR S. STRAUS.

An Expert in Corporation Law.

The profession of the law is beset by temptations peculiar to it, and to which too many men, who would otherwise have been successful, succumb. First, the temptation in the higher walks of the profession to take a speculative part in the enterprises of which knowledge comes through clients, or with which clients are connected. This at once destroys the calm judgment of the lawyer, and frequently gives him an interest which, at the critical moment, may become adverse to that of his client. Clients themselves, not knowing what they ask, frequently urge their legal adviser to join with them in such enterprises, and to the lawyer it seems that no moral harm can flow to him from a participation in which he is invited by his client. To every young man striving to rise in his profession I would say, avoid this temptation altogether.

The second temptation which besets the lawyer who has the requisite capacity for the profession he has chosen, and is on the high road to success, and which may deflect him from it, is his active participation in politics.

The law is today, as ever, a jealous mistress, and allows of no divided working-day devotion.

SIMON STERNE.

A Lawyer's Essential Qualities.

A really honest mind is of immense value to a lawyer, considered even from the most selfish point of view. A constitutionally dishonest man is unable to foresee what view of a case will be taken by a respectable judge and jury, until after he has had a long experience of vain efforts to persuade them to take a dishonest man's views of questions as they arise. But a man of fair, logical powers, sound common sense, great industry and natural integrity, will, in nine cases out of 10, upon which he is consulted, be able to foresee what view of the case will be taken by the courts. Such qualities will make a wise student, a fairly successful advocate and a very safe adviser.

THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

From Grant's Attorney-General.

No man ever made a great lawyer who did not begin without means, and did not continue long and laboriously faithful and honest.

Christ, our Lord, said to the young man, "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shall have treasure in heaven." But the young man, who was rich, went away sorrowful, and our Lord said: "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven," and repeated, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kindom of heaven," and might have added that no rich young man could become a great lawyer.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

A Massachusetts ex-Governor.

As to what are the requisites to make a successful lawyer, I should say, industry, honesty, and brains, a well-grounded knowledge of the principles of the law, aptness and tact in dealing with men, and assiduous application to his work rather than reliance on effervescent genius of any kind.

JOHN D. LONG.

Associate Justice Bradley, Supreme Court.

Moral sense, brains, learning, tact and experience, each is necessary to make a lawyer.

First, moral sense—Without a high sense of moral obligation, a man can never imbibe and possess the true principles of the law, which is based upon right as well as reason.

Second, brains, or intellectual power and grasp. The necessity of this quality is so obvious as to need no explication.

Third, learning—This also is an obvious requisite. Ulpian well said, "Jurisprudentia est divinarum atque humanarum rerum notitia, justi atque injusti scientia."

Not only learning in the laws, but all learning is apposite; for a lawyer is the confidential adviser of men in all human affairs.

Fourth, tact—Without tact a lawyer is like a ship which has lost its rudder. His other qualifications tell him what to do; tact tells him how to do it.

Fifth, experience—This is merely a part of his education. The more of it he has, other things being equal, the more perfect he becomes. Old heads are, as a general rule, better than young ones.

Undoubtedly there is such a thing as genius in the law, but it is extremely rare, and should never be assumed. A Papinian, a Cujas, a Coke, a Hale, a Mansfield, a Blackstone, a Marshall, does not arise more than once in a century. No one should assume that the lot has fallen upon him. If it has, it is not necessary that he should be conscious of it; it will develop itself.

The general inference of all these propositions is clear; to natural aptitude must be added intense and persistent labor.

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.

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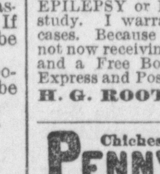

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